THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS MAY 1964 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

®

STIRLING MOSS BUILDS A BACHELOR DREAM PAD
By Ken Purdy

THE GREAT GUN GRAB AND HOW TO STOP IT
By Robert Ruark

A Bonus Book Condensation By Tony Saulnier

WE FOUND THE LAST STONE-AGE HEADHUNTERS

Evinrude Sweet-16 powered by a Starflite 90-S

You've never been able to drive a 16-foot boat into a big wake, full bore, without getting your bottom spanked. Not until Evinrude launched the "Sweet-16."

It's a new design concept.

Basically, a deep-V hull (traditionally soft riding). But there the similarity ends. Two outer keels at the chines give her wide-track stability.

What happens between the stabilizing keels is more important. Water thrown up into spray channels creates hydraulic lift. The shock of pounding waves is absorbed.

The bigger the waves the greater the lift.

You ride on a cushion of spray. And not a drop comes aboard. If you expect to get wet, you'll have to wait for a rainy day.

One ride will tell you why we call her "Sweet-16."

Just 16 feet from stem to stern. Rides wakes and seas like a 20-footer. Has more walk-around room than most 18-footers. Trailer and all fit a standard 20-foot garage.

The more you know about boats — the more you'll appreciate the Sweet-16. Also available in a convertible Sport-16 model. Both models in outboard or inboard stern-drive versions.

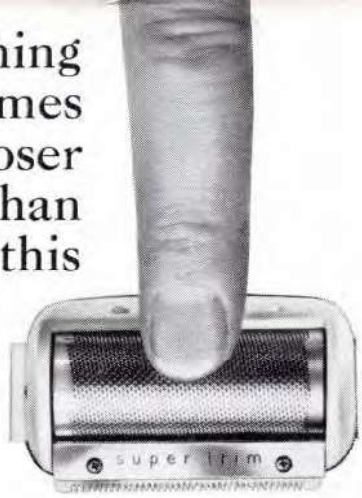
See them at your Evinrude dealer (listed in the Yellow Pages) or write for free Evinrude Boat Catalog. Evinrude Motors, 4201 N. 27th St., Milwaukee, Wis. 53216.

EVINRUDE

FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

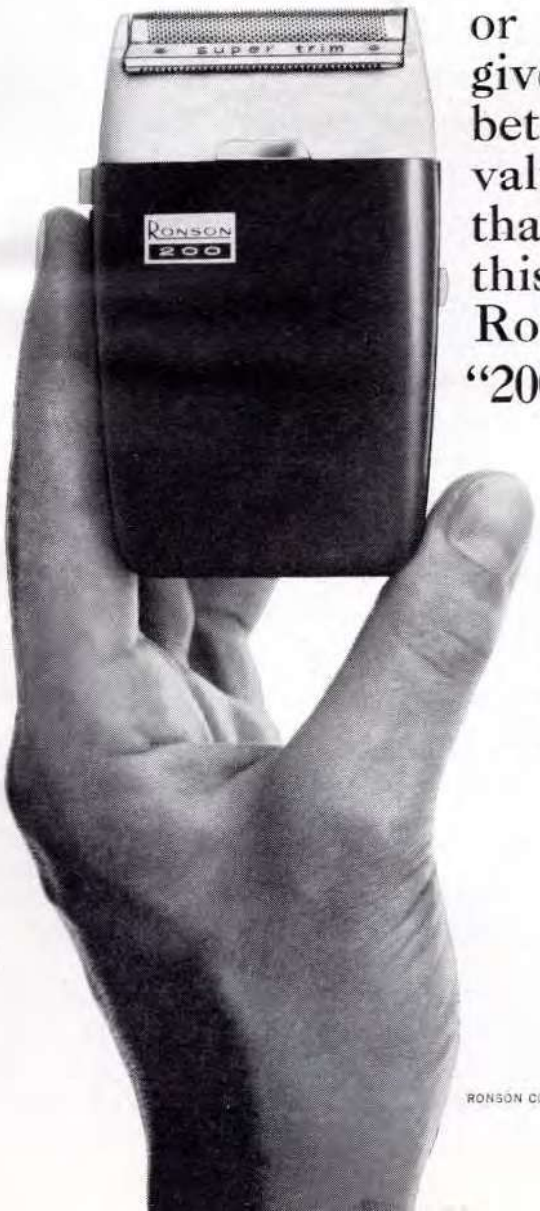
DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION

nothing comes closer than this



trims better than this

or gives better value than this Ronson "200"



From Every Point of View ... America's Best Shaving Buy!

Tough beards! Wiry beards! Twice-a-day beards! Nothing shaves 'em faster, smoother, *closer* than the new Ronson "200" Electric Shaver! A sun-up to bedtime kind of shave... because no shaver but the Ronson has the "Miracle Cutter"—32 blades *micro-honed* for super-sharpness. Blades that get *closer* to the base of your beard through Ronson's exclusive "Micro-Thin" shaving screen, the thinnest made! And no other shaver has "Super-Trim"... man-size clippers that trim a sideburn or a mustache straight, clean, and neat! Both shaving screen and cutter are instantly and easily replaceable. And the Lexan case is unbreakable. The Ronson "200" with automatic power cleaning adds up to the finest electric shaver value in the world today! Get a free demonstration at your Ronson dealer's, and find out why...

The Ronson "200" Shaver is the closest friend your face ever had

BY THE MAKER OF FAMOUS RONSON LIGHTERS

RONSON

automatically better ®

RONSON CORP., WOODBRIDGE, N.J.

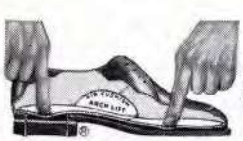
ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA

SMARTEST INVESTMENT IN COMFORT AND STYLE

When it comes to styling distinction, your eyes tell you these handsome shoes really have it. And as for comfort . . . you've just got to experience this walking-on-air feeling to believe it! It's truly an "extra dividend." See all the newest PORTO-PED styles now. Write for your dealer's name and a descriptive folder. *From $16.95 to $27.95. Silk Label Series from $19.95.*

Porto-Ped

Air Cushion Shoes



HERE'S THE SECRET!
In PORTO-PEDS, you walk and stand on an air-celled carpet of soft sponge rubber.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., Milwaukee 1, Wis.
A Division of Weyenberg Shoe Mfg. Co.

TRUELY YOURS

tell it to TRUE • 67 West 44th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

Open Mind

I was thoroughly prepared to disbelieve your book-length story on Croiset the Clairvoyant (*The Man with the X-Ray Mind*—April), but I must say Mr. Pollack's account was quite convincing, assuming his facts are correct. I think the only thing an intelligent person can do is keep an open mind on the possibility of extrasensory perception. However, any claim to such powers should be subjected to rigorous scientific testing. It's foolish to either believe or disbelieve in anything before you have solid proof.

—Bob Braine
New York, N. Y.

Support for Sportsmen

At the last meeting of the Outers Club the subject was possible restrictive gun laws and what shooters could do to protect their interests. It was felt that the only way to educate the public on guns and their legitimate use was through articles in magazines with a wide audience. TRUE was mentioned as being both widely read and a loyal supporter of sportsmen. We sure hope you have one of your gun writers come up with an article on gun laws, good and bad.

—Simeon Costa
The Outers Club, Inc.
Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Take a look at *The Great Gun Grab and How to Stop It* by Robert Ruark in this issue.

Skunk-ology

Mr. Mannix's story *My Life with the Little Stinkers* (February) evoked a nostalgic reaction in me. Many years ago I learned in a most practical way that the little stinkers can fire when picked up by the tail. Whether the charge I received resulted from a reflex or the manner in which I picked up the stinker has been rather academic to me ever since. However, there are several retired high school teachers who could attest to the fact that I had frequent encounters with the little stinkers.

—Norris F. Murphy
Kodiak, Alaska

Mannix keeps referring to tomato juice to counteract and remove the pungent odor. On coming West in 1912, I was introduced to vinegar by several hunters, cowboys, sheepherders and ranchers. I borrowed a tent that had been badly skunked, sprinkled it with vinegar and rolled it up for a few hours, and no odor. I have had dogs that persisted in worrying skunks with disastrous results; I have covered their eyes and sprayed them with a fly spray filled with vinegar, covered them with an old bag or carpet for a little while, and they were fit for human companionship. Vinegar is one of the chief components of Mr. Mannix's tomato juice, perhaps the one that does it, and it isn't as messy as having the tomato along with it.

—Fred O. Wilcox
St. Anthony, Idaho

. . . As the juice is an oil, a soaking in strong soapsuds should dissolve it. Modern detergents should work.

—George Wilson
Mankato, Minn.

. . . The only thing you have to do is hang the clothes out on coat hangers in a breezy place for two or three days, bringing them inside each night.

—George A. Samouce
Macon, Ga.

Do you hang the family outside at night?

[*Continued on page* 4]

TRUE is published monthly by Fawcett Publications, Inc., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn.

ADDRESS ALL MAIL: Subscriptions, change of address, Form 3579 to Subscription Dept., Fawcett Bldg., Greenwich, Conn. 06830, and all editorial and advertising to Fawcett Publications, Inc. 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036.

Second-class postage paid at Greenwich, Conn., and at additional mailing offices. This issue published in national and separate editions.

EDITORIAL OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036. ADVERTISING OFFICES: 67 W. 44th St., New York, N. Y. 10036; 612 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 60611; 1532 Guardian Bldg., Detroit, Mich. 48226; 2978 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90005; 681 Market St., San Francisco, Calif. 94105; 123 S. Broad St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19109; 1430 West Peachtree St. N.W., Atlanta, Ga. 30309; Hale Printup & Associates, Langford Bldg., Miami, Fla. 33132.

Printed in U.S.A. Copyright © 1964 by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

Reprinting in whole or in part forbidden except by permission of the Publishers. Address manuscripts to N. Y. editorial office. Unacceptable contributions will be returned if accompanied by sufficient first class postage. Not responsible for lost manuscripts or photos.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: $4.00 a year in U.S. and possessions. $5.00 a year in Canada. All other countries $7.00 a year. Foreign subscriptions and sales should be remitted by International Money Order in U.S. funds payable at Greenwich, Conn.

Member of: Audit Bureau of Circulations ABC Magazine Publishers Association, Inc. MPA

This Super Hi-Miler tread design gives you an extra 130 square inches of rubber ...and thousands of extra truck tire miles!

Yes, outwears! Yes, any other!

With every turn of the wheel, the Super Hi-Miler truck tire puts almost 130 *extra* square inches of rubber against the road. And more rubber means longer wear.

This Super Hi-Miler tread is made up of solid *continuous* ribs. No little segments here with excess space between.

It's a *wider* tread.

And it's made with Tufsyn, toughest rubber Goodyear ever used in a tire. Tufsyn rubber means more mileage.

Runs up to 25° cooler, too!

The Super Hi-Miler tread is actually made of *two* kinds of rubber. Outside, an abrasion-resistant tread; inside, a softer, more resilient rubber that absorbs flexing and creates less heat-building friction.

This, plus a new specially grooved shoulder design, keeps Super Hi-Miler running up to 25° cooler, mile after pounding mile.

You get extra traction, more recaps, even a lower-pitched sound at high speeds.

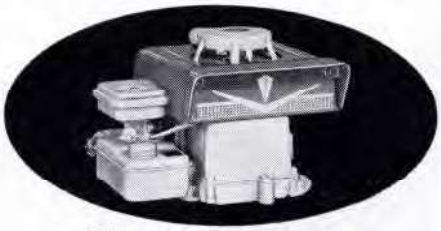
Mileage-stretching features like these make sense for your fleet. Buy and specify Super Hi-Miler at your Goodyear Dealer's or Goodyear Service Store. Goodyear, Truck Tires, Akron, Ohio 44316.

Another reason why more truck manufacturers, more fleet owners choose Super Hi-Miler.

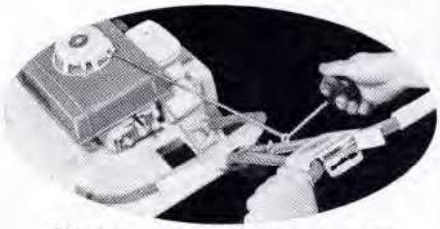
GOODYEAR

Hi-Miler, Tufsyn—T.M.'s The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

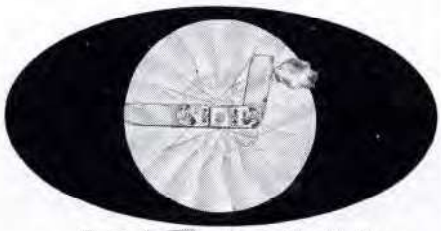
ATTENTION Power Mower Buyers!



Take a famous, power-packed 4-cycle gas engine.



Give it an "easy-spin" recoil start, so Mom and the kids can use it, too . . . Fit it with a simple fingertip control for easy operation . . .



Equip it with the famous Flexor Blade, lifetime guaranteed against crankshaft damage . . .

Enclose it with solid, quality steel for long life with little servicing. That's an AMF/HOMKO rotary—your best buy for carefree, service-free power mowing.

Write today for FREE color literature on our complete line of rotaries, reels, riders, tillers, edger-trimmers.

LOOK FOR THIS

AMF Homko

ON YOUR NEXT MOWER

Ride the AMF Monorail at the New York World's Fair!

AMF WESTERN TOOL, INC.

P. O. Box 357, Des Moines, Iowa, Dept. 7

Subsidiary of AMERICAN MACHINE & FOUNDRY COMPANY

[*Continued from page 2*]

. . . Build a small fire, put on dry leaves or grass, sprinkle with water lightly to make smoke. Stand in this smoke; it will take the odor with it.

—*A. W. Linn*
Globe, Ariz.

. . . Bury your clothes about two feet deep . . .

—*Ralph A. Hey*
Phila., Pa.

Seductive Paintings

The illustrations for my Tahiti article (*Tahitian Tamarraa Party*—February) were superb. The artist had a marvelous and authentic eye for detail. They almost got me on an airplane headed for Moorea.

—*Eugene Burdick*
Berkeley, Calif.

Tales from the Valhalla Woods

I read *Last Valhalla of the Nazis* (February) with great interest because my brother was one of the counterfeiters who produced the money which was found in Lake Toplitz and Ebensee. He was living in Oslo, Norway, a stereotypist by trade, when the Nazis invaded the country. About 700 Norwegian Jews were shipped to German extermination camps. At the threshold of death, my brother, because of his trade, was picked and sent to the printing plant in Sachsenhausen.

—*Sol Nachtstein*
Bronx, N. Y.

Being a native of Bad Aussee I vividly recall the turmoil that befell our little resort town in those late spring days of 1945. At that time I was only 10 years of age, but this was old enough to be drafted and ordered to defend the *Alpenfestung*. We had to fell trees and move them on the mountain roads to set up barricades against the approaching American tanks. And in the late afternoon of May 7, a day or so before the Americans came, frantic, fanatic S.S. men forced men of 80 and children of my age to go through a fast "training course" on how to blow up tanks. Thanks to the circumstance that only a few hours later, a day earlier than expected, the first American soldiers appeared, this insane order was not fulfilled. Otherwise I probably would not be able to sit here enjoying the sunshine.

—*Hans A. Leintz*
Bad Ischl, Austria

Violent Reaction

Lynch Robert Halmi and his sick *Girl Watching in Las Vegas* (February). After that, tar and feather him and then railroad him out of True for good. I like girls—especially stacked ones—and I like to watch them, and I'm not a prude, but I think Halmi's article shouldn't have had a place in True.

—*Dan Wilcox*
Lincoln, Nebr.

You prefer lynching, tarring and feathering to girl watching?

Sherlockians

Your title *Final Act Of a Man Who Never Was* (February) is an insult to Mr. Holmes and to Dr. Watson personally and to all members of the Baker Street Irregulars collectively. Although retired and elderly (110), Mr. Holmes is living quietly in a cottage in Sussex where he raises bees.

—*Jason Rouby, Bodymaster*
Maiwand Jezails Scion Society
Baker Street Irregulars
Omaha, Nebr.

. . . Bees that get into people's bonnets?

Archduke's Assassin

Tain't so! You are mistaken in your reply to Robert J. Harper (*Man to Man Answers*) as to how Gavrilo Princip, the assassin of Archduke Ferdinand, met his end. He was not "shot almost instantly" as you stated. After trial, he was confined in prison where he died of tuberculosis in 1918.

—*W. M. Rummel*
Garden City, N. Y.

You're quite right, W. M. It was certain parties around here who were "shot almost instantly."

Pill Peddlers

True scored a scoop with Ralph Lee Smith's *How You Are Hoaxed by Vitamin Hucksters* in the January issue. Now the government is getting into the act of exposing the costly capsule con-game. I see by my newspaper that the Food and Drug Administration says most vitamin pills are useless and don't do a thing to prevent the ailments the pill-peddlers say they do. A Federal District court recently upheld the FDA's right to seize vitamin preparations and promotion material from a vitamin distributor, and the testimony given in court brought out these facts: 1) far less than one percent of the population suffers any vita-

[*Continued on page 8*]

whether it's stop and go . . .

or GO–GO–GO . . .

AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs clean themselves as you drive. AC's exclusive self-cleaning Hot Tip insulator gives you longer-lasting full power. You, too, can get power boosting action in your car—ask for AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs.

AC SPARK PLUG ⚛ THE ELECTRONICS DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

Now you can rent Telephone Insurance from your phone company!

Rent an ELECTRONIC SECRETARY® telephone answering set.

You'll be glad you did. So will your customers. Because an ELECTRONIC SECRETARY set insures that you'll always be "in."

Here's how it works. Your phone rings while you're out. The set answers and identifies itself. Gives your message to the caller. Records his. And promises prompt action.

Then when you return, you can play back recorded calls.

The payoff: you never miss a message or an order; your customers always get an answer.

It's good business to be always "in." Especially since ELECTRONIC SECRETARY sets cost you so little. Why not find out just how little it is?

CALL YOUR TELEPHONE COMPANY TO RENT ELECTRONIC SECRETARY SETS

AUTOMATIC ELECTRIC

SUBSIDIARY OF
GENERAL TELEPHONE & ELECTRONICS GT&E

President
W. H. Fawcett, Jr.

General Manager
Roger Fawcett

Sec.-Treas.
Gordon Fawcett

Circulation Director
Roscoe K. Fawcett

Asst. General Manager
Donald P. Hanson

Editorial Director
Ralph Daigh

Advertising Director
Mortimer Berkowitz, Jr.

Production Director
George H. Carl

Art Director
Al Allard

Assoc. Art Director
Ralph Mattison

EDITOR
Douglas S. Kennedy

MANAGING EDITOR
Howard Cohn

ART EDITOR
Norman P. Schoenfeld

SUPERVISING EDITOR
Lenwood H. Bowman

ASST. MANAGING EDITOR
Andrew Mills

OUTDOORS EDITOR
Peter Barrett

ASSOCIATE EDITORS
Clyde F. Newstrand
John Bender
David R. George, Jr.
Ron Butler
Neil Hickey
Robert J. Shea
Nicholas Karas

PICTURE EDITOR
Pat Graves

ASST. ART EDITOR
Ernest Macioci

ART ASSOCIATES
Jerry Curcio
Bob Spitzer

RESEARCH EDITOR
D. Van Dyke

RESEARCH ASSOCIATE
Sandy Mezey

NATIONAL ADVERTISING MANAGER
Fred H. Walsh, Jr.

PICTURE CREDITS

11—Left, Frederic Lewis; rt., UPI
12—UPI
14—Wide World
15—Globe
16—Top, Dalmas-Pix; bot., Wide World
36—Russ Kinne
37-39—Black Star
54-55—Herb Scharfman
56—Top, Wide World; cen., UPI; bot., Herb Scharfman

For Mailing Addresses, see page 2.

THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction. BYRON

MAY 1964

CONTENTS

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

TONY SAULNIER **40** Long Search for the Last Stone-Age Headhunter

We were seven modern men who went into New Guinea's unexplored jungles to track down a people unknown to civilized man. Before long we had almost forgotten our quest as we struggled to get out alive.

TRUE ADVENTURE

AVRAM DAVIDSON **27** The Marines' AWOL Hero

IN THE NEWS

ALLAN W. ECKERT **32** The Baffling Burning Death

ROBERT RUARK **34** The Great Gun Grab and How to Stop It

RON BUTLER **58** Stacked, Packed and Ready to Roll

TRUE'S WHO

JERRY TALLMER **14** John Huston: Cockeyed Genius of Chaos

FISHING

BYRON W. DALRYMPLE **51** Fishing Luck Poor? You May Have Underwater B.O.

SPORTS

STEVE CADY AND BOB LIPSYTE **54** The Has-Been Who Whipped the Tiger

SCIENCE

MAX GUNTHER AND DANIEL P. MANNIX **36** Glaciers: Keys to Earth's Secret Past

AMERICANA

AL STUMP **44** The Yellow Journal That Couldn't Be Muzzled

COLLECTIONS

JOEL BALDWIN **30** Mousetraps Nobody Beat a Path To

PICTORIAL

KEN PURDY WITH STIRLING MOSS **46** Stirling Moss Builds His Bachelor Dream Pad

SHORT FEATURES

2 TRUEly Yours
11 It's a Man's World
60 Strange But True
91 Man to Man Answers
108 TRUE Goes Shopping
128 This Funny Life

COVER BY LEWIS COTLOW From a forthcoming book, *In Search of the Primitive* to be published by Little, Brown & Co.

Permission hereby granted to quote from this issue of this magazine on radio or television, provided a total of not more than 1,000 words is quoted and credit is given to the title of the magazine and issue, as well as the statement, copyright 1964, by Fawcett Publications, Inc.

VOL. 45 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION NO. 324

Love Letters to Rambler

Sabin J. Peltier

Mechanic Sabin Peltier, Massillon, Ohio, liked his '62 Rambler American. But he was looking for his "dream car," when he bought his 1964 American 440 sedan with stick shift. He writes:

"Thanks for my dream car now come true"

"I didn't move 20 feet before I knew I was right about this Rambler American.

"The new front end is just right and the new ride is really hard to believe. Lots of room in the back seat, too.

"With the Twin-Grip differential option, I can climb the side of a house. When we were recently hit hard by a big snow, I was the only one who got to work at my shop.

"In fact, this American has a lot more go in any weather."

And it's still the economy king, too! An American 440 with overdrive turned in an amazing 34.5 m.p.g. to top *all* cars in *all* classes in the '64 Pure Oil Economy Test. Another American 440 topped all other automatic transmission cars in gas mileage. And this was the *fifth time in a row* Rambler beat all comers in this annual NASCAR-sanctioned economy run. Try the economy king at your Rambler dealer—the man to see for savings.

ONLY THING BETTER THAN ONE 40 H/P JOHNSON

THREE 40 H/P JOHNSONS

Pick your pleasure, pick your price!

1. Electramatic Drive . . . outboarding's first truly automatic transmission.

2. Electric Starting . . . just turn the key and your boating fun begins.

3. Manual Starting . . . economy model for bargain-minded boaters.

The Super Sea-Horse 40 is a powerful match for most any boat. And all three models have all these features. Full silencing system. Fixed high-speed carburetor jets. Thermostatically-controlled cooling system. Plus choice of propellers. Also, like all '64 Sea-Horse motors (13 new models in 9 power classes: 90, 75, 60, 40, 28, 18, 9½, 5½, and 3 hp), they cut oil costs in half with a 50 to 1 gas-oil mix and carry a 2-year warranty.* See your Johnson dealer for complete details. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

*For twenty-four months after purchase, Johnson Motors will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

Johnson

Johnson Motors, 1679 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Illinois. Division Outboard Marine Corporation

[*Continued from page 4*]

min deficiency in a single year; 2) vitamin capsules supply nothing needed by an average American eating average meals; 3) taking vitamins may be harmful if it encourages a person not to seek medical help he needs. The vitamin vendors are on the run, and congratulations to TRUE for starting it all.

—Carl Phillips
Trenton, N. J.

TRUE can't claim credit for what has actually been a long-continuing FDA investigation. But we're happy to have spotlighted this racket.

STRAGGLERS' RESCUE

As one of the group of four American Navy men, boat crew and five Japanese contact men in a Japanese fishing boat that landed on the island of Anatahan and rescued Kazuko Higa, it was with interest that I read in the January issue of TRUE *The No-Surrender Japs and Their One-Girl Harem.*

Here, briefly, as I recall it, was our part in this little adventure. Admiral Radford, who in 1950 was Commander-in-Chief, Pacific Fleet, with headquarters at Pearl Harbor, had sent orders to Admiral Ewing, who was Commander, Marianas at Guam, to make contact and if possible, evacuate and return to Japan the stranded Japanese on the island of Anatahan. Lt. Comdr. Jerry Haggerty, ComMar PIO officer, Photo Mate 3rd Fred Spainhouer and myself flew from Guam to Saipan and met with Lt. Comdr. James B. Johnson. At dusk in June 1950, the boat crew, the Japanese contact men and we four American Navy men put-putted from Saipan and headed for Anatahan.

We arrived the next morning at sunup, hoisted the Japanese flag to the mainmast, donned Japanese-type hats and started to circle the island.

We unloaded tarps, sacks of rice, cigarettes, Japanese beer and letters to some of the men from their families back in Japan. Also a note was left to them saying the war was over. It was while unloading the provisions, that Kazuko Higa, their one-girl harem, clad in a simple dress that she made from a parachute of a crashed B-29, came out from the underbrush and approached the men on the beach. She was frightened at surrendering to the Americans, but as we learned later, it was the lesser of the two evils that faced her, since she had been hiding out from the other Japanese for more than 30 days. She became friendly and happy when she learned she was in safe hands and would be returned to her home on Okinawa.

The results of the physical examination of Kazuko Higa proved that she was in perfect health, with the exception that she needed some dental work done. When the B-29 crashed on Anatahan during the war, it was Kazuko Higa who buried the American airmen. Also, she turned over to the Navy the Academy ring that one of the pilots had been wearing.

—Joe E. O'Connell,
Chief Photographer's Mate, USN (Ret)
Lompoc, Calif.

SOFT-NOSED SOLUTION

I enjoyed reading Bob Ruark's article *Game Animals That Fight Back* in the February issue. Most of his article I can confirm. But, there need not have been this silly, but very nearly deadly, incident if the great Ruark had used a solf-nosed or split .470 bullet. Who ever uses a solid on a tiger?

—D. R. D. Wadia
Bombay, India

Author Ruark replies: "No Indian ever knew anything about ammunition, and I have spent a lot of time using the wrong ammunition on the wrong people. But, basically, a solid is a solid, which is to say, if you shoot it up the backside it'll come out the front side. . . leaving something dead in the middle. I have just sent my last tiger to have his hair redone in Denver. He's faded a bit, but he's still dead, and it was done with a solid."

"You're peeved about something—I can tell."

. . . she probably forgot to give him a subscription to TRUE. Don't let this happen in your house. Check one of the boxes below and place your order TODAY.

☐ One Year .....$ 4
☐ Two Years ....$ 7
☐ Three Years . .$10
☐ One Year in Canada ..$5
☐ One Year All Other Countries ..$7

} in U.S. and Possessions

Send to .....
Address .....
City ..... State..... Zip Code.....

Mail your order to TRUE Magazine, Fawcett Building, Greenwich, Conn. 06830
PLEASE INCLUDE YOUR ZIP CODE NUMBER

RINGTHEBELL.org on Archive.org

New Sea-Horse 28—puts you into boating without bending the family budget. Powered to pull two adult skiers, yet cruises 3 hours on 6 gallons of gas.

New Sea-Horse 9½—the million-dollar motor that packs like a 3, carries like a 5½, and goes like a 10. Low profile gives unlimited fishing room over the stern.

New Angle-Matic 3—has special angle drive that lets you run through stumpy, weedy and shallow waters. High-thrust model ideal for auxiliary power, 24% more thrust.

WHAT'S NEW IN OUTBOARDS?

(13 new Johnsons in 9 power classes, that's what!)

Beginning boater? Seasoned skipper? Need a new motor . . . a bigger motor . . . or a better motor? Then this is the year. This is the month. This is the day to decide on Johnson.

There's something new for everyone! More models, more features, more quality. More deep-down, through-and-through, top-to-prop Johnson dependability than ever before. Fresh water or salt water. North Sea or South Seas. These new motors are made to handle the toughest kind of corrosion and climate.

Is a Johnson built that much better? Yes —and better! We could talk bigger pistons, harder drive shafts, stronger gears. Instead, we'll state two facts: 1. More Johnsons have been sold than any other brand. 2. Johnson's special 2-year warranty* is unexceeded in the industry.

To check for yourself, check your Johnson dealer. (He's in the Yellow Pages.) His '64 line-up includes 13 models in 9 power classes: 90, 75, 60, 40, 28, 18, 9½, 5½, and 3. And all of them cut your oil costs in half with Johnson's new 50 to 1 gas-oil mix.

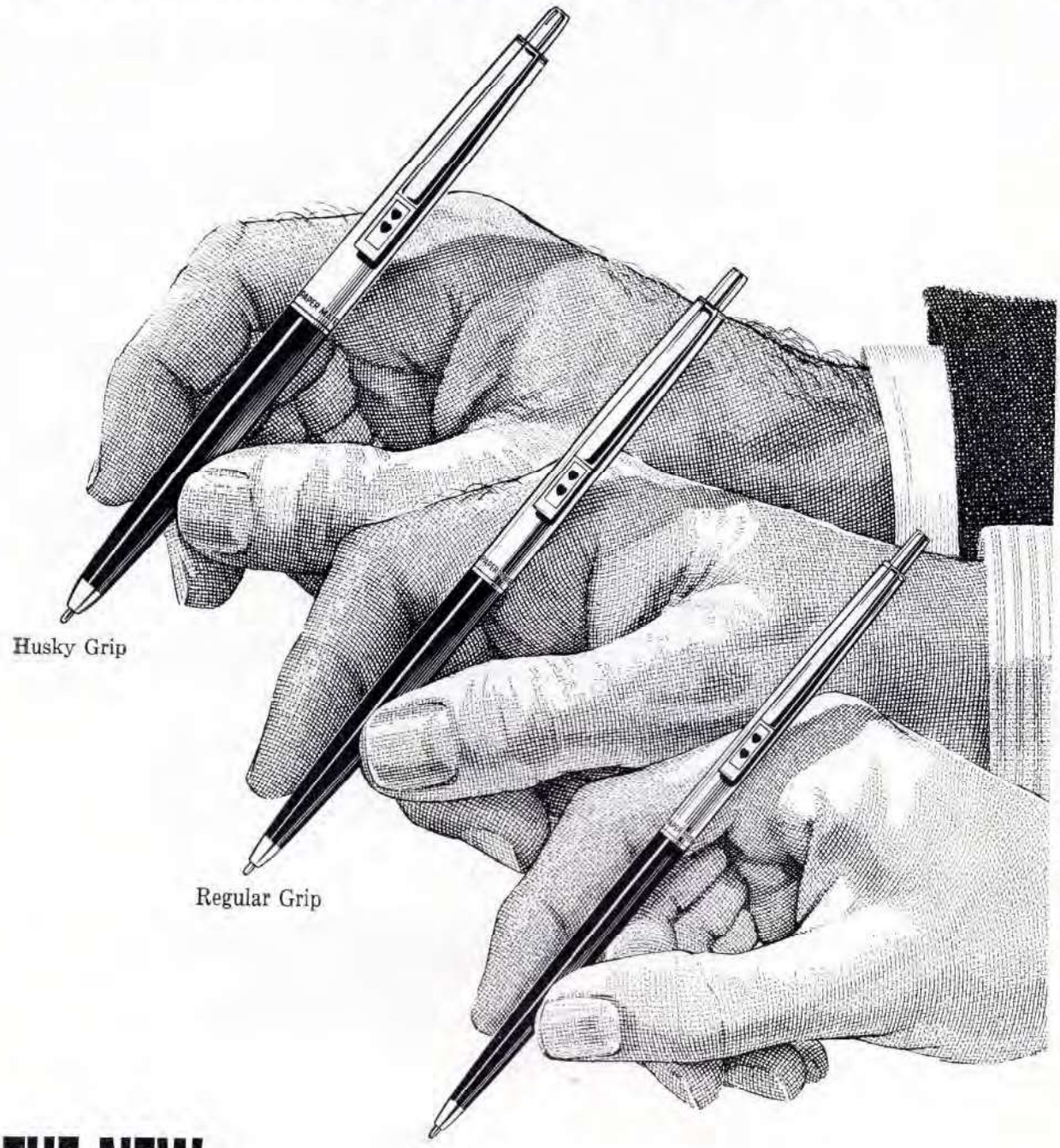
Johnson Motors, 1654 Pershing Rd., Waukegan, Ill. Div. Outboard Marine Corp.

*For 24 months after purchase, Johnson Motors will replace, without cost to the original purchaser, any part of its manufacture which upon inspection proves to have failed in normal use due to faulty material or workmanship.

See your Johnson dealer for the fabulous new LP jazz album "The Hot Ones." Only $1.00

Johnson *. . . first in dependability*

NOW! PICK THE PEN TO FIT YOUR GRIP!



Husky Grip

Regular Grip

Slim Grip

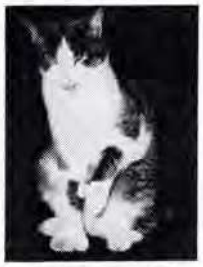
THE NEW PAPER-MATE PROFILE TRIO

In writing, the *grip* makes the difference! Now Paper Mate brings you three different pens—one designed to fit your grip. Choose the *Husky Grip*, a sturdy pen with real heft and weight. Pick the *Regular Grip*, the popular pen with weight and grip most people want. Or, decide on the *Slim Grip*, a slender pen with a trim look and feel. See the new Paper Mate Profile Trio—the most exciting new pens in years! Each pen, just $1.95.

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

STONED CATS



The idea that alcoholism stems from unresolved sex conflicts, complexes and/or scratches inflicted on the "unconscious" in childhood seems to us pretty flimsy. It would be hard to find a less likely repository of unresolved sex conflicts than a tomcat. But Dr. Jules Masserman of Chicago has been producing alcoholic cats with the greatest of ease. The main thing is to frustrate the cat—never mind an analysis of its complexes. The cat learns to lap up a bracer before facing the feline equivalents of traumatic human experiences such as marriage, snarling at the boss, or attending a PTA meeting. Pretty soon a large proportion of cats learn to prefer alcohol to milk and some of them become hopeless old soaks, headed for a feline skid row and hallucinations of pink people on the walls. A little learning is a dangerous thing. And so is a little frustration.

MAN, THE MARRIAGE SUFFERER

Conferees at a sweetness-and-light symposium on family life, held at the University of California in San Francisco, got the shock of their lives when a family doctor who has made 250,000 house calls arose to state some hard-bitten truths. Everything about the family was coming up roses until Dr. Russel V. Lee brushed away the spun-sugar fallout.

"Men really suffer more in marriage than women do," he said. Marriage is less natural for the male, "who contributes more and gets less out of marriage than the female." Every married man suffers a certain agony of conformity. "The nagging female's 'Where have you been all this time?' is part of the agony of lost freedom. . . . The male needs a long tether and the wife is well advised to see that he gets it."

Much higher competence is expected of a man than of a woman in marriage. In fact, wives can have no competence whatever and be downright stupid without busting up their marriage.

"I know psychotic [damcrazy] women who are doing all right in marriage," said Dr. Lee, "but if one of them were a man and as nuts as that she'd never get by at all."

Hear, hear!

UNEASY LIES THE HEAD

Queens should never lose the common touch but ought not to carry it too far. A beauty queen, "Miss Universe" — 19-year-old Ieda Maria Brutto Vargas—was recently pinched in Miami, as might happen anywhere to the lissom. But this pinch was for shoplifting. Charges against her and two companions were dropped when her regal identity and the cosmic scope of her domain became known. When she won the title last July, Miss Universe picked up—that is, won—some $7,500, a $10,000 personal appearance contract, and a lavish wardrobe that either wore out fast or was devoid of such practical garments as girdles and panties, which items the girls were seen stuffing into their bags.

Strange pockets of poverty appear in our economy, and the plight of impoverished beauty queens should be called to LBJ's attention. Better yet, since female beauty is not a commodity that lasts very long, absurd beauty queen contests should either be abolished or the winner should be given a two-year course in some trade school of the useful arts.

MOTHER GO HOME

Political conventions are drawing near and aspirants to the Presidency are pointing with pride to their past records, thereby proving that most of human progress must lie in the future. A nice touch of humor and comeliness has been injected into the male world of politics by Sen. Margaret Chase Smith of Maine, who professes to take seriously her chances of winning the Republican nomination for President. We can imagine notable changes in international councils under a female chief executive. Any slob who pounded on a table with his shoe would be made to stand in a corner, and anyone who interrupted a female diplomat with a demand that she stick to the point would have all the gold stars removed from his report card. It might be that with some Auntie Sam as commandress-in-chief of our armed forces, we could keep Khrushchev after school and make him write "I will not play with atom bombs" on the blackboard 30 times. Then we could concentrate on domestic incidents of agonizing concern to the female electorate, such as the ecstatic schoolgirl who rushes home to tell mother that her group has 21 percent fewer cavities.

Incorrigible chivalry, which should be limited to lighting a dame's cigarette and opening car doors, could trick unwary men into voting for a woman President. Women can be counted on to prevent such a disaster. In a Gallup poll last fall, women were much more opposed to the idea of a woman President than men were. Women notoriously prefer a man boss to a woman boss, and all sensible women know that their primary business is to persuade some man to take care of her and make him grateful for her condescension. A Father Image in the White House has it all over a Mother Image.

WHAT LITTLE COILS ARE MADE OF

The latest experimental device in population control consists of coils inserted into the uterus by a gynecologist. The coils are made of various plastic materials and prevent the implantation of an ovum. The National Committee on Maternal Health has records on some 6,000 women who have been using the devices in medical studies. Fertility returns when the devices are removed. Another experimental approach is male-oriented. A man is injected with some of his own sperm cells, and has an immunity reaction as if the sperm were a foreign substance. This auto-immunity stops sperm production for a couple of

(Continued on page 12)

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 11)
months, after which the sperm factories are reactivated unless the injection is repeated.

DISCRIMINATING GIVING

When can-shakers come around soliciting funds, does the century note you slip through the slot give you a warm feeling that you are buying research that will "lick" Raynaud's disease or "wipe out" pediculosis? Money used for patient care or basic and priority needs couldn't be better given, but "research" is becoming a degraded glitter word used to con dough from the gullible. There is vastly more money available for medical research than there are competent researchers to apply it, and very little comes from voluntary national health agencies. The Wise Giving Bulletin, published by the National Information Bureau, a reporting and advisory service for contributors, reports that of $1.5 billion spent on medical research last year, 90.9 percent came from government and industry, 6.6 percent from foundations, and 2.5 percent from 36 national "health" agencies

Boondoggling is as prevalent in "research" as anywhere, perhaps more so, since the jargon of specialists is incomprehensible to laymen, and often to each other. Dr. Vannevar Bush of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology recently had this to say to a House committee on government research:

"The spectacular success of applied research during the war led to a fallacy entertained by many. It is that any problem can be solved by gathering enough scientists and giving them enough money. To solve the problem of the common cold, assemble a great institution, fill it with scientists and money, and soon we will have no more colds! It is folly thus to proceed. The great scientific steps forward originate in the minds of gifted scientists, not in the minds of promoters . . . If the country pours enough money into research, it will inevitably support the trivial and the mediocre. The supply of scientific manpower is not unlimited."

EYING THE IQ

Whenever we come onto something indicating that a fellow with a mediocre IQ can get along in the world, we are, for obvious reasons, enormously delighted. A book called "Human Behavior" by Bernard Berelson and Gary A. Steiner informs us that an IQ of 105 gives one a 50-50 chance of passing high school courses. (We now have more sympathy for certain of our teachers than we once had.) An IQ of 75 is adequate for performing in an orchestra and probably 70 is enough for performing with the Beatles (40 for screaming in the audience). With an IQ of 60 one can assist electricians (who have a 30-hour work week in New York—is that so stupid?) and an IQ of 50 is adequate for ordinary carpentry. A high IQ, like 130 for Ph.D.'s, doesn't often go along with high creativity. Most highly creative people don't have inflated IQ's but they have a better sense of humor, are less dogmatic, more independent in judgment and less conforming. So you have an IQ of 135? Don't get mad, Mac; we were only joking.

LO THE POOR HOSPITAL

The other day we visited a hospitalized friend who was paying $35 a day just for room and board. For this sum he received an austere bedroom and about 80 cents' worth of dispirited provender that would make a TV dinner look like the main course at a gourmet banquet. For 35 bucks a day you can live high on the hog at any number of swank hotels that make a tidy profit on the deal. What gives us cause to wonder is the poor mouth of so many hospitals that pay no property taxes, get a good deal of free help and contributions, but yammer about running in the red at room rates that would refurbish the Waldorf. It's a helluva way to run a railroad, and a lot of hospitals would do the public a favor by farming out the room concession to Conrad Hilton.

GUESS LIST

How does the hot stove league keep going when hockey and basketball take over? Partly by some guy's asking questions after he has looked up the answers. Such as, "Did any World Series player besides Ruth have the nickname 'Babe'?" Yes, there were Babe Adams of the Pirates, Babe Towne of the White Sox and Babe Dahlgren of the Yankees. So we learn from a collection of nicknames of 1,162 World Series players compiled by a razor company that sponsors broadcasts of the games.

Fans will recognize some monickers at a glance. There's only one "Yogi," Lawrence Berra of the Yankees. But who answered to "Rabbit"? Walter Maranville of the old Boston Braves. There were two "Majors," Ralph Houk, now Yankee manager, and Les Mann of the Braves and Cubs, who were topped, militarily speaking, by a "General," Alvin Crowder of the Senators. Leonard Cole of the Cubs naturally was "King"; so was Carl Hubbell of the Giants.

You could try to fit Vinegar Bend, Scooter, Country, Puddn'head, Greasy, Flea, Muddy, Swampy, Brickyard, Boo, Twinkletoes, Catfish, King Kong, Gunboat and Crow to the proper characters —or there's always bowling.

LOTS OF LOTTERIES

Competition in designing the best lottery plan is terrific, and we try to keep our readers updated on information that people send us. The Lottery League of America, Inc., at 220 East 42nd Street, New York 17, New York, is plumping for 100,000 members to support educational work to establish an American lottery under rigid supervision, with proceeds other than prizes to go for medical purposes. Even more interestingly, the league has in mind a lottery to be sponsored by the United Nations, tickets to be sold in member countries, with proceeds paying U.N. expenses. Considering the number of deadbeats in the U.N. who expect Uncle Sam to pick up the tab, which he does, nothing but good could come of it. In California, Robert H. Wilson of El Monte, is heading a campaign to get half a million signatures on petitions to put a lottery proposal on the ballot in state elections this fall. Two-dollar tickets sold through vending machines would, it is estimated, bring in $500 million a year (yep, that's half a billion) of which $325 million would be funneled to schools.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

Witch doctors in Nyasa land have formed a trade union, the Nganga Association. We suppose they are beating the drums against Medicare.

An ultrasonic gadget that drives rats, bats and pigeons out of buildings is now on the market.

A man buying a new house should add about 20 percent to the price tag for equipment, rugs, plantings, appliances and furniture. A study by the U.S. Savings and Loan League estimates that the construction cost of a $13,800 house is boosted about $3,000 by equipment the little woman will insist on adding the first year.

—THE EDITORS

POWER HORSE (Wheel Horse of Course)

Wheel this rugged thoroughbred around your lawn. You'll feel the sure, steady pull of its big 8 horsepower engine . . . see it mow cleanly, smoothly, effortlessly.

It springs into action at a touch of its electric starter switch . . . has the sure response of automotive type steering. Three geared forward speeds and reverse operate with fingertip ease.

Here's the versatility to mow, roll, seed, fertilize, till, cultivate, haul and make short work of snow and leaves.

Test ride a horse . . . Wheel Horse of course . . . at your nearest Wheel Horse Dealer. He's listed in the Yellow Pages.

Write Wheel Horse Products, Inc., for free, full color literature on the complete line. Address . . .

Wheel Horse®

534 W. Ireland Road, South Bend 14, Ind.

cockeyed genius of chaos

"I inherited a pretty good set of nerves," says this extravagant extrovert, who managed such mixed careers as boxing, acting, gambling and painting, plus stints in both the Mexican and U.S. armies. Despite his hell-for-leather life (or maybe because of it) he may just well be the best movie director extant

■ The imagination boggles at a scene that was acted out recently in a tiny village on the west coast of Mexico called Puerto Vallarta; but let us attempt to describe it. In the bay, two sleepy Mexican Indians are getting nowhere fast in a dugout canoe. On shore, a mad dog runs down a dusty road and collapses in the noonday sun. Elsewhere on shore, on a muddy hairpin turn atop a cliff, a tall man in riding boots seems to be trying to kill a busload of frightened men and women by ordering the driver to go closer and closer to the cliff's edge.

"That Huston," says one of the riders, a man named Richard Burton. "He wants to make it difficult. If it's easy, he's not interested. I wouldn't mind if he would only sweat once in a while. At least it would show he was human."

Suddenly, out in the bay, a beautiful, lithe woman on water skis flashes past the fishermen, almost capsizing their dugout. Look at her closely. She is Ava Gardner. She makes three passes, returns to shore, dries off and shakes out her hair then puts on a loose white robe that looks like a serape, and walks barefoot over to the local tortillaria.

"Is this place respectable," she hollers, "or can any bum come in?"

A deeply tanned man with a goatee looks up and says, "Do join us, my dear; you're absolutely welcome." He is Tennessee Williams, author of a play called *Night of the Iguana*, which all these people are busy transforming into a movie. He tells her about a new scene he's writing into the movie especially for her.

"It is something in which you will have to get your juices up," he tells her. "You can't hold back. You must give them hell!"

"I will. I will," she promises.

The bus on the cliff top has somehow made it back to safety. Richard Burton, sweating and weary, descends to the oceanside and decides to take a break. He goes swimming with Lolita. Well, not *really* Lolita: Sue Lyon, a leggy, blonde, and lissome 17-year-old actress who impersonated Lolita in a recent movie. Newsreel cameramen and free-lance photographers record the scene, then hurry off to send their pictures around the world. Burton—who recently interpreted the role of Mark Antony in *Cleopatra*, the most expensive film ever made—walks back up the beach and joins a woman who is sitting in the sun, squinting, and drinking Carta Blanca beer from a bottle. She is Elizabeth Taylor—"Cleopatra" herself—the highest paid actress in the history of movies, who has come to Puerto Vallarta as a traveling companion of Burton's.

Liz, Burton, and "Lolita" Sue Lyon made "Iguana" set a typical Huston morass of tangled egos.

Back at the tortillaria, Ava Gardner and Tennessee Williams are joined by a good-looking couple: actress Deborah Kerr, who has a role in the film, and her author-husband Peter Viertel. Viertel is famous for at least two reasons: he was once Ava Gardner's boyfriend, and he once wrote a whole novel about John Huston called *White Hunter, Black Heart*, the title of which fairly described his feelings for the exuberant director.

Outside, a former actor-turned-agent named Michael Wilding passes by on his way to a rendezvous with Mr. Burton and Miss Taylor. He once was married to Miss Taylor, and is, in fact, father of two of her children. Now he represents Mr. Burton, and at the actor's request, has rented an enormous yacht on which Burton and Miss Taylor can while away their leisure hours. (When Ava Gardner heard about the yacht, she demanded a tennis court.)

Another Ava is lying on the beach: Ava Martine, 28, very beautiful, and characterized by one of the dozens of reporters on the scene as the "most swinging" person in the whole wild enterprise. Miss Martine has put the shock on some others of the company by announcing a former fondness for opium. Her

BY JERRY TALLMER

Huston, called The Monster by some co-workers, is to others "a moral anarchist without portfolio." His impressive credits include *The Maltese Falcon, The African Queen, Key Largo,* and *The Asphalt Jungle.*

job in Puerto Vallarta? Chaperone for young Lolita.

Finally, a Mexican named Emilio Fernandez is cleaning his revolver, spinning its chamber, squinting into its barrel. He has just turned down a $5,500-a-week acting job in Hollywood. He says: "I would much rather be here with my good friend Huston."

Thus it was not so many months ago on location with *Night of the Iguana*, the second most publicized motion picture in history (*Cleopatra* was first). Presiding over that morass of ego and tangled relationships was movie director John Huston, about whom it's been said that he's one of three directors—the others being Cecil B. DeMille and Alfred Hitchcock—whose names ever meant a damn on a movie marquee. In the flesh, Huston is a smooth-talking, hard-living, much-loved and sometimes hated creative artist, part hoodlum, part adventurer, part intellectual, who has won four Academy Awards (two each for *The Treasure of Sierra Madre* and *The Asphalt Jungle*) and has given us 22 good or bad, but always distinctive films from *The Maltese Falcon* and *Key Largo* to *The Red Badge of Courage*, *Moby Dick*, *The Misfits*, *The African Queen*, *Beat the Devil*, and *Freud*.

Between films, Huston becomes a country squire at his 26-room "castle" in Galway, Ireland.

John outmugged dad Walter Huston when both won Oscars for film *Treasure of Sierra Madre*.

Nowadays, he is purported to be very rich though he claims to have spent most of his life broke (in 1953, he was $300,000 in debt), and for a half of each year, he likes to stop working and ride to hounds from his 26-room castle ("Any cottage of more than three rooms in Ireland is a castle") in Craughwell, County Galway, Ireland. Last January, Huston officially became an Irish citizen. In face and figure, he is slim, battered, gnarled, and—no matter what your tastes—most striking. A friend and associate once summed Huston up as "a natural-born, anti-authoritarian individualistic libertarian anarchist, without portfolio."

A few years ago, the word in Hollywood was that Huston was finished, but that view was premature, to say the least. He recently contracted to direct the Biblical film to end all Biblical films—*The Bible*. He thus becomes the first Super Director in motion picture history. His job will be to supervise the work of four subsidiary directors—each of whom will operate separately to produce a section of the whole. The whole will include Orson Welles's chapter on Abraham and Isaac, Jacob and Esau; Federico Fellini's installment on The Deluge and Noah's Ark; Luchino Visconti's section on Joseph and His Brethren; and Robert Bresson's recreation of the Creation.

The final version will cost over $20 million, and run about 12 hours. Huston's responsibility will be to give the whole incredible project cohesion and continuity. A few wags have suggested that after Puerto Vallarta, *The Bible* should be a snap.

Many actors insist that Huston is the most soft-spoken, self-effacing director extant. Others see him as the Marquis de Sade. Gregory Peck, during the filming of *Moby Dick*, was keelhauled beneath a fake whale with machinery that didn't work properly; he feared Huston was going to get him killed before they finished. (Challenged about such recklessness, Huston said "We all have our vices.") Novelist Ray Bradbury, who was scriptwriter on *Moby Dick*, fell prey to Huston's practical jokes: most particularly by a cablegram, ostensibly from the studio brass, instructing Bradbury to get some sex into the Melville sea saga—or else. Katharine Hepburn was driven

Viceroy's got the Deep-Weave Filter and the taste that's right!

Viceroy is scientifically made to taste the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste.
Not too strong . . . not too light . . .
Viceroy's got the taste that's right.

SMOKE ALL 7

Smoke all seven filter brands and you'll agree: some taste too strong . . . while others taste too light. But Viceroy—with the Deep-Weave Filter—tastes the way you'd like a filter cigarette to taste. That's right!

©1964

to screaming meemies during filming of *The African Queen* over the drinking and carousing of Huston and Humphrey Bogart.

"God knows what makes him tick," Montgomery Clift told me recently. "He's got a mixed up alarm clock in there." Clift—who starred in Huston's recent film *Freud*—maintains that because of Huston's unpreparedness on the script, which had already been years in the writing, the cast often went to bed at 2 a.m. knowing one set of lines and came on the set at dawn to encounter completely new ones. "I averaged four hours of sleep a night for five and a half months," Clift said. "It was surely the hardest part I ever did and I think it the hardest any actor ever did. If I were vicious, I would have reams to tell you, but. . . ."

Of course, Montgomery Clift, despite a mutual affableness on the earlier *Misfits*, isn't exactly John Huston's type. You might think John Wayne would be, but, strangely, you'd be wrong. When Huston set to work on *The Barbarian and the Geisha*, starring Wayne—not a distinguished product for either of them—the actor came to the director and brought the regards of a mutual friend, moviemaker John Ford. "Ford and I are old friends," said Wayne. "He said he'd appreciate whatever you could do for me." Huston smiled warmly and said he'd do all he could. But for whatever reason—Huston's perverseness, more than likely—the two men worked together badly right from the start. One day Huston asked Wayne: "Which is your best profile?" The right, said Wayne. Throughout the film, Huston shot whenever possible for Wayne's left profile. They wound up not talking to each other and the picture had to be completed by a different director.

"That's the way John is," says an Old Hollywood Hand. "He's got the nicest manner about him; you never realized you're getting stabbed until the blood flows."

"I don't think I ever met a more genteel individual," says actor George C. Scott, star of Huston's recent film *The List of Adrian Messenger*. "Talent strictly aside, he is to me a man—and one of the most intelligent and lovable and entertaining of people to be with. The word class is a kind of cheap word but John has it. Although he's the most restless individual I've ever seen"—Scott himself is a restless individual, in fact he is distinctly Huston's type—"he's not a jade, he always has a fresh approach to people and to life. He's surely one of the most remarkable people anyone will ever meet."

The late Humphrey Bogart felt the same, and frequently said so. Their relationship was once celebrated on a set for *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*, where Bogart had to crawl around on some papier-mache rocks in search of gold. Over the scenery, for verisimilitude, there wandered here and there a live Gila monster. In the rocks was a hole. Bogart was instructed to stick his finger into it. He did so, then pulled back suddenly and howled for help. Huston, down underneath, had put a camera clamp on the finger. Bogart was sure it was a Gila monster. He was half right. Huston is often referred to in affection as The Monster.

In a famous incident, Huston once also used Bogart as a foil in a huge joke on Warner Brothers, for whom he was making a film. It was during World War II, and Huston was in the middle of a picture called *Across the Pacific* while waiting to go off to the Army. He described the episode to me recently:

"One day a small package came to me in the mail. I didn't look at it too closely, and soon forgot about it. I didn't know that those were my shipping orders. Then I got a phone call from a Major Somebody in Washington. Why hadn't I appeared? I tried to explain that I only had a few days left on the picture, but they didn't want to hear that.

"So I altered the script and set up a scene with Bogart in a house in Panama. He was a prisoner of the Japanese who were going to bomb the Canal. I had them tie his hands, and then I got more and more Japanese into the room, with machine guns and pistols, and I put more Japanese outside the house and at each window.

"There was no way in Christ's world he could have got out of it. And I knew Warner Brothers would never re-shoot it because it would mean an extra day and money. And then I said: 'So long, gentlemen,' and went off to the Army." After sufficient agonies, Warner Brothers and substitute director Vincent Sherman had Bogart scramble free when one of his jailers went berserk and shot the joint up. "I'm not easily trapped," was Bogart's new line in the film.

Many years later John Huston at the age of 57 paces the thick pile carpet in a favorite way station, the Hotel St. Regis in New York City. To a traditionalist, the sight of Huston in his posh hotel suite would have to be curious. This is not a world-famous film director; it is a character passing through the swinging doors of a rather more informal hotel in Tombstone or Dodge City in the 1870's. Riding boots. Black chinos. Blue work shirt (an *expensive* blue work shirt). An old-fashioned black string tie. Slender cigar. A big thatch of gray/white hair. The old days of moviemaking are much on his mind.

"We're talking about the age of the hero." He quickens his long strides around the room, gesturing with his long arms, his voice a rich, round, molten flow shot through with little skittering, seducing sparks. "Where are the great labor leaders? The lawyers? The movie stars? It all went out with the depres-

The most historic import from Britain since that highly publicized shipload of tea is a uniquely funny cartoon character named Andy Capp. Look for lazy, loaded, ludicrous, lovable Andy each month in TRUE.

"It's not that I don't love yer, Florrie. It's just that the idea of a second honeymoon sickens me."

© by The Hall Syndicate, Inc., and Daily Mirror, London.

WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU PUT A V8 IN A CHEVY II?

Chevy II Nova Station Wagon with 76.2 cu. ft. of cargo space.

YOU GUESSED IT!

Your pick-up is picked up. Hills don't seem half so hilly. And even when you've got every nook and cranny of cargo space filled, still there's no holding you back.

The V8* that you can get in a Chevy II this year has 195 horsepower. *One, nine, five.* Now, that's a lot of engine. But for its size, in case you're not aware, the Chevy II is a considerable amount of car.

The suspension's strong. The unitized Body by Fisher is as solid as an anvil. The V8 adds oomph.

However, if in your travels you find you don't need that much engine, you can pick a Chevy II with a Hi-Thrift 120-hp six, a 155-hp six* or, in some models, even a Super-Thrift 90-hp four-cylinder engine.

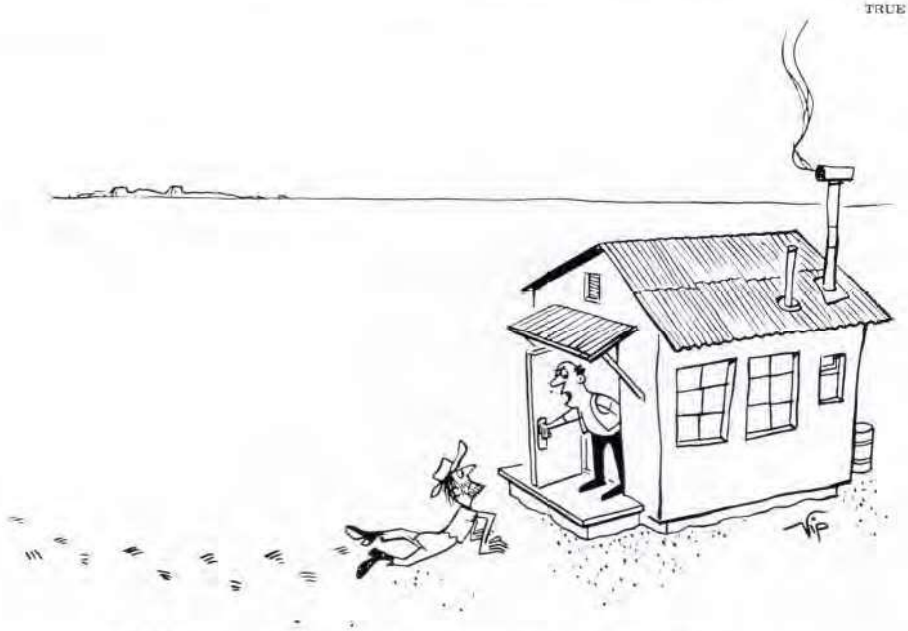
Perhaps that's the nicest thing of all about buying a Chevy II. It's about the only car made that you can have equipped all out for bear, or as economical as all get out. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

Chevrolet • Chevelle • Chevy II • Corvair • Corvette

CHEVROLET

THE GREAT HIGHWAY PERFORMERS

*Optional at extra cost



"Okay, come in—but don't track sand all over the place."

sion, didn't it? Oh, there've been a few spasms, a few indispensable men. Churchill. But we don't think of him now." He stops before a mantel and puts one elbow on it; all six feet four drapes itself south and north from this pinion like spaghetti.

Huston recently did an acting job for Otto Preminger in *The Cardinal* and it got him an Academy Award nomination. His fee: a painting by De Stael. (One of Huston's dreams is to amass enough money to buy "better paintings than I can afford now—a Rembrandt or two, a few Goyas, some Piero della Francescas.") He appeared in *The Cardinal*, he says, only because he admires Preminger's courage in having hired blacklisted Hollywood screenwriters like Dalton Trumbo and Albert Maltz. Except for spot roles in some of his own films, Huston hasn't done any acting since his 20's. Bogart used to say: "As an actor, he stinks," but the statement is to be taken as a ribbing; in a sense Huston's entire life has been a magnificent performance. "The only problem is getting the robes off when he's finished," a fellow performer in *The Cardinal* said.

Style is everything with Huston. One of his lesser glories was *The Misfits*, starring Clark Gable and Marilyn Monroe with screenplay by her then husband, Arthur Miller. Gable collapsed and died almost immediately after its last shot. The director said: "He was a fine gentleman, Gable. He waited until the picture was finished."

And it must have been as much style as courage which led a weakened Huston, in 1945, two days out of an Army hospital, to take umbrage at something Errol Flynn had said to a lady and go out with Flynn to settle it in David O. Selznick's garden. After the 10th knockdown Flynn said to the supine Huston: "Jeez, Johnny, don't get up. Let's quit."

"Then I knew I had him," Huston told the press.

What is not to be doubted is his political and professional courage. "In a community where the prevailing religion is fear," says one commentator, "Huston is a traitor to his class by being fearless." In 1947 he led a planeload of Hollywood stars to Washington to protest in anger against the "obscenity," as he termed it, of the House Committee on Un-American Activities. In 1949 he received a One World Award much howled about by the far-right press. Like Preminger, he has ignored the blacklist—most recently in giving the second lead in *Freud* to Larry Parks, the actor who played Al Jolson in two films and later was blacklisted for refusing on principle to cooperate with HUAC. None of which is to imply the remotist leftist orthodoxy in John Huston, country squire (24 horses), hunter (stag, boar, chamois), fisherman, world traveler. Not his style. His style is Claridge's in London, the George Cinq in Paris, the St. Regis in New York.

At the mantel he turns and says: "I don't take things too hard. I have a good time as I go along." What any antiauthoritarian like Huston hates most is simple boredom. Once during the war he was induced while on a short leave in Hollywood to sit in on a script conference for a George Raft movie. Raft wanted his part built up. He was to play a government agent. Huston sat with his legs propped on a desk, his officer's cap shoved back on his head, a sketchpad idly recording the scene—a habit all his life—while Raft was demanding that into the film there be inserted a moment in which the President of the United States would personally thank him for the job he was doing. Huston stood up, yawned, straightened his cap, said: "Gentlemen, I am going to the Aleutians." And out the door he went. The next anyone heard of him was when the Army released *Report from the Aleutians*, the first of his brilliant wartime documentaries. (Two of the others were *The Battle of San Pietro* and *Let There Be Light*, the latter a film the Defense Department has not to this day allowed the public to see. Not even the Museum of Modern Art has been able to obtain a print. It is a study of combat psychosis and its spectacular, grueling therapy.)

It was while making *San Pietro* that Huston delivered the only military command anyone ever remembers him giving. Eric Ambler had been assigned to his unit, on detached service from the British army. They went out one day to take some footage. Ambler had the only weapon, a pistol. A sudden burst of machine-gun fire almost chopped them down. As Huston dove into the dirt he shouted to Ambler: "Eric, get a picture of that!"

The life and times of John Huston, good or bad, began on August 5, 1906, in the oddly named town of Nevada, Missouri, where John was born to Rhea Gore Huston, newspaperwoman, and Walter Huston, electrical engineer (without portfolio) and actor.

His parents were divorced when he was 7. His mother was a horseplayer, and young John sometimes accompanied her to the track. "One day she bet our last $10 on a 100-to-1 shot that came in. She bought a fur coat. We took the rest of the winnings to the track the next day and lost it all. We had to hock the fur coat to pay our train fare home." The boy become a man has never lost his primary love for (a) horses and (b) gambling. The horse as a symbol of peace—as opposed to the violence of modern civilization—figures heavily in the climax of one of his best-regarded movies, *The Asphalt Jungle*. As for the gambling, it is continuous and all-pervasive. When he and Evelyn Keyes were getting divorced, their marvelous collection of Incan sculpture fell under California's community-property law. Huston said: "Let's flip for it, winner take all." He flipped. She took it all.

The remainder of Huston's boyhood was erratic, sometimes with his mother, sometimes with his father. Walter Huston was a vaudevillian who became one of the finest actors of his generation—never finer than, close to the end of his life, in his son's *The Treasure of Sierra Madre*. It won the old man an Oscar to go with those taken by his son for screenplay and direction. Walter Huston died the day after John Huston threw a giant party for him on his 66th birthday.

The boy was popped in and out of parochial schools, military schools, California high schools. When he was 18 he

COMING . . .

The full, factual story of the spectacular 1963 assault on the world's highest peak.

AMERICANS ON EVEREST

by James Ramsey Ullman

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

7up

the man's mixer

FOR THOSE WHO ENJOY THE TASTE OF GOOD WHISKEY

Seven-Up doesn't overdo it. It polishes whiskey flavor — but never rubs it out. A difficult accomplishment, but one we think you appreciate. Seven-Up also puts a two-fisted sparkle in your highball, which–aside from making stirring unnecessary–adds distinctive heartiness and character. Skoal, gentlemen!

Copyright 1964 by The Seven-Up Company

DISTANCE!

In Golf as in Baseball the Greatest Name for Power is

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER

LOUISVILLE ★ SLUGGER

You want distance? You can get it with these superb clubs made by craftsmen who know the art of power design! You are instantly aware of the perfect feel and balance, and to a rhythm in your swing you never sensed before. Their smooth playability is the secret to greater power. Discover this for yourself. Ask to see the new Louisville Slugger woods and irons at your Sporting Goods Dealer.

Write for free color catalog

Dept. T-4

HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.

Louisville, Kentucky

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER
Golf Clubs

quit school to become a lightweight boxer. In a year and a half he won 23 of 25 fights on the West Coast, collared the amateur lightweight championship of California, got his nose rearranged for perpetual masculine attractiveness thereafter.

"The fact that boxing would enable me to travel up and down the West Coast had a lot to do with the decision to go into it," he says. And the fact that "after a while it occurred to me that someone as skinny and tall as I was couldn't last very long in that racket" had everything to do with his getting out of it.

Somewhere along in here—the date is lost in obscurity, probably even to Huston—he married a high-school sweetheart named Dorothy Harvey. It was a partnership of short duration. Huston went to New York to act in Sherwood Anderson's *Triumph of the Egg* at the Provincetown Playhouse in Greenwich Village and in a yet less notable drama entitled *Ruint*. He decided that if he kept this up he himself would be ruint. What could life offer in such a crisis? A tour in the Mexican cavalry.

"I had done a lot of riding but nothing fancy. I started taking lessons from an old German woman named Hattie Weldon. She had a great teacher of dressage, a Mexican general, and after a few lessons he offered me a commission in the Mexican army. I took it.

"That was quite a time. There was no revolution, but it was fraught with hazard because the Mexican generals and colonels drove around in these big Pierce Arrows and to them it was undignified and beneath their stature in life to drink anything but champagne. And they insisted on driving their own cars." They all played poker and would start the game at their big haciendas in the morning and take it from there to a brothel and finally to a hotel room.

"The hotel was the most dangerous part. If anyone would win anything, they would turn out the lights and cock a pistol and throw it into the air. It was supposed to add savor to the occasion. Then they'd turn on the lights and see who was dead."

He risked glorious extinction over the poker tables until the age of 21, then resigned with the rank of lieutenant (he made Major in the American Army) and returned to California. (After another 21 years he would return to Mexico to make *Sierra Madre*—Hollywood's first "runaway production," and pattern-setter for all the rest—and to adopt, or be adopted by, a Mexican child named Pablo who would thereafter become his legal son. "Up to the time we got him he'd been biting and clawing to stay alive. It was great watching the kid grow back from a young old man to a little boy again.")

While still in Mexico, Huston wrote a little puppet play about, and entitled, *Frankie and Johnny*. Though it won him a $500 advance, it was not to be witnessed by an audience until several years later. Huston ran the $500 up to $11,000 at the crap tables, lost it all, showed up in New York penniless and full of fire. He had it now: he would become a writer.

Huston did a couple of horse stories and prizefight stories, and eventually a number of them appeared in H. L. Mencken's *American Mercury*. The stories were strongly imbued with the spare style and philosophy of Ernest Hemingway, who a long time later was to think that Huston's script for *The Killers* was the only screenplay that had ever done him full justice.

Then Huston turned to opera singing, but all we shall ever know about this phase is, in the words of the singer, "the less said the better."

Then he went to Paris to study art. Ever since, he has been an artist by avocation, and many of the scenes for his films have been blocked out by Huston on his sketchpad.

Next came the call to Hollywood, from Sam Goldwyn, to help on the script for *A House Divided*, a movie starring his father. "Maybe John wouldn't have had that chance if it wasn't for his father," an associate of those days recalls, "but it was obvious John had talent. However, he was a kid. He looked as if he would squander whatever talent he had before he had a chance to develop it. One day he walked out and didn't come back." He pulled George Orwell's down-and-out routine in London and Paris, wrote a couple of unproduced plays, returned to take a job as a reporter on the famous, infamous New York *Morning Graphic*, a tabloid for which his mother was then writing.

COMING . . .

FISHING'S NEW MOTHER LODE

Padre Island is a 117-mile bonanza for U.S. anglers and it's just waiting to be tapped. Read about it

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"I was fired more times than any reporter in history. There was a night city editor who hated my guts and a kindly old managing editor named Plummer who'd hire me back. I remember one time there was a jewel robbery. A nightclub singer had had her pearls stolen. It was obviously a publicity stunt. I went to the hotel and saw her, representing myself as a private detective. We made an appointment to meet at the club. When I got there the cops were waiting for me. I didn't have a press card. They called my office. The night city editor said: 'I never heard of the son of a bitch.'" In the end it was all straightened out and he was let go.

A year later he was back at acting, in the Chicago WPA production of *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*. There he met a teenaged Irish girl named Leslie Black. Within 15 minutes he proposed marriage. When she hesitated he went back to Hollywood and settled down to earn a solid living as fast as possible.

He hooked on with Warner Brothers and with producer Henry Blanke, an early and important guardian angel. It is from Blanke that we have a vivid ver-

bal portrait of him at this time: "Just a drunken boy; hopelessly immature. You'd see him at every party, wearing bangs, with a monkey on his shoulder. Charming. Very talented but without an ounce of discipline in his make-up."

Yet more vivid are the bare words on a yellowing page from the New York *Times* of September 30, 1933: "LOS ANGELES, Sept. 29 (AP).—John Huston, playwright son of Walter Huston, film actor, was absolved from blame today by a coroner's jury for the accident Wednesday night in which his motor car struck and killed Tosca Roulien, comely young wife of Raul Roulien, Brazilian movie star. . . .

"Huston, who was driving a machine registered to Greta Nissen, actress, testified Mrs. Roulien stopped in the street directly in front of his car and that he did not see her in time to stop or swerve. Other witnesses said Mrs. Roulien started across the street at a point where there was no pedestrian lane. . . .

"Last night Huston sent a letter to Roulien expressing deep sorrow over the tragedy."

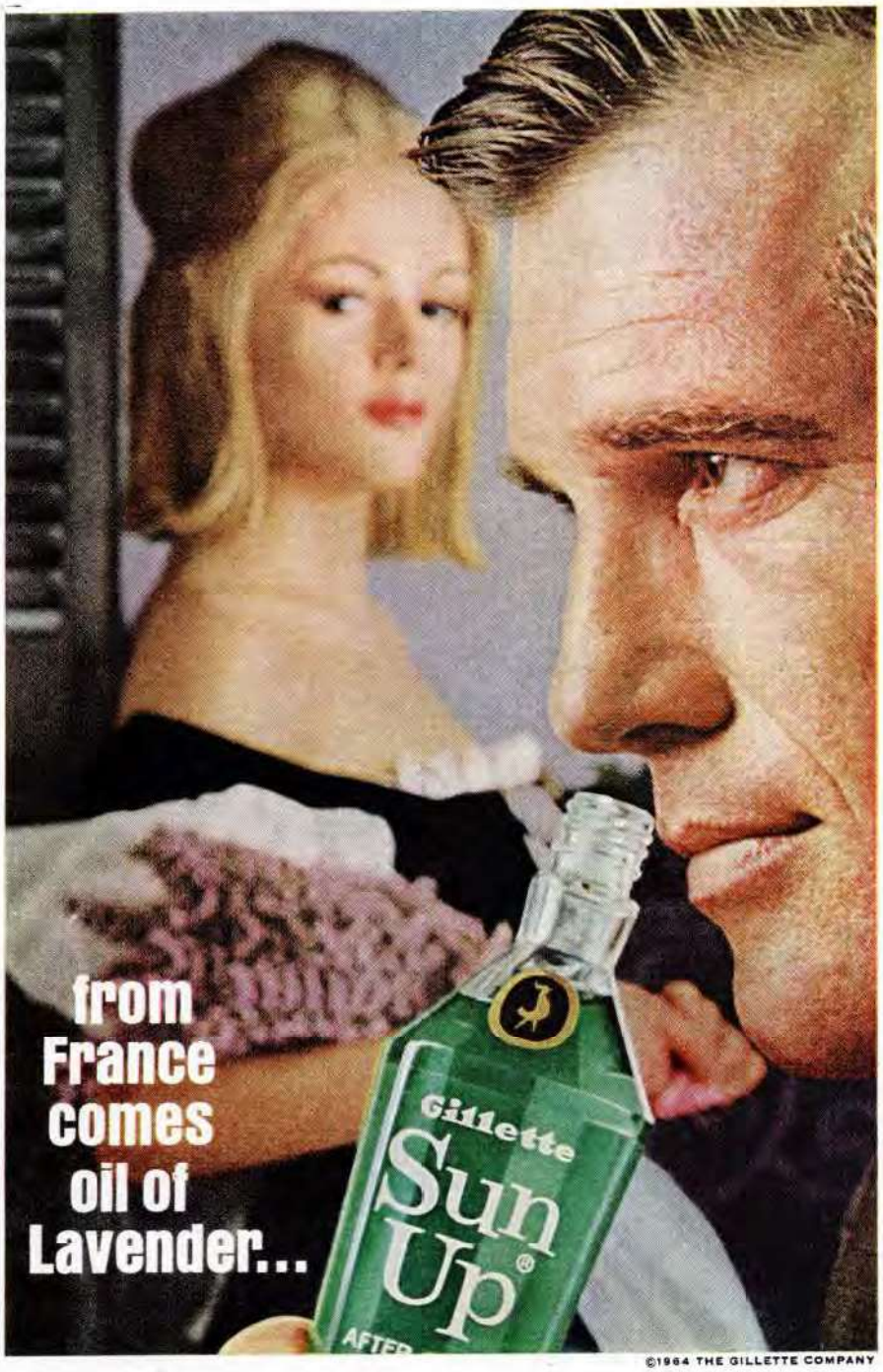
It was the great period of Warner Brothers movies, rather toward the end of that period. Presently John Huston started writing some of those movies: *The Amazing Doctor Clitterhouse, Sergeant York, Jezebel, Dr. Ehrlich's Magic Bullet, Juarez, High Sierra.* If he did well on *High Sierra* he was going to be allowed to direct. He did very well indeed, as anyone who has seen the film will attest. There followed an interlude in New York, directing one play starring his father and co-authoring another which won the Critics' Circle Award. A biography of Woodrow Wilson, it was entitled *In Time to Come* and is still remembered with high approval by veteran playgoers.

Then back to Hollywood for *The Maltese Falcon,* adapted by John Huston, directed by John Huston. A project which had failed in two other Hollywood versions.

He had already married Leslie Black, and she rid him of the undiscipline and the bangs, if not the monkey. They were divorced in 1945. The monkey remained around at least through 1948, when it and other equine and canine Huston friends (Weimaraners, to be exact) were ascribed by third wife Evelyn Keyes as the cause of their separation. A fourth-wife-to-be, young Ricky Soma, daughter of restaurateur-saloonkeeper Tony Soma ("I first met her when I was in the Army and she was 8") may also have had something to do with it. Indeed Miss Keyes is said to have introduced Miss Soma to mutual acquaintances at the time as: "I am his wife and this is his girl friend," or words to that effect.

And Huston? Huston speaks benignly of each of his wives. "All my marriages have been highly successful. I've been married four times and I approve of marriage." (In Puerto Vallarta, he was frequently accompanied by a beautiful Anglo-Iranian girl named Zoë.)

That's one side of his personality. Below the water there's another and darker side. Huston has always been hard on



©1964 THE GILLETTE COMPANY

Enticing... new Sun Up by Gillette

More than 20 rare and costly essences from all over the world give Sun Up After Shave its inviting fragrance. Gillette blends the romance of the seven seas into Sun Up ...Lavender from France...Rosewood from Brazil...Sandalwood from the Indies. Dash a bit on at the end of a shave for that top of the morning feeling. Try it any time of the day for a cool, refreshing lift. The fragrance that lingers is cleanly male, definitely enticing. In two sizes: 4 oz., 79¢; 6 oz., $1 plus tax.

from the people who know men best . . . Gillette

women, and on many men who were as attached to him as women. Some have resented it bitterly—the Viertel novel being typical of such feeling. Some have not. One of these is a lovely lady named Olivia de Havilland.

"He was a man," she said the other day, "who was pursued by witches, and if I only could have known their names I feel I could have helped him, no matter how much younger I was."

It began for them during the war, in 1941. "He was a very great love of mine, as you probably know. There's 10 years' difference between us but he actually had about 30 years more experience. Anyway I felt this. He fell in love with me, he pursued me relentlessly. I ran away from him more than once. I don't know how he found me. Once when I ran away he drove all night and found me in Carmel, abandoning the film he was working on. That was around 1945, when there was not anyone else in his life or mine. I did see him again in 1952 when he'd just come back to America. He found out in 13 minutes that I was in La Jolla in a play. He wanted me to drive up to see him. It was 120 miles. I said I couldn't. He said: 'Why not?' I told him I was in a play. . . ." They haven't seen each other now in a long time. "And I am rather sorry to say that." Miss de Havilland paused. "I *am* sorry," she said with firmer emphasis. "John needs the admiration of men as much as of women," she continued. "It's very curious. I never quite understood that. But the essential thing about John is that he's capable of tremendous love of a very intense order. There's so much sweetness about him. There's a peculiar kindness in him. Or it's something that's mistaken for kindness: a grace, a kind of grace in him. He'll *never* speak badly of anyone, for instance."

What about the charge that Huston uses people up and spits them out? "I don't think that's true," said Olivia de Havilland. "He's worked with some writers for over 10 or 20 years. Of course it's true he always dominates them. That he does. But he broods about everything he's ever done wrong to anybody. Don't think he isn't sensitive to what he's done or not done. He's very sensitive to it, hypersensitive. I think about him very often, and about the mysteries I was not able to solve."

"I don't know that John ever uses people," said George C. Scott. "I don't think that's a proper or a fair evaluation at all. I don't think he has to. However lonely a man he may be, and all remarkable individualistic men are lonely, I think he can depend on himself, so that he doesn't have to depend on the use or misuse of other people."

"There is another answer," said Dore Schary. "Are you susceptible to being used up? You know, you can always walk away. People of talent don't get used up by anybody. If they don't like it they say: 'Knock off, Jack.'

"I can remember disagreeing with John. I thought perhaps *Red Badge of Courage* would have had a better chance with a leading actor of Montgomery Clift's quality when he first broke in, instead of John's choice of Audie Murphy, but I can't remember ever exchanging harsh words with John—never."

Huston himself, if today you ask him about the theory that he squeezes people like lemons and tosses them away, merely looks you straight in the eyes and says, absolutely calmly: "I can only tell you one thing. There's nothing self-conscious about it."

What remains unarguable is that in professional as in personal matters, Huston is a spray hitter, intuitive and erratic, rapping them to all fields, the ball sometimes falling in, sometimes not. He loses interest if the inning runs too long or as soon as it becomes clear that the odds are not in his favor. As movie critic James Agee wrote years ago:

> Huston is apt to be tired and bored by the time the stages of ultrarefinement in cutting are reached, so that some of his scenes have been given perfection, others are somewhat impaired, by film editors other than Huston. This is consistent with much that is free and improvisatory in his work and in his nature, but it is a startling irresponsibility in so good an artist.

The same point was made in *Picture*, by Lillian Ross, a book about the making of *Red Badge of Courage*. (People are always writing books about Huston.)

Huston has never been psychoanalyzed. In his glibber moments he has said: "I'm pretty near perfect. It's hard for me to find a flaw." Again: "When I was 50 years old I decided I'd have a shot glass of bourbon on awakening every morning as a little reward for clean living. But I haven't been able to live up to it. Like with most resolutions, you keep forgetting."

It is to be wondered whether he has forgot his good, clean resolution of about five years ago: "The picture I really want to do is *Lysistrata*. For this I'd like to collect all the delectable female flesh in Christendom, put it into one big pot, and stir it well."

With the somewhat ambivalent exception of *The African Queen*, where Hepburn's spinster was fanned to flame by Bogart's boozy bravery, Huston has never made a film in which the women were much more than accoutrements. His genre is tension and action, victory and defeat, for the most part in accordance with the old Hemingway title, *Men Without Women*. Preeminently so in *Moby Dick* and *Sierra Madre*, the two movies to which he may have given most of himself.

In this world what counts for him are friends, and these are going fast: Bogart, Hemingway, Walter Huston. He has been heard to say that nothing can really hurt you very much after you see your friends starting to die. And he has a way of defining friendship:

"Friends are the most valuable possessions any man can have, but I think it's very important to find out which ones are real and which ones aren't. The perfect test would be to go to your friends and tell them that you've just committed a murder, a cold-blooded, premeditated murder. There are no extenuating circumstances. All you want is help. The men or women who'd stick by you and help you without asking any questions would be real friends—and you'd be very, very lucky to have them."

He still has one or two like that. The real question is whether—as a practicing antiauthoritarian, moral anarchist, filmmaker, and lover—John Huston is one of them.

—Jerry Tallmer

"Say—I forgot to file *my* income tax!"

STRONG NEW BODY

with double-wall design...new one-hand tailgate latch!

SMOOTH NEW RIDE

with a wheelbase longer than in most luxury cars!

Flip open the tailgate of a '64 Ford Styleside pickup. One hand operates it with ease, yet the tailgate is so strong it can take a ton! And with it comes a big new box with double sidewalls for extra strength. A lockable tool compartment in the body skirt is a new option.

For all its toughness, this Ford's mighty easy on you. You ride in a cab that's smart as a station wagon. A foam seat supports you in comfort; 38 pounds of insulation muffle noise. And wait 'til you feel how Ford's new 128-inch wheelbase smooths any road!

3.2 cents per mile in 100,000-mile test! An independent research firm drove five '63 Ford pickups 100,000 miles each. Operating costs, including preventive maintenance and all repairs, averaged only 3.2 cents per mile! See the Certified Report at your Ford Dealer's!

BUILT LIKE THE BIG TRUCKS—WITH A BIG COMFORT BONUS!

'64 FORD PICKUPS

PRODUCTS OF Ford MOTOR COMPANY

SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

The combination so famous almost everyone knows its nickname

If *you* don't, just listen at your favorite bar

Say Seagram's and be Sure

TRUE
MAY

THE MARINES' AWOL HERO

Alone, on his own, he worked behind enemy lines—conning and cajoling Japs into surrendering. Single-handed, he captured an incredible 2,000 POWs

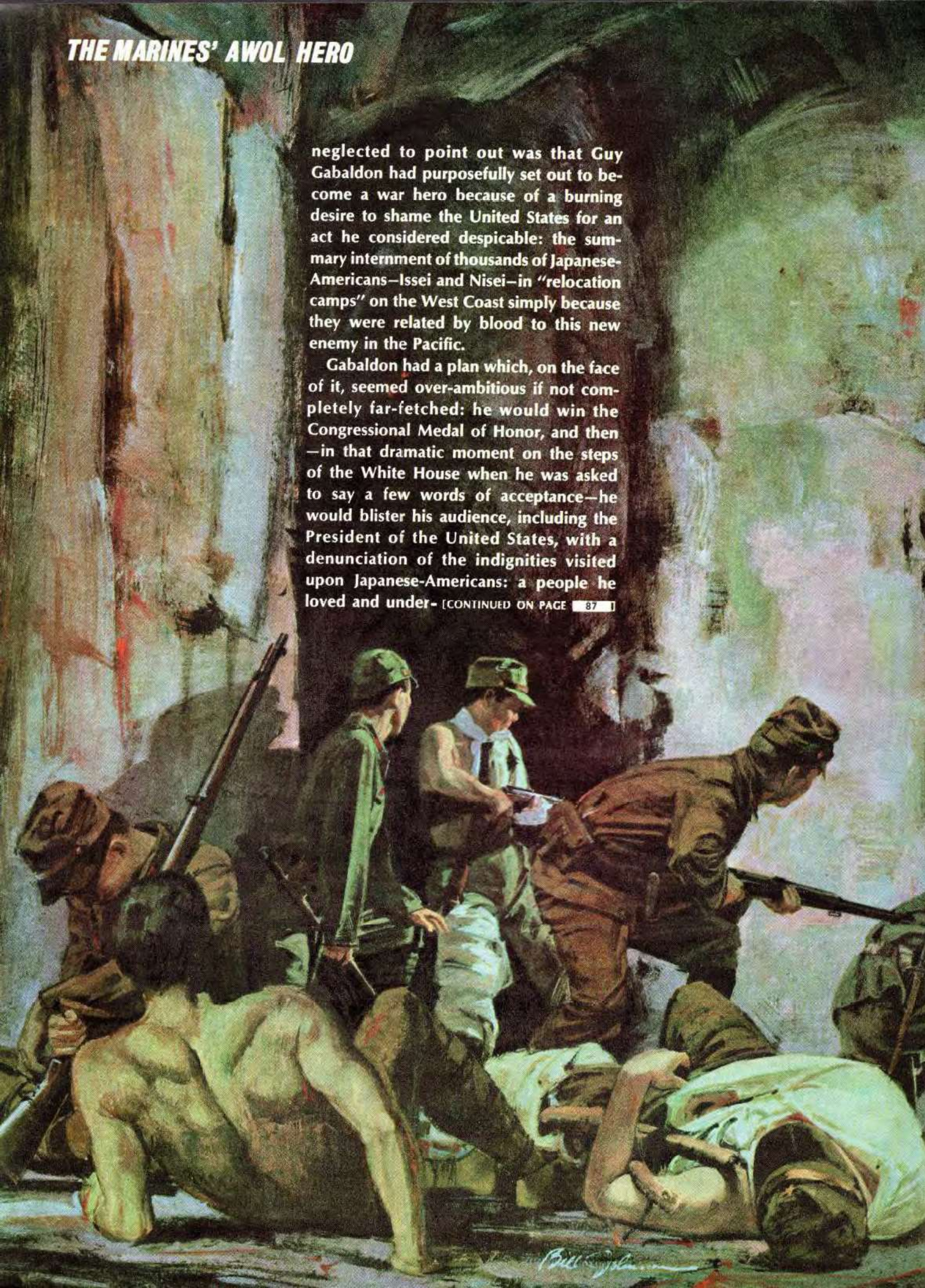
By AVRAM DAVIDSON
ILLUSTRATED BY BILL JOHNSON

■ Wars inevitably produce war heroes—strange ones at times—and one of the most colorful and remarkable of World War II was a diminutive, 18-year-old Marine named Guy Gabaldon who personally captured more than 2,000 Japanese in a single campaign (World War I's Sgt. Alvin York became famous for bagging a mere 150 prisoners), killed about 30, and became during the Saipan fighting a one-man guerrilla force loosed on the enemy by American field commanders who realized it was impossible to contain him.

Part of Guy Gabaldon's effectiveness grew out of his fluency in the Japanese language, but mostly it was courage, energy, and ingenuity that finally earned him a decoration. Lt. Gen. H. M. ("Howlin' Mad") Smith, head of all the Marines in the Pacific at that time, said: "Private First Class Gabaldon displayed extreme courage . . . Fearlessly entering enemy positions in caves, pill-boxes, buildings, and jungle brush, time after time under direct enemy fire . . . Working alone in front of the lines . . . His actions were a great service to the prosecution of the campaign on Saipan...."

What Howlin' Mad Smith's statement

THE MARINES' AWOL HERO



neglected to point out was that Guy Gabaldon had purposefully set out to become a war hero because of a burning desire to shame the United States for an act he considered despicable: the summary internment of thousands of Japanese-Americans—Issei and Nisei—in "relocation camps" on the West Coast simply because they were related by blood to this new enemy in the Pacific.

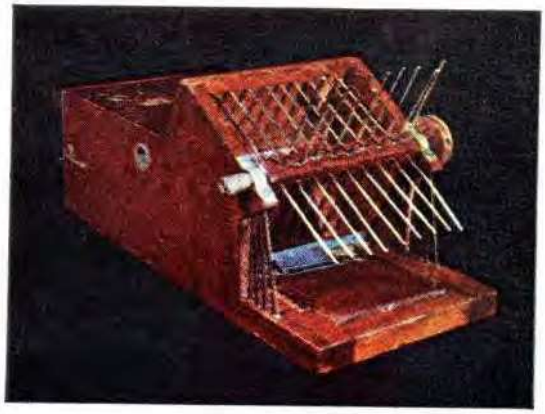
Gabaldon had a plan which, on the face of it, seemed over-ambitious if not completely far-fetched: he would win the Congressional Medal of Honor, and then—in that dramatic moment on the steps of the White House when he was asked to say a few words of acceptance—he would blister his audience, including the President of the United States, with a denunciation of the indignities visited upon Japanese-Americans: a people he loved and under- [CONTINUED ON PAGE 87]

Cautiously the Marine moved closer to the cave. "Shimpai shinaide," he shouted.

MOUSETRAPS NOBODY BEAT A PATH TO

Probably the most unwanted free-loader in any home since the invention of the mother-in-law is the lowly mouse. For centuries men have been trying to outwit this intruder with contraptions calculated to capture, drown or kill the little beast. Here are some of the wackier, not-fully-guaranteed devices (actually patent models from the collection of O. Rundle Gilbert of Garrison, New York) built and registered in the mid-19th century. In most cases it helped if you owned a cat.

Cluttered-looking trap is set with sides up, held in place by wheel and catch in front. When mouse steps on panel inside trap, the catch is released, dropping weight which is suspended over trap. Force of weight slams sides tightly shut.



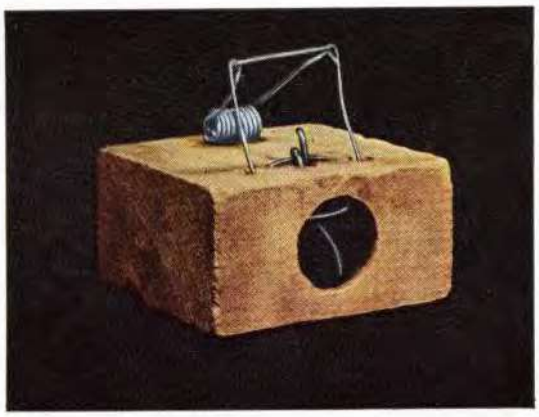
As soon as the mouse steps on a section of the floor in front, its weight sets spokes in motion. Spokes begin to rotate and sweep mouse through aperture; when spokes stop revolving they become restraining bars holding animal in the rear cage.

The old saloon adage, "Watch out for the swinging door," applies in this case. The door in rear swings mouse into cage. The whole cage section pulls out like a drawer. How to get the beast out is up to its fearless captor.

North, east, south or west—any passage is fatal to the rambunctious rodent that enters this quadrangular trap. A U-shaped bar nails mouse after it takes a few, curious steps into this 1873 model which was patented by a Mr. A. M. Lovett.

When the mouse approaches the bait at foot of mirror (far right), it steps on a circular, movable panel in floor. As the panel is depressed, a horizontal door is released by spring atop trap, which pushes the mouse into an inner chamber.

Circular wire-mesh trap, with swinging horizontal panel inside, has weight attached to string which releases panel after mouse nibbles on cheese. Panel sweeps mouse into water compartment below, where, hopefully, it will drown.



Not all early traps were complex. This one, circa 1889, approaches the modern, since it brought death to the villain. As the hungry marauder greedily grabbed the bait, its back was broken by the down-snapping U-wire.

Flames flared out from the woman, and in minutes she was a pile of ashes on the dance floor.

BY ALLAN W. ECKERT
ILLUSTRATED BY BOB ABBOTT

The bursting blue flames mystify medical men and police investigators—the charred flesh gives the crime labs no answers. This phenomenon can strike anyone, and invariably it brings...

THE BAFFLING BURNING DEATH

■ In Ottawa, Illinois, a 200-pound woman sitting near her sleeping husband suddenly burst into flames so intense they reduced her body to ashes and asphyxiated her mate.

In St. Petersburg, Florida, a 67-year-old widow was seated in an overstuffed chair when spontaneous fire enveloped her, turning chair and woman to ashes, but not damaging the room.

In Pontiac, Michigan, a 30-year-old man was severely burned while sitting in his auto—after having committed suicide—and his clothing wasn't even scorched.

In countries all over the world and in cities throughout the United States, this baffling burning death has consumed human beings in a manner wholly incomprehensible. No one knows why it occurs or how often. In more than 100 recorded cases, no common denominator has been established for the victims.

Skeptical? I was, too, at first. This strange malady, the burning death, is certainly not listed in the *Standard Nomenclature of Disease* or in the World Health Organization's classification of death causes. But I talked with doctors, firemen, special investigators who had had contact with its ghastly results; I talked with the relatives of its victims; I talked with the Federal Bureau of Investigation. Suddenly the idea of the burning death wasn't ridiculous, it wasn't a gag or a hoax or a pipe-dream. Instead, it was a serious threat made infinitely more terrifying by our very lack of knowledge about it, by our inability even to guess who might be susceptible to it. Only one thing is sure: there will be more victims—possibly you, possibly me.

Understandably, you don't believe it yet. What follows may change your mind. Charles Dickens was familiar with the burning death and bumped off one of his characters in *Bleak House* with it, for which he received a storm of criticism. People tend to disbelieve it merely because it sounds so strange, and even the authorities involved in such cases are inclined to doubt the evidence before them.

That's the way it was with the case that occurred in Honolulu in December, 1956. Mrs. Virginia Caget, 1130 Maunakea Street, sensed something amiss in the next room where a 78-year-old cripple named Young Sik Kim lived. She dashed in to find him wrapped in blue flames too hot to approach. When firemen got there 15 minutes later, the victim and his overstuffed chair were ashes. All that remained were Kim's undamaged feet, still resting on his wheelchair where he'd propped them. The flammable curtains and some clothing hanging nearby were unharmed, yet the radiant heat from a fire capable of doing such destruction to the man must have been enormous. Investigating officials could give no answer.

Similar cases have been noted throughout America since the days of the colonists, but the first to be reported in considerable detail concerned the fate of Patrick Rooney and his wife, in Ottawa, Illinois. On the evening of December 27, 1885, the Rooneys and their hired hand, John Larson, were drinking freely at the kitchen table from a jug of Christmas spirits. About midnight Larson decided he had had enough and staggered upstairs to bed, but his employers were still at the jug.

When Larson came down in the morning to do his chores, his lantern revealed a grisly scene. The kitchen reeked of a nauseating odor, and thick, oily soot coated everything. Pat Rooney lay dead on the floor beside the table. Hefty 200-pound Mrs. Rooney was nowhere in sight.

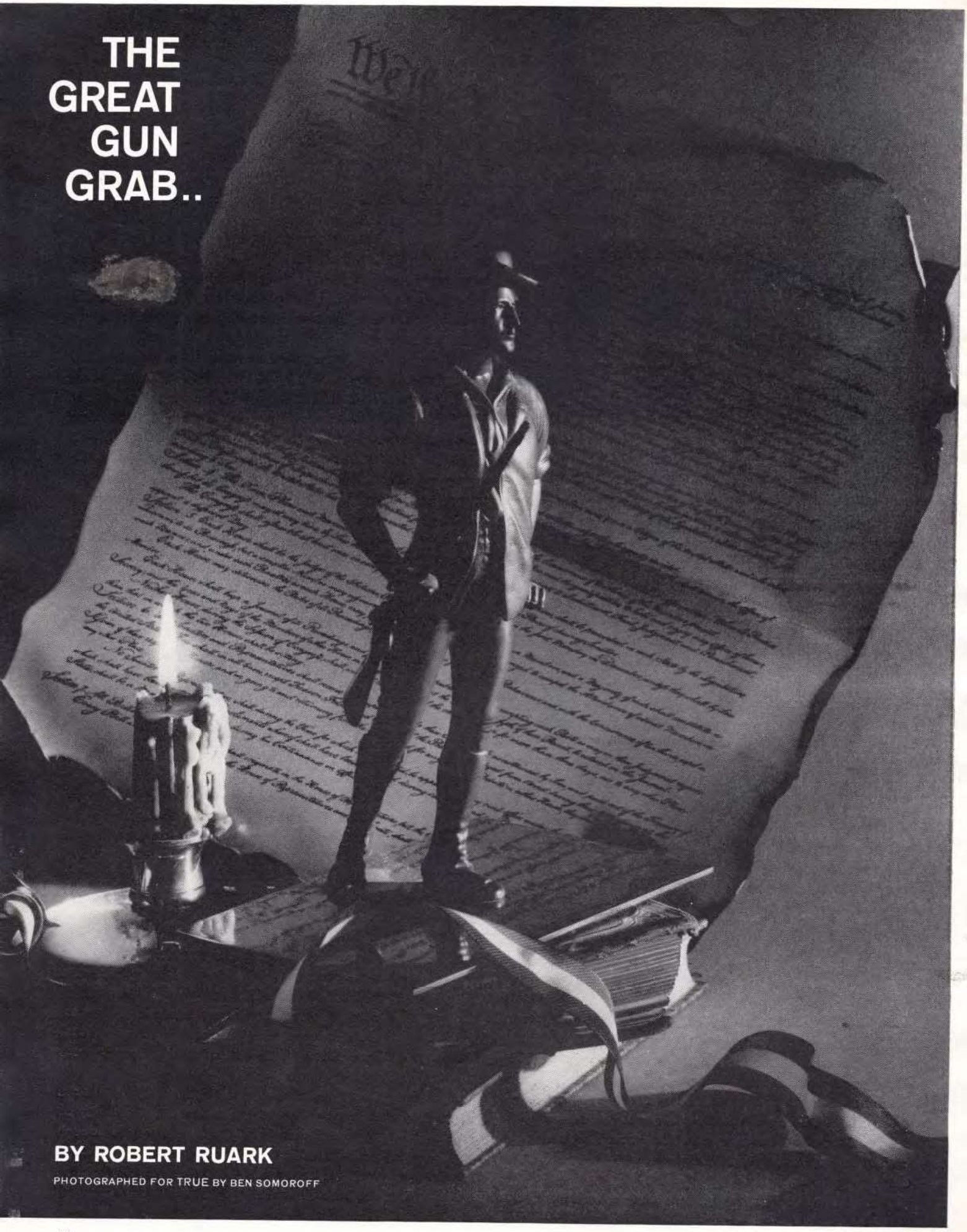
Summoned by Larson, the police investigated, and found the ugly soot had even drifted upstairs, outlining the hired hand's head on the pillow as he slept. In the kitchen they found a three-by-four-foot hole through the floor, and on the bare ground a couple of feet below, all that remained of the big woman—a burned piece of skull, two charred vertebrae, a few foot bones, a pile of ashes. No other part of the floor was burned, and although a corner of the tablecloth hung over the hole, it was only slightly browned.

Unable to pin the rap on Larson, the authorities finally ruled that Mrs. Rooney had died of burns of unknown origin and that Pat Rooney had suffocated from the fumes. But no one attempted to explain the minimal damage to the house, despite the fact that a fire hot enough to incinerate Mrs. Rooney would have had to reach a temperature of 3,000 to 5,000° F.

An even more remarkable lack of damage was found when the burning death touched its fiery fingers to Mrs. Thomas Cochrane of Falkirk, England. Her ashed remains were found in an overstuffed chair surrounded by pillows, none damaged beyond a light scorching. And near Dover, New Jersey, a hotel owner named Tom Murphy discovered his housekeeper, Lillian Green, lying on the carpet at the foot of the stairs, horribly charred. Only a small singed outline on the cotton carpet indicated where the body had burned.

The burning death has been termed SHC or PC. SHC stands for Spontaneous Human Combustion, a condition in which all cells of the body suddenly begin burning simultaneously through an inexplicable self-combustibility; PC means Preternatural Combustibility, in which the cells reach the critical stage of ignition but need a spark from an outside [*Continued on page* 104]

THE GREAT GUN GRAB..



BY ROBERT RUARK

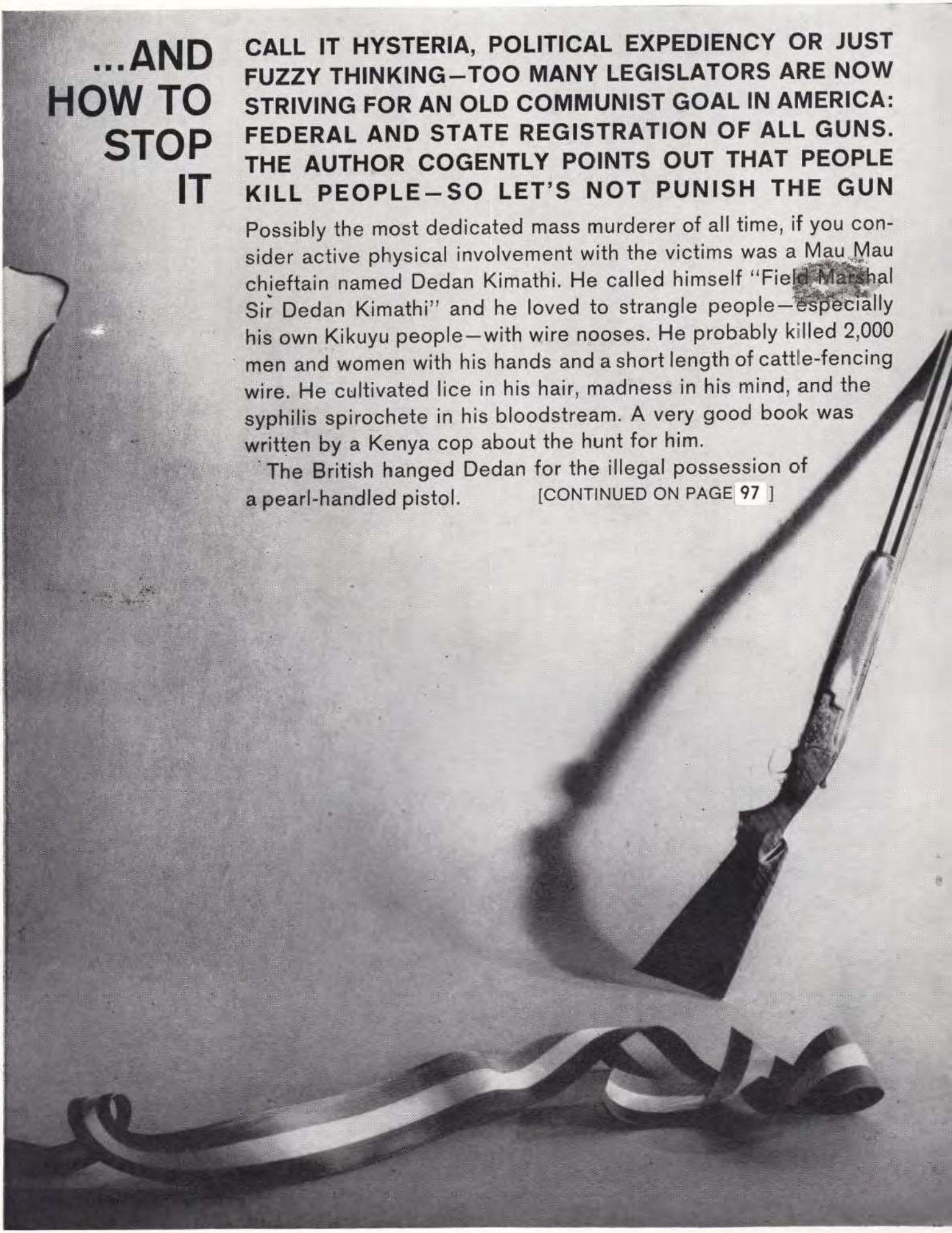
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

...AND HOW TO STOP IT

CALL IT HYSTERIA, POLITICAL EXPEDIENCY OR JUST FUZZY THINKING—TOO MANY LEGISLATORS ARE NOW STRIVING FOR AN OLD COMMUNIST GOAL IN AMERICA: FEDERAL AND STATE REGISTRATION OF ALL GUNS. THE AUTHOR COGENTLY POINTS OUT THAT PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE—SO LET'S NOT PUNISH THE GUN

Possibly the most dedicated mass murderer of all time, if you consider active physical involvement with the victims was a Mau Mau chieftain named Dedan Kimathi. He called himself "Field Marshal Sir Dedan Kimathi" and he loved to strangle people—especially his own Kikuyu people—with wire nooses. He probably killed 2,000 men and women with his hands and a short length of cattle-fencing wire. He cultivated lice in his hair, madness in his mind, and the syphilis spirochete in his bloodstream. A very good book was written by a Kenya cop about the hunt for him.

The British hanged Dedan for the illegal possession of a pearl-handled pistol. [CONTINUED ON PAGE 97]



GLACIERS: KEYS TO EARTH'S SECRET PAST

Has a new Ice Age already begun? Some scientists think so. If they're right, we could be in for some big trouble. Meanwhile, the icy monsters can tell us much about our previous history

■ They'd heard the rumbling for weeks, almost every day and night. At first it was just a noise like distant thunder. They paid little attention to it. But as winter closed in the noise grew louder. And by the end of November it was more than just a noise. It shook the earth, rattled windows in their frames and made the house creak. They began to think it was a long, drawn-out series of earthquakes. They worried about it when it woke them up at night.

Harry Revell and his wife and son were miles from civilization. They were living at the Rapids Roadhouse, a fishing and hunting lodge off the Richardson Highway some 125 miles from Fairbanks, Alaska. Revell was taking care of the building through the fierce Alaskan winter. As December began and the earth shocks grew more violent he began to wish he'd found some other way to pass the bleak cold months.

He was soon to wish it fervently. One day in early December, Revell's wife happened to be outdoors when a new tremor seized the earth. This time the rumbling sound seemed to come from a definite direction, up in the mountains that towered over the highway. She aimed her binoculars in the direction of the sound. What she saw made her scream. Revell came running.

He grabbed the glasses, looked through them and froze. About three miles from where he stood was a gigantic wall of ice, more than a mile wide and in places 300 feet high. It spanned a valley between two mountains. Even as Revell watched, a colossal section of the wall leaned outward toward him, cracking into huge blocks each as big as a house. The immense blocks tumbled over each other and crashed to the foot of the ice wall with a roar that shook

Man is dwarfed by five-mile long McCall Glacier that begins 8,800 feet high in the mountains of northern Alaska.

BY MAX GUNTHER
and DANIEL P. MANNIX

the mountains. It was a terrifying sight even for a seasoned sourdough.

Revell knew what the ice wall was. It was the front face of the great Black Rapids Glacier. Revell had seen it before. But then it had been far back in the mountains where it had lurked for decades, sometimes creeping forward a little in winter, then melting back in summer. Now Revell realized to his horror that it was thundering forward steadily. It was already more than two miles farther down the valley than it was supposed to be. A million-ton crusher, a thing so huge that it could grind boulders to dust and flatten a forest as your foot flattens grass: it was bearing down inexorably on the lodge.

A glacier is a river of ice. It is born in mountain country above the snow line, where summers never get warm enough to melt snow off the ground. Ton upon ton of snow builds up over the years. It packs down and becomes solid ice, often several thousand feet thick. Under this tremendous weight the ice at the bottom is eventually forced into a fluid-like motion. It flows slowly down the mountain, normally at a speed of a few inches to a few feet a day.

In extremely cold parts of the world, as in Greenland and the Antarctic, a glacier may keep flowing until it reaches the sea. Its front end continually cracks off, forming massive icebergs which float away and menace shipping until they melt. But other glaciers don't reach the sea. They flow downhill until their front ends are in a climate warm enough to create a kind of balance. The front end melts fast enough to take care of the constant flow from above, so that the front wall stands more or less still. Such was the Black Rapids Glacier until that terrifying winter

The giant wall of ice begins to melt when it reaches the snow line. Many large rivers begin with such glacier melt.

GLACIERS

of 1936-37 when the Revells stood in its path. Unusually heavy snows and a cool summer had evidently upset the monster's balance. It was going wild.

Over the next few weeks Revell watched the gigantic wall smash its way toward the lodge. It ate up the distance steadily. Glacier scientists, alerted by an alarmed message Revell telegraphed to the U.S. Weather Bureau at Fairbanks, came to study the monster. One who came was Ernest N. Patty, a famed geologist and onetime dean of the University of Alaska School of Mines. Dr. Patty measured the glacier's movement at a fantastic 220 feet a day, or a mile and a quarter per month.

The Alaskan Highway Bureau was also concerned. If the glacier overran the Richardson Highway, Fairbanks' only land link with the rest of civilization would be cut off. The road would have to be rerouted. There was no hope of stopping the monster. No man-made structure can stand up against such enormous power. Nor would it be feasible to let the glacier overrun the highway and re-establish the route by tunneling through the ice. Swiss engineers tried that once in the Alps. The glacier twisted the tunnel into a corkscrew shape and carried it down the mountain.

By the middle of February the Black Rapids Glacier was a scant half mile from the lodge. It gave off a constant loud groaning and squealing, punctuated by tremendous crashes as its great front wall continually cracked and collapsed. Revell had his family packed and got ready to leave. In another two weeks the lodge would be crushed like a matchbox and ground to sawdust.

Then suddenly the glacier halted. A morning came when Revell went outdoors, looked at that immense white wall

Moving steadily toward the sea at the rate of a foot a day, a valley glacier grinds everything in its path to dust.

These million-ton bulldozers once reached as far south as Cincinnati. Now they are on the march again. Glaciers can crush buildings like matchboxes and whole cities may have to be abandoned

towering over him and heard no groaning or squealing, no crashing of ice blocks. The winter of fear was over. But Revell knew something from personal experience that most of us, by good luck, know only from reading. When a glacier wants to move, nobody can stop it. The only thing man can do is get out of its way.

Much of the North American continent was once covered by ice perhaps a mile or more deep. The ice sheet reached as far south as Cincinnati, and individual glacier tongues protruded considerably farther south than that. At present we seem to be in a period when ice is retreating. Swiss hotels built around 1900 to command a magnificent view of glaciers now overlook nothing but barren rock. In the Rockies, glaciers have melted and vanished within the memory of living man. But at some future date the process may be reversed, as has happened in the past. Scientists have identified several glacial periods when ice, having retreated as at present, advanced again and covered the now warm continents. It is chilling in more ways than one to speculate on what might happen to major northern cities when the ice comes down here again. Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland, Boston: will they one day have to be abandoned?

"We can't do much more than guess about when the next glacial advance will start," says geologist James L. Dyson of Lafayette University. "The evidence is pretty clear that we've been for some time in a period of general warming. The next ice age could begin in the next hundred years, or it may be a thousand years or ten thousand. Nobody knows. But there are some interesting theories."

One of the most widely respected and fascinating theories has been developed by two scien- [*Continued on page* 100]

Ocean undermines glacier edge until chunks break off. An iceberg may contain 500 million cubic yards of ice.

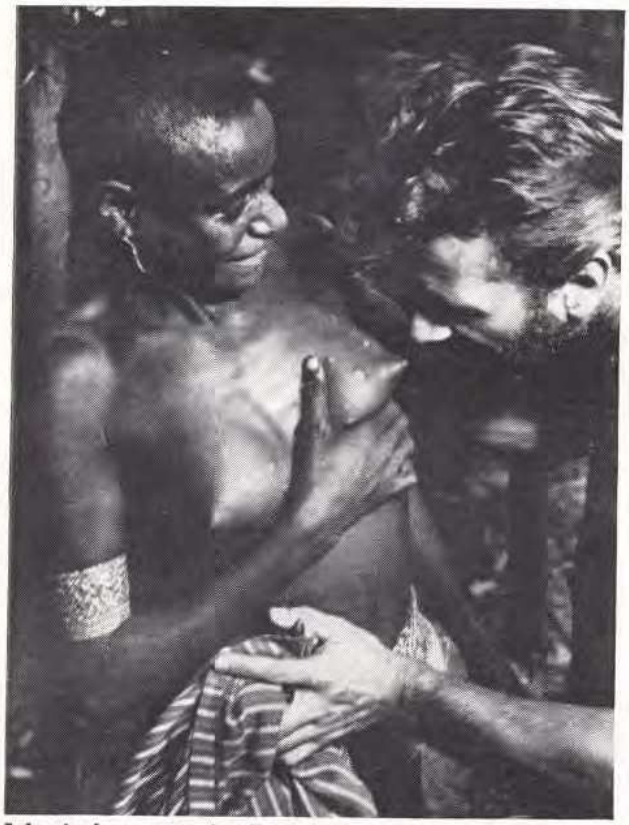
A BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

Condensed from *Headhunters of Papua* by Tony Saulnier. Copyright © 1963 by Paul Hamlyn, Ltd. Used by permission of Crown Publishers, Inc.

BY TONY SAULNIER
PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

LONG SEARCH FOR THE LAST STONE-AGE HEADHUNTER

We were seven modern men who went into New Guinea's unexplored jungles to track down a people unknown to civilized man. Before long we had almost forgotten our quest as we struggled to get out alive



Adopted as sons by Papuan women, each explorer is accorded the honor of a ritual breast-feeding.

NEW GUINEA

■ We were on the brink of the world's last adventure, the last great expedition into the unknown which this planet still had to offer. To understand our feelings you need only look at a map, that of Dutch New Guinea—a map that has little marked on it and for years has made every explorer's heart beat faster. This huge island, the largest in the world after Greenland, lies between the twin blue expanses of the Pacific Ocean and the Arafura Sea. On the map its southwestern part is colored pale green and brown—toward the south, the pale green of forests and marshland—higher up, the hostile brown shading that means mountains. Together they make up the last region on earth which—until our adventure—was still unexplored by civilized man. Nobody had ever ventured more than a few miles inland; the strange secrets of this virgin territory had not even been penetrated from the air. The few human beings who had been spotted, lived in narrow valleys surrounded and cut off by impassable walls of rock; they seemed to belong to another era, to be in direct descent from the first men on earth, with all their savagery and abysmal ignorance.

For 10 years we had promised ourselves that we would be the first to meet these primitive men. It had seemed to us that the customs and languages of certain tribes must give us a few clues, at least, to the mysteries of the interior. But an earlier expedition, far from reassuring us, merely confirmed that our plan was madness. It showed us exactly why nobody had ever yet succeeded in crossing the country from south

Seeing white men for the first time, mountain natives get set for battle.

to north from one sea to the other. It was not a question of jungles or hostile natural conditions, which any present-day explorer can overcome with a little organization. It was because for thousands of years the inhabitants of these strange valleys had refused to make friends even with neighboring tribes. They had never developed or progressed in any way, and their lives were still governed by immutable ancient taboos. Neighboring tribes were kept apart by their languages, which had evolved in different ways, since they had no friendly relations with each other. Indeed we soon saw for ourselves that between these tribes hidden in the mountains, these most primitive of all men, there had never been any social relationship apart from perpetual war.

From the beginning I must make it quite clear that we were not a scientific expedition. Our only aim was to observe a strange and fossilized way of life before it finally disappeared: to show men of the 20th century their still living ancestors. Seven thousand years ago all mankind lived as these men still live in the heart of New Guinea. We did not go there to collect botanical or geological specimens, to study unknown languages, living or dead. We stood on the threshold of this mysterious country armed only with cameras, cinecameras and tape-recorders. We were just going to take a look, to open up a route. At the very moment when elsewhere men were shooting a rocket toward the moon we would be shaking hands with people to whom iron was unknown, who had not yet invented the wheel or writing.

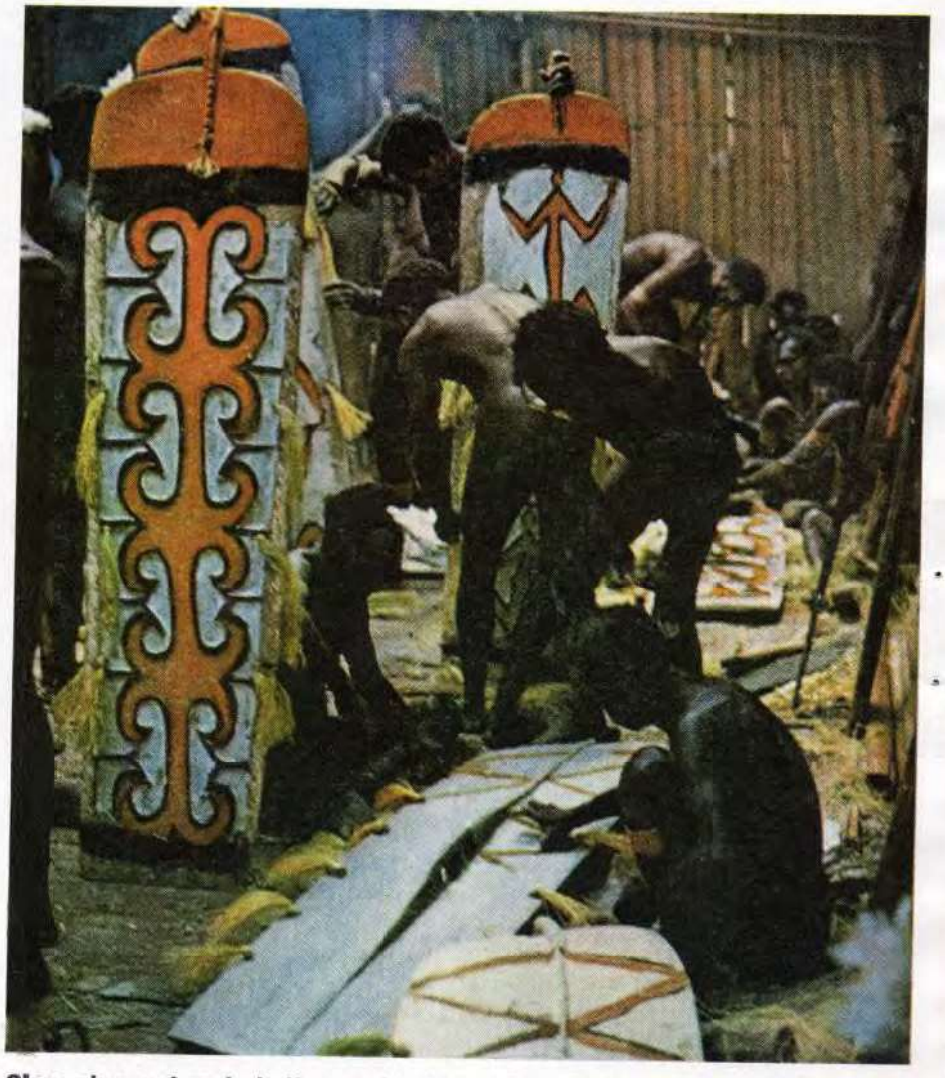
It was a Sunday late in August and we were at Biak, the capital of a small island to the north of Australian New Guinea. It was our last day of civilized life, before plunging into adventure, and we were enjoying it. We did the traditional things done by the members of every expedition which feels that it has already almost reached its goal, that it has nothing to do but follow a well-planned route. All the most difficult part was over—the preparations, the getting of papers and permits, the quest for money, etc. We basked in the pleasant illusion that there was nothing left but a gentle climb up to certain success.

All the team were there, ready for work. We could not stop wondering and talking about the mysteries we would soon be penetrating, the unknown life of the Papuans in the lost valley which Gaisseau and I had seen from a plane four years before on a previous expedition.

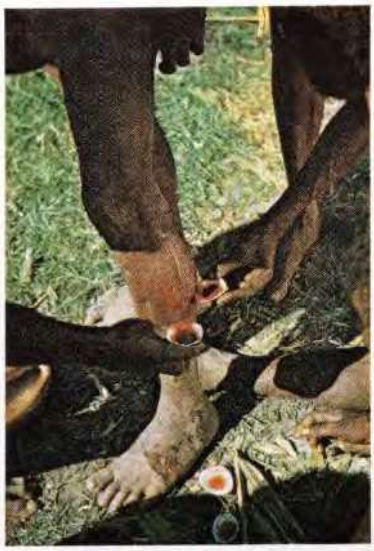
Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau, an explorer, was 35. He was the leader of the expedition

Projecting wing is a symbol of masculinity.

The women stand, legs apart, over the men to represent childbearing.



Clay, charcoal and shells provide the colors for the secret headhunters' cult symbols on these 6-foot high wooden shields.



Blood drawn from leg is used to glue skin onto tom-toms.

While rafts powered by engines carry the explorers upriver, unseen Papuans look on from behind a screen of giant trees.

Papuans try in vain to barter for movie camera lens cover.

Crocodiles are the principal hazard on coastal rivers.

and for him it had one immediate purpose —to make a long color film about the unknown peoples we would meet. He already had two ethnographical films to his credit: *Forêt Sacrée,* which had won an important film prize, and *Les Survivants de la Prehistoire,* which had won an award at Venice. Gilbert Sarthre, also 35, was his chief cameraman. It was he who actually shot the film with Jean Bordes Pagès, a 33-year-old cameraman who, as an ex-wartime pilot, would be very useful for aerial shots. Gérard Delloye was the sound recordist. He was 31 and had already been on an expedition to South America with our 27-year-old radio operator, Hervé de Maigret. In the months ahead there were to be several occasions when only his apparatus stood between us and death from starvation. I was the photographer of the expedition. My equipment was very heavy, weighing nearly 80 pounds and comprising a Rollciflex, two M3 Leicas, a Canon, a Pentax, a Linhof, several flashbulbs, watertight cases and film—100 kodachromes, 100 ektachromes, 100 plus X, and 100 tri X.

We were all very cheerful, very excited, and ready to go. If anyone was at all anxious about what lay ahead, he said nothing to the others.

The next day, at 6 o'clock in the morning, our special airplane arrived to take us to Merauke, a port with 3,000 inhabitants, on the south coast. On our arrival there we were greeted by the companions who never left us throughout the expedition—the mosquitoes. The sky was heavy, the sea dark and muddy. Not that it mattered: we would not be staying long. But the few hours we had spent in the plane had been very important, even moving, which is probably why we said little about them. During those four hours we had flown over the whole route to be covered, in an attempt to spot possible ways through and across the rivers, forests and mountains. It was rather impressive to realize that nobody before had ventured into this wild country where we would soon be relying solely on our radios and compasses, without the comfort of a single map.

However, this journey across the unknown part of New Guinea would not happen for a while, two months or so. We were still only at the first stage of our adventure, which meant exploring the coast, traveling up the rivers, looking at native villages, getting to know the Asmat tribe, and making the film in which they were to star.

An hour and a half later we left Merauke and its mosquitoes. Beltgens, the gloomy chief of police at Merauke, accompanied us with a squad of "police-boys."

At the mouth [*Continued on page* 113]

THE YELLOW JOURNAL THAT COULDN'T BE MUZZLED

Bonfils and Tammen were a Mutt and Jeff pair who bought the Denver Post for a con man's caper and blackmailed everyone in sight. In the process they promoted their paper into the wildest, zaniest and most successful rag ever published in the West

BY AL STUMP

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES BINGHAM

■ A bellhop, moving nimbly with ice and a bottle of Scotch, knocked at a Kansas City hotel door one morning in 1922, got an answering roar, and entered the presence of a big, bald-headed notable named Harry Ford Sinclair. An oil, wheat, and race-track nabob, Sinclair liked his highballs early and he liked them late.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the boy, speaking reverently to $380 million, "but two gentlemen are here to see you."

"No interviews," barked Sinclair. "Tell them to apply in writing for an appointment."

Three or four elbow-bends later, Sinclair's door flew open and he found himself facing a pair of bizarre characters. One was a take-off on the Count of Monte Cristo—a dynamically handsome dandy of nearly six feet with a spiked mustache, silver-black curls, a fierce eagle-beak nose, gleaming ebony eyes and an elegant morning costume. The other intruder could have doubled for Fatty Arbuckle. He was mop-haired, pot-waisted, short and tubby, a 240-pounder attired in a suit of incredible green-and-yellow checks.

"Bonfils," said the first, with a short, curt bow. "Frederick G. Bonfils."

"Harry Tammen!" rasped the second.

The board chairman of the Mammoth Oil Company knew the names all too well: the two most notorious newspaper publishers in America, partners Bonfils and Tammen had been throwing uppercuts at the Sinclair interests in their Denver *Post*. They had informed westerners that a super-rich 9,400-acre U.S. oil preserve in Natrona County, Wyoming, had been hijacked from the public through lease manipulations.

Giving them a black glare, Sinclair said he had no business with either. "With one exception," he said. "I intend to sue you to the limit for criminal libel."

"Like hell!" said Tammen, grinning wickedly. "You want to know something? In about 30 seconds, you'll be begging us for mercy."

Tammen put a match to a tattered cigar stub and rolled it around his lips while the tension mounted.

"Sinclair," he said, "you've read the [*Continued on page* 68]

The striking streetcar men raced to the hated presses of the Post *and smashed them with every weapon they could find.*

Stirling Moss's $45,000 house at No. 44-46 Shepherd St., London, is probably the most electrified, most automated private dwelling in the British Isles.

LONDON, ENGLAND

■ "Four years ago I decided I was fed up with living in apartments. I was driving then, competing in as many as 40 events a year all over the world, from Sweden to New Zealand, and I wanted to be comfortable the few days I was in London every week. I knew I'd have to build the kind of house I wanted, it simply didn't exist ready-made. I found about the only piece of land that could be bought freehold, that is, in perpetuity, in the whole of London's West End, which is roughly the equivalent of the 5th Avenue-Park Avenue area of New York, but rather more interesting. The plot was a bomb site, the previous building having been blown up in World War II, and it was expensive, despite the rumor that there was an unexploded 500-pounder 20 feet underground. (I don't believe it.) On this plot as soon as I could, I started to put up a four-story, nine-room house, largely to my own design, packed with every convenience a man on his own could possibly want. For many years, traveling around the world, I'd been taking notes on houses whenever I saw anything intriguing.

In my house, at left, the first-floor window lights my secretary's office; the door at right opens on the house proper. The triple window on the next floor marks the living room; next above are the bedrooms, and off the terrace at the top is the penthouse studio. No. 44 is the entrance into the living part of my house; No. 46 goes into my office, which, of

STIRLING MOSS BUILDS HIS BACHELOR DREAM PAD

TRUE PRESENTS A FIRST LOOK AT THE PUSH-BUTTON, BUILT-FOR-SPEED HOUSE OF THE WORLD'S MOST FAMOUS RACING DRIVER— WHERE WORK IS FUN AND FUN IS PRIVATE

BY KEN PURDY WITH STIRLING MOSS

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY TERENCE LE COUBIN

Moss shaves in master bedroom. The bathroom is just around the corner to his right. Ingenious closet arrangement reflects bachelor Moss's neatness and concern with dress. Doors run electrically.

Trophy cases in penthouse studio show a few of Moss's hundreds of awards—for racing, for riding, for running, for boxing (when he was 8!). Decor, including the abacus lamp, is largely Chinese.

Covering the bed is spread made of skins from rabbits raised by Stirling Moss's father. Ceiling TV can be raised or lowered and adjusted to any position.

Double kitchen cupboards: first section swings out, then second opens.

Bedside panel controls curtains, draws bath, does a dozen other tasks.

Record player, radio, tape recorder are installed in the studio penthouse.

course, is also part of the house.

"I have 76 separate electric circuits in the house, and if that seems a great many—well, it *is* a great many. On the other hand, there's a lot to be done by electricity. For example, I don't object to physical exertion, I've gone flat out most of my life, but, let's face it, there are times when one doesn't feel like it. If someone rings the doorbell late at night and I answer over a speaker, I've betrayed that I'm in; if I had a one-way peekhole, I should have to run down two flights of stairs from the bedroom to use it. Instead I have a closed-circuit TV camera covering the doorway area. I flip a switch and see the caller on my bedroom screen. There's time to be saved, as well. If I come into the house anxious to see a program on television, I don't want to run up to the living room and wait 60 seconds for the set to warm. I can hit a button just inside the door, and by the time I'm upstairs in the living room the picture is on. *Much* better!

"My house in London officially was finished long ago, but I'm still

Living room (above) has cork wall and teakwood furniture. The woman facing Moss is a reporter. Valerie Pirie, with notebook, is his personal secretary and No. 1 driver on his rally team.

The master doing a bit of a twist. Small area, below, is two feet lower than living room—conversation pit, bar, dance floor. The photographic mural in background is night view of New York.

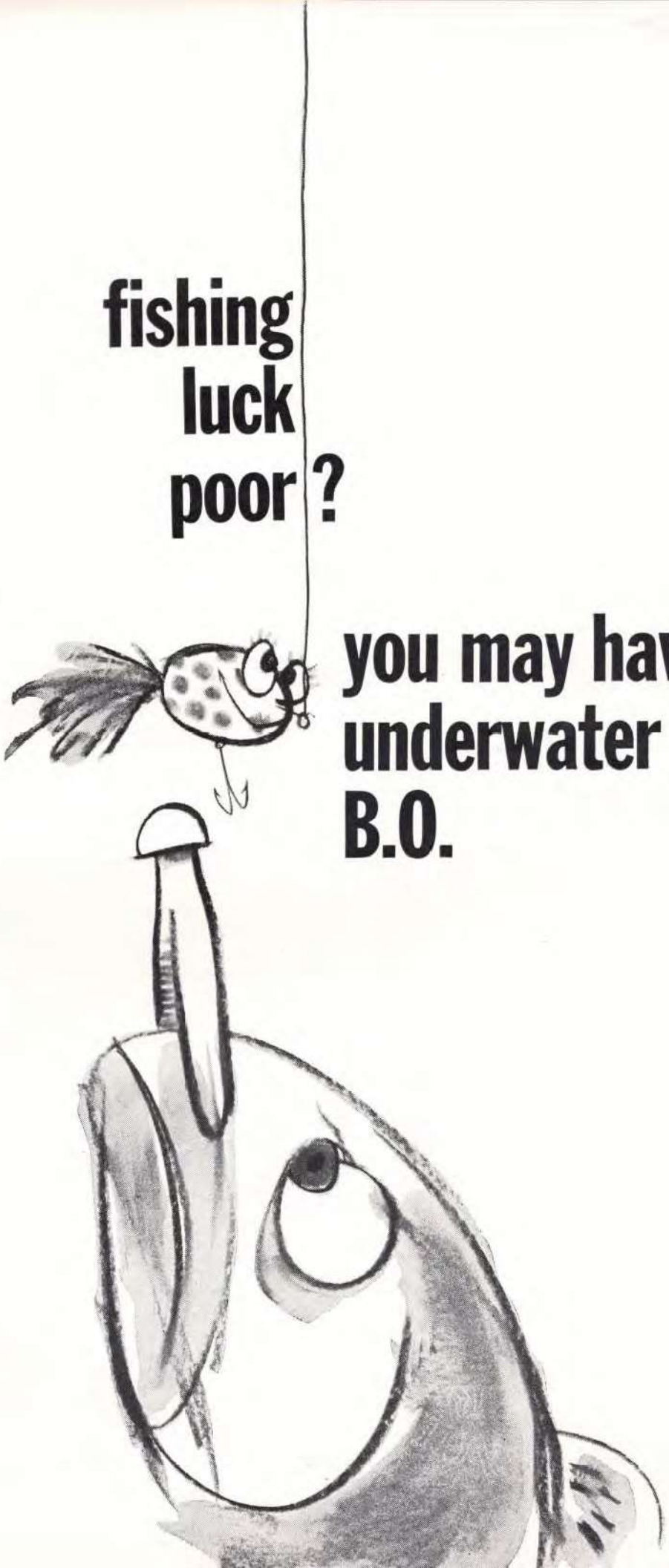
Button on dash of Moss's Mini-Cooper produces sonic impulse that opens garage door. View is toward London's famous Shepherd's Market.

Garage will take three small cars plus a couple of scooters, one of them usually stalled in the space here taken up by French highway sign.

working on it, and I rather think I shall be as long as I live in it. There are details to be improved, although I'm satisfied with the essentials: the tight spiral staircase in the center of the house, for example, which saves so much space. When you get a bit of land in London, you want to make the best use of it. The central vacuum-cleaner system saves my housekeeper a lot of trouble, and the air-conditioning setup, which works to industrial standards, really does clean the air. It removes particles down to fractional-micron sizes. There's a small rock garden behind my office, with a waterfall and a little pool, that is automatically lighted at night. This is a small house, to be sure, but it amuses me to realize that I have a much more comfortable place than the great town houses built around the turn of the century, and it doesn't take a staff of 25 to run. Of course, there are a few little things that aren't quite right: a certain kind of brake squeak will open my garage door. I must do something about *that* soon!" ■

Bent wheels are from Moss's two worst crashes, in 1960 and '62. Initials are for rally team.

fishing luck poor?



you may have underwater B.O.

TURN PAGE

how to catch more fish while smelling like a marshmallow

By BYRON W. DALRYMPLE

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT WEBER

■ My suspicions that fish think anglers stink were first aroused three years ago in June on Montana's Madison River. I hooked a trout and without a net played and reached for it. This required sloshing my left hand in the stream. Straightening, I observed a fisherman watching downstream. I'd already seen him catch three. I unhooked mine, released it, bent and rinsed my hands. When I looked up he was striding angrily toward me.

"You've ruined the fishing!" he stormed. "You've stunk it all up!"

I was so startled I couldn't react. I wish now I'd questioned him. He huffily stomped back and got into the stream. I got out, shaken. I watched a few minutes, then left feeling unsettled, for sure enough, the guy didn't get another strike.

Later I had a disturbing recollection—as a kid I'd known an old fisherman who always washed his hands *before* baiting his hook. People passed him off as a crackpot. But, I recalled, he'd caught some mighty strings. *Did* fish have some ultrakeen sense of smell? Were fishermen all over the country, in one way or another, stinking themselves out of success?

It was a puzzling, unnerving but intriguing thought, but it led me on. Soon I was neck deep in an amazing world of fishing lore almost unknown to anglers in general. I can assure you it won't be for long. Scientists, lure makers and experiment-minded anglers have been piecing together knowledge of the olfactory senses of fish. From this is emerging a whole new dimension in modern angling: "scent fishing." In fact, it's actually here with us right now.

For instance, I was to learn that the ill-tempered Madison trouter was right, that humans ooze a scent that panics fish, even when infinitesimal amounts are added to millions of gallons of water. I was to learn that some of us catch few fish because we are "oozier" than others. I was to see demonstrated how lure makers are today so ingeniously employing scents that the judgment of a fish is destroyed—he'll mouth and actually *swallow* some artificial lures, then go on to grab another just like it. I was to see how a small hunk of bait can actually lay a "trail" through wide-open water, a trail fish can swiftly follow. I was to discover with amazement why the guy who runs the motor often catches fewer fish than the fellow up front in the boat. And I was to become convinced that the single most important item of tackle to take on any fishing trip may well be—*soap*.

Soon after my interest had been fired, I heard of and began collecting information about a man known as a kind of "King of Scent Fishing"— S E Gibbs, the "initials" without periods because they are not initials but his name. I began corresponding regularly with him, finally met him in the fall of 1963, and drew from him some further amazing information.

Gibbs has amassed so much knowledge in this field that he acts as paid consultant about scents to some of America's most prominent lure makers. His Fish Scent Laboratories at Corydon, Iowa, is a large-scale maker of scented baits and lures on its own, and one of the world's largest manufacturers of scents and fishing chemicals for distribution to the lure-making trade. His whole vast business started, I learned, because of a fishing experience that profoundly influenced him.

Out for walleyed pike with a partner on a Canadian lake about 10 years ago, he had operated the motor going to their fishing spot. When they arrived he was sweaty. His hands were

A lure touched with insect repellent, oil, gas or serine from your skin will drive fish to flavorful angler.

smeared with motor gas. He pawed through his tackle, grabbed a lure, tied it on. The partner soon had three fish. Gibbs had none. A graduate engineer with an analytical mind, he fell to wondering why. Was it possible certain smells—as from his messy hands touching his lure—had repelled or frightened fish?

"Let's try something," he said to his partner. He took the other's lure, rubbed it between his palms, repeated with his own. "By the end of the next half hour," he told me, "I was tremendously excited. Neither of us had caught anything!"

Now then, Gibbs's original business had been the Gibbs Battery Company in Corydon, still going strong. Because there was no soap made that would take battery acid off his workmen's hands, Gibbs invented one. It worked so well he marketed it nationally for mechanics and other workmen. Today it is, he claims, the largest selling grit-type paste soap in the country.

"I had a can of it in the boat," he related. "I washed my hands thoroughly. I scrubbed both lures, sloshed them overboard and never touched either again. During the following half hour an amazing thing happened. We both caught walleyes faster than ever before. I tore home and dropped everything to plunge into the fish-scent business for keeps."

There was at that time not much to go on, he explained. The sense of smell in fishes was one of the least explored scientific areas of ichthyology. Some persons, like catfish anglers who used smelly baits such as rotten chicken guts, were convinced fish had a good sense of smell. Others claimed this sense was minor. Actually there was in progress at that time a series of experiments that dramatically proved the extreme sensitivity of the olfactory sense in at least one variety of fish—salmon.

It had begun in 1951 at the Pacific Biological Station, Nanaimo, British Columbia. This station, operated by the Canadian Fisheries Research Board, was trying to find some way to keep migrating salmon on the right track. Some kept getting into polluted waters, some into irrigation ditches, some tried to jump power dams. Two biologists, Drs. MacKinnon and Brett, wondered why—when they got their hands or bare feet into water where concentrations of salmon were migrating—the activity slackened. They reported this odd situation to director Dr. J. L. Hart, and all wondered if it could possibly be that some secretion from human hands and feet was offensive to fish, even in minute proportions.

They tried using gloves. It helped. They casually suggested that salmon sport fishermen might enhance their catch by wearing gloves when handling baits and [*Continued on page* 62]

Fish think you stink. But scientists find that washing hands and lures with soap and water enhances your chance of catching that big one. Smart whoppers also fall for all sorts of odd flavors and scents

BY STEVE CADY AND BOB LIPSYTE

THE HAS-BEEN WHO WHIPPED THE TIGER

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

■ There was a day back in 1943 when the word whipped through Public School 203 that Chubby Tilelli was going to fight the Animal at 3 o'clock in a vacant lot off Avenue M in Brooklyn. The Animal had more hair on his chest than any 15-year-old deserved to have, and he could walk a city block on his hands. He was two years older and some 40 pounds heavier than Chubby Tilelli. Ernie Tilelli grabbed Chubby at recess and told him to forget it. The Animal didn't really *mean* to knock down that crippled kid in the schoolyard, he just didn't know his own strength. And besides, the Animal would break Chubby's ribs with one arm. Chubby Tilelli shook his brother off. "I ain't chicken." The battle that followed is still remembered.

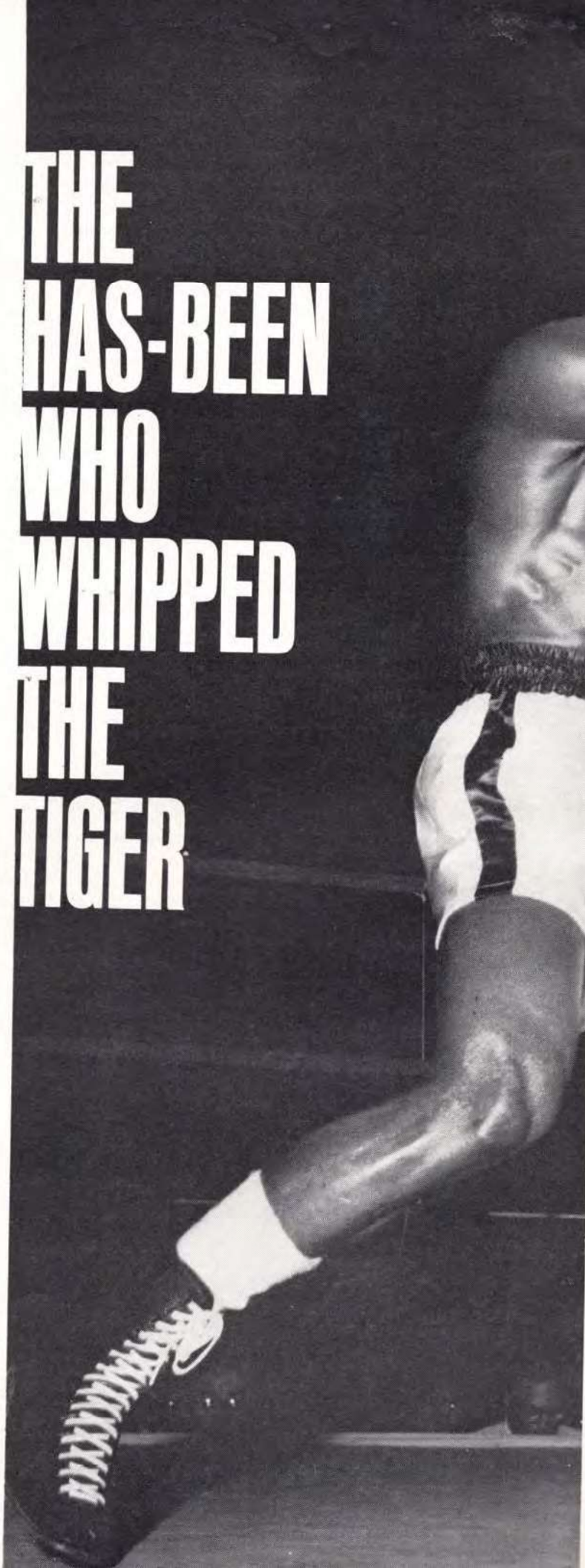
There was a night in South Philadelphia in 1954 when seven guys in a bar off Passayunk Street were fueling their courage for a real big adventure. An hour before, they had some words with a gas station attendant and had leaned on him a little. Now they wanted to go back and take him apart. Chubby Tilelli was there, only now his name was Joey Giardello and he was the leading contender for the world middleweight championship. He was still on crutches because of a knee operation.

"Ya comin', Jo-Jo?"

"Sure, sure," said Joey Giardello. "I ain't yellow." The police have a record of this one.

And somehow, for Joey Giardello, there have always been days and nights like that when the guys were calling and to say no meant you really weren't one of them. There were mornings when Adolph Ritacco, his trainer, would shake him out of bed and say, "Okay, kid, we gotta start running today, we got six weeks before the fight and a lot of work to do." The trouble was not that Joey didn't like to train; it just happened

They called Joey Giardello "the bad boy of boxing." They said he trained on pasta and beer...his friends were supposed to be hoods...his best fights were behind him. Then he finally got his match with champion Dick Tiger



EVERLAST
EVERLAST
EVERLAST

The young Giardello didn't limit fighting to ring. In 1955, he was jailed for slugging Howard Short (r.) in a gang brawl.

At 33, a new Giardello made the most of his crack at the crown. His three sons, Carmine (l.), Paul and Joseph, could be reason.

Joey crows to petite wife after winning title.

that something that was more appealing usually turned up.

Joey would sit up and run a square hand through his crisp black hair and raise his eyebrows and look innocent. "Sure, Adolph, you're right. We gotta start working today. Just let me run around the corner, gotta get something, then we go to work." And the next thing Adolph would know he was talking to Joey on the telephone. He was with some friends he met around the corner. They decided to take a little trip to Chicago.

There were afternoons when the boys were going out to play the ponies or bet the Dodgers or catch a new war movie downtown, and somehow that was always more important than sparring in some smelly gym or being locked up in some lonely training camp. There were nights when Adolph drove from bar to bar in South Philly, looking for Joey because he had a fight the next day and it would be nice to get a little sleep before the noon weigh in.

And then—miraculously—there was the drab, overcast morning of December 8, 1963, when Joey Giardello, his hands jammed into the pockets of a sharply creased blue suit, bounced on the soft carpets of an Atlantic City hotel like a new pink rubber ball. His brown eyes were bright even though he had been out drinking all night, celebrating his 15-round victory over Dick Tiger. He was babbling like a kid.

"I'm the champion, oh boy, do I like the sound of that name. Oh boy, if I would've trained like this all these years I would've looked that good all my life."

"A miracle," little Adolph Ritacco was muttering. "For nine weeks he didn't sneak out for macaroni, for nine weeks not even one short beer. He was a charm. He wanted to go out on mornings I didn't want to."

A reporter asked, "Why, Joey, why?"

For a moment, Giardello fell silent. At 33, he is considered 10 years past his prime, and his face looks like leftover hamburger, criss-crossed with scar tissue and welts. These are his medals of honor, won in 124 fights in the past 15 years.

"I guess," said Joey, slowly, "everybody's got to grow up sometime."

It's been a long time in coming—if it's true. Few white fighters have come forward in the past 10 years with Joey's skill, his speed, his ring savvy. Since 1953 he has been touted as a future middleweight king: he could take a punch, he could hurl one back, he could dance all night until he found his opening, then bore in with lightning combinations. And he could give rise to more unanswered questions than a heavyweight named Plato.

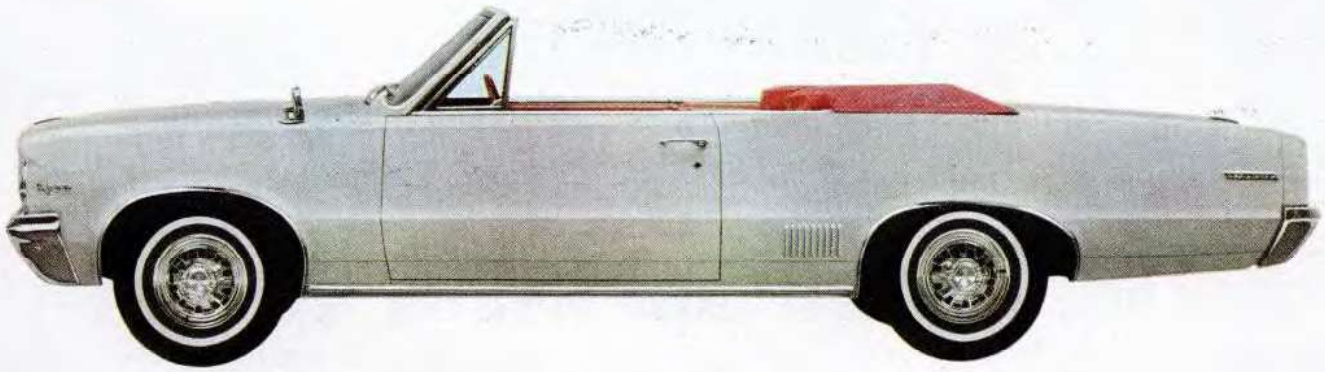
One of the [*Continued on page* 82]

Is this your kind of profile?

Your kind of performance?

Your kind of comfort?

Your kind of price?



Then how can you live without this kind of car? Wide-Track Pontiac Le Mans.

Are you a bear for punishment? Then hurry on down to your Pontiac dealer's and look at a whole lot of Pontiacs all at once. See the luxurious interiors, the elegant body styles, the extensive options and engine choices. Care to bet how long you'll last before buying one?

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

COUNTDOWN FOR CAMPERS

Stacked, Packed and Ready To Roll

Camping in the modern manner begins, left to right, with four-door custom Jeep Wagoneer, FOB Toledo, $3,632.85, additional options available. Four-piece Trailmaster Universal combination spinning and fly rod, with 23″ aluminum carrying case, $31.95 and Stream and Lake spin-casting reel, featuring thumb-lever control, $21.95, Wright & McGill. Center: Two-piece Fiberglas Wonderod with case, $22.95, and WonderFlyte push-button reel, $14.95, Shakespeare. Profile Uniglas two-piece rod, crafted by Phillipson, with case, $27.50, and 710 enclosed casting-reel (not shown) $24.50, Johnson. Defiance 1900 spin-casting reel by Horrocks, Ibbotson, $24.95. My Buddy rust-free, aluminum tackle box from Stratton & Terstegge, about $18. Thermo-Ply Brookluck Fishing Boots by Red Ball, $28.95. All-aluminum lightweight canoe, Aluma-Craft, $229. Plaid outing kit, Thermos, $14.95. Ice chests, top to bottom: Fiesta, all-plastic, holds 48 quarts, by Igloo, $24.95; Thermos, insulated, $24.95; Ted Williams ice chest with adjustable food trays, Sears, $24. Voyageur camping and trail shoes are by

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY DAN WYNN
PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

Red Wing, $19.95. Countdown continues with Silver Eagle camp trailer that sleeps four, by Apache, FOB Lapeer, Mich., $645. Remington model 600 carbine is chambered for .308, .35 and .222, $99.95. Chair, Abercrombie & Fitch, $19.95. Rolled sleeping bags: red is pre-shrunk Washomatic, $29.75, brown is king size, water repellent, $46.50, both by H. Wenzel Tent & Duck Co.; yellow is Ted Williams extra large, by Sears, $25. Collapsible camp table, by Sears, $29.98. Binocular, 8x10, about $180, case, $10.50, Carl Zeiss. Solarcaine, Coppertone and QT, all drug counters. Handwarmer by Jon-e, $4.95. Triple-Insulaire underwear, by Allen-A, shirt and drawers, $9.95 each. Fishing jacket is by Duxbak, $15.95. Two-burner camp stoves: top is by Sears, $20; center, with stand, by Thermos, $26.95; bottom is Coleman, $24. Armour Star Lite outdoor foods, $1.10 up, and machete with case, $7.25, from Abercrombie & Fitch. Lanterns: left is two-mantle Coleman, about $18.50; right is by Thermos, $19.95. Model is wearing shirt half of men's Duofold, Abercrombie & Fitch, with bottoms, about $16.50.

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin

Spear throwing in primitive men's warfare was a method of attack that in some regions evoked a surprisingly simple defense—spear dodging. Unlike arrows sped by bows, a spear lobbed through the air by armpower could usually be avoided by an agile warrior. Australian aborigines developed a formal spear warfare that was conveniently bloodless. Warriors from two disputing tribes stood facing each other about 100 feet apart and exchanged insults. Then one chosen man hurled a spear at the opponent opposite him. That man deftly flicked the spear away with a club. Three spears was "out"; the war was over, with both parties satisfied. A nimbler form of spear dodging was perfected in Madagascar. There a man seeking a maiden in marriage faced a prickly test. From a measured distance a good thrower threw spears at him; if he caught and held a spear between arm and side, on right and left, he was deemed eligible for married life. If he missed, it often didn't matter.

The art of good eating has its own select Hall of Fame, consisting of a few European gourmets immortalized on menus by favorite dishes named after them. Only one American gourmet has been honored on a bill of fare, but today he is a forgotten man. Ben Wenberg, a New York importer in the 1860's, maintained a table at Delmonico's elegant restaurant to indulge his taste for fine food. One evening he concocted a new treat: in a silver chafing dish over a spirit lamp he stirred together pieces of lobster and a rich sauce of sherry, egg yolks and thick cream. It was such a success that the restaurant immediately adopted it, menu'd as "Lobster Wenberg." For weeks diners enthusiastically ordered Lobster Wenberg until a shocking disturbance occurred. Mr. Wenberg got drunk, engaged in a fist fight in the main dining room, was sternly ejected and told never to return. Delmonico's struck him from the menu and re-christened his dish Lobster Newburgh. Thus America's sole "name" gourmet faded into oblivion, and credit for a delectable delicacy still popular today passed undeservedly to a small Hudson River city (pop. 32,000) of no culinary distinction then or since. *By Carey W. Ingalls, Albany, N. Y.*

Fond of practical jokes, the Duke of Montagu was regarded by his peers and lesser Britons two centuries ago as not too bright. His wife's mother once summed up national sentiment when she observed: "All my son-in-law's talents lie in things natural to boys of 15—and he is 52." Admittedly the duke was good with itching-powder in his guests' beds and garden statues that squirted water on visitors, but he could do better. In 1749 London was set agog by a newspaper advertisement announcing that at a leading theater, leased for one evening only, a notable feat would be performed. A man would crawl into a quart bottle, and sing a song while inside it. London's gentry and commonfolk paid high prices to jam the theater half an hour before curtain time. Half an hour later, when no man appeared, in or out of a bottle, the crowd realized it had been had. Rioting, they stripped the theater, carried torn-out seats and curtains to the street, and burned the wreckage. In launching one of the biggest riots in London history, the itching-powder Duke of Montagu had played his greatest practical joke. *By Barry Emmons, Pasadena, Calif.*

Being born feet first endows an individual with magic power, according to primitive beliefs, that may be good or evil. Until recently in Africa some tribes took no chances and destroyed all such infants so born. But elsewhere it has been believed that the feet of such an adult person, if properly applied, could cure sprains, lumbago and rheumatism. In northern Scotland and English Cornwall, the "footling," as he was called, earned sufferers' thanks by rubbing them with his feet or, in severe cases, by trampling on them. In India's Punjab he performed possibly the most bizarre of all deeds. For low backache, his patient stood at a crossroads and received a swift kick in the backside . . . and felt much obliged for the favor.

Lighthouses dimmed out now and then along the coasts of Britain during the 18th century for a bizarre reason. Their illumination, incredibly feeble by modern standards, came from tallow candles rationed to lightkeepers along with stores of food which never included beverages that might cheer a lonely man's existence. The keepers therefore bartered food with villagers or passing boatmen for liquor. When no food was left and hunger threatened, they had a final resource. They ate the lighthouse candles. Though unpalatable, it was a sustaining diet; tallow consisted of rendered beef or mutton fat. Unlighted lighthouses became a common complaint until the last candle beacon, at Eddystone, was replaced in 1810 by oil lamps.

A test of manhood among hill people of Morocco separates the men from the boys by collar size—even though these North African tribesmen wear no collars. To determine growth from youthful slenderness to adult physique, they use an old traditional measurement. When a teenager presents himself for examination, an official takes a piece of string, wraps it twice around his neck, and cuts away the overlap. He removes the string and puts both ends in the candidate's mouth. He then lifts the hanging loop to the top of the head. If it can be slipped completely over, the youth is adjudged qualified to marry and to enjoy all other manly privileges . . . including paying taxes, for his name is immediately entered on the governmental tax roll. *By Walker L. Smith, Terre Haute, Ind.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036

The Coleman Lantern stretches the day, prolongs the fun for outdoor people everywhere.

When the sun goes down Coleman outing fun begins

The magic hours of the evening are the best part of the day—whether you're camping, picnicking, on a beach or patio party or vacation trip.

So, light up your Coleman Lantern. Set up your Coleman Stove and get cookin'. The Coleman Cooler carries everything you need, for a snack or a feast. The Coleman Picnic Jug is ready to pour the cool drinks. This is outdoor living at its Coleman best!

And (surprise!), the Coleman fun way, is also the economy way. You buy your food at supermarket prices, cook out and avoid high restaurant checks, camp out and save motel bills. Coleman Outing Products are rugged, field-tested, the world's finest. Proved in action by three generations of campers and outdoor men. Sold by dealers everywhere, parts and service world-wide.

"Happier Vacations" is your Coleman guide book to more fun for less money. New revised edition. Filled with camping tips, menus, travel and money saving hints. And it's free. Mail the coupon today for your copy.

Coleman®

Greatest Name in the Great Outdoors
Foremost Name in Indoor Comfort

Wichita, Kansas/Toronto, Canada

The Coleman Company, Inc.
Dept. T. Outing Products Div.
Wichita, Kansas 67201

Please send me a copy of your free "Happier Vacations" booklet.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____

RINGTHEBELL77 on Archive.org

BRAND NEW SPORTSTER STOVE—small enough to fit in your hand. For fast meals, duck blinds, ice fishing, emergency use. Case is complete cook kit. Heat drum available.

COLEMAN CAMP STOVES two-burner and three-burner stoves that fold for carrying. Also, new one and two-burner LP-Gas Stoves.

COLEMAN SNOW-LITE® COOLERS, freezer chest and upright styles; large and extra large sizes. 5 models, choice of 4 colors, including the new beige-butternut.

COLEMAN SNOW-LITE® JUGS hold cold for days. One and two-gallon sizes; pour spout or exclusive Fast-Flo, push-button faucets. Choice of 4 models, 4 colors.

HOW TO CATCH MORE FISH

[*Continued from page* 53]

lures. Oddly, in April of 1955, I was fishing salmon out of Monterey, California, on a boat with several others, strangers to me, one of whom wore gloves whenever he put on a fresh bait. Other anglers, I recall, winked and grinned about it. Nonetheless, this man caught his limit before anyone else. I'd not thought of it since until I learned of the British Columbia experiments.

As these progressed, biologists gathered a few grams of ground human skin. They made a solution with water, diluted down to only one part in 80 billion. This they dumped into the Stamp River where salmon were actively migrating. The migration stopped abruptly for a quarter hour. Just what substance was responsible, no one then knew, but it was found in subsequent research to be present not only in the skin of human hands and feet but also in the paws of dogs, hoofs of deer and skin of sea lions. Chemists now have identified it as one of the amino acids with a name as long as a trophy trout. More briefly, it's called serine.

Gibbs and I discussed this during a 1963 visit he made to my Texas home. "Kids," he said, "are supposed to be 'lucky' fishermen. Likewise, women often skunk their husbands. It isn't luck. It has been definitely proved that youngsters and women have only a faint serine secretion."

This I had heard. I had even tried, as recently as last summer, getting into a trout stream in Montana with my boy, Mike, who was then 12. With boots on, we'd wade side by side, both fishing identical tackle, both using bait, *each baiting his own hook*, then fishing the same holes. We both caught trout. But on three occasions when fishing was hot, Mike had his 10-fish limit by the time I was up to three or four. It was difficult to avoid concluding that this was because he "oozed" far less than I. Everyone knows similar stories by scores, of the alleged "luck" of kids.

Indians and Latins, science now knows, are less repellent than Anglos. Negroes are almost serine free. It can hardly be coincidental that Negroes are usually successful fishermen. I vividly recall a week of fishing in Florida with a Negro guide named George Mobley. We fished Lake Panasoffkee. This was my first experience using large shiners with no sinker and only a small cork to catch big bass lying under the blankets of water hyacinths.

The first few times we baited up, George put the shiner on my hook. I caught a bass each time. In fact, I had one of seven and another of nine pounds within the first hour. I urged George to fish, too. He did, and easily caught fish. Then I began doing my own baiting. From there on George clobbered me. It is notable that I caught several small bass, undoubtedly young and naive, while George continued taking big fish and outcaught me three to one. At the time I had no idea why. I am now convinced the "alarm chemical" was the answer.

White adult males are the worst offenders. But not all are alike. Everyone knows that some men always seem to be lucky fishermen, some are average, some just never can catch fish. This is undoubtedly related not at all to luck but to the amount of serine secretion.

"Consider the two men fishing side by side with identical tackle and in the same spot," a Texas Game & Fish Department fisheries biologist friend of mine told me. "Everyone has heard these stories. One catches all the fish, the other catches none. I am convinced serine, or some other repellent like outboard motor fuel, is to blame."

He grinned and added, "Don't quote me by name. I'd take too bad a beating. We're not far enough advanced in pure research. But I can tell you numerous biologists in the United States agree with me at least privately."

In February of 1964 I talked with Dr. J. R. Brett, who is still at the Pacific Biological Station at Nanaimo, British Columbia. He did not mind at all being quoted. "Do you still feel that salmon have this fantastically keen sense of smell?" I inquired.

He quickly replied, "Oh, there is no question. We and other branches in Canadian fisheries research have done much work along the same lines in recent times. We know positively that our original conclusions about chemical 'alarms' were completely correct."

I asked about practical applications. He replied that his branch was primarily concerned with pure research. He did say, however, that one attempt to guide salmon by chemical alarm was both a failure and success. These fish were trapped between two dams. They got the chemical message sent them by biologists via substances introduced into the water, but there was deep water available and they simply retreated into it rather than leaving the area as had been hoped.

"Do trout react like salmon?" I asked, thinking of the man who had upbraided me and sent me chasing scent.

"We've not worked with them," he replied, "but physiologically their olfactory mechanisms are comparable. There's no reason to suppose they would be less susceptible to smells, or have a lesser development of that sense."

Dr. Brett is a most exacting scientist of the pure-research type. He told me one of the later experiments, worked on by other branches, has to do with ferreting out the "smells" of individual streams to which salmon come home from the sea, to spawn.

"It cannot be said that they detect this smell from way out in the ocean," he explained. "But Canadian fisheries men have proved that where two streams enter a lake, salmon in the lake select their parent streams because of a chemical component from their home-stream water drifting into the lake. It is detected by their olfactory sense. This creates an excitement-behavior pattern, a stimulation that sends them on the proper course."

So now, if all fish have such an awesomely keen sense of smell—and are alarmed, panicked, or even just gently repelled by various odors—how is the poor angler going to cure his hydra-headed underwater B.O.? It's not as difficult as it might seem. Immediately following S E Gibbs's original walleye experience, he began thoroughly washing *all* his baits and lures, and his hands, with soap each time he fished.

"If I touched a lure when unhooking

"In all our married life, Dave never even looked at another woman!"

MÉMORABLE

QUÉBEC

HOSPITALITÉ SPOKEN HERE

It's so understandably *différent.* That's the pleasure of a holiday in Canada's friendly French province. There's much here that's familiar to you . . . good roads, excellent accommodations. But the flavouring *à la française* makes a vacation in Québec a delightfully "foreign" adventure. And so close to home! Our coupon will bring you planning tips for a tour *exceptionnel.*

TOURIST BRANCH, Dept. AC4-16
PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS
QUÉBEC CITY, CANADA

Please send me FREE illustrated information to help plan a vacation in la belle Province.

My main interest is:

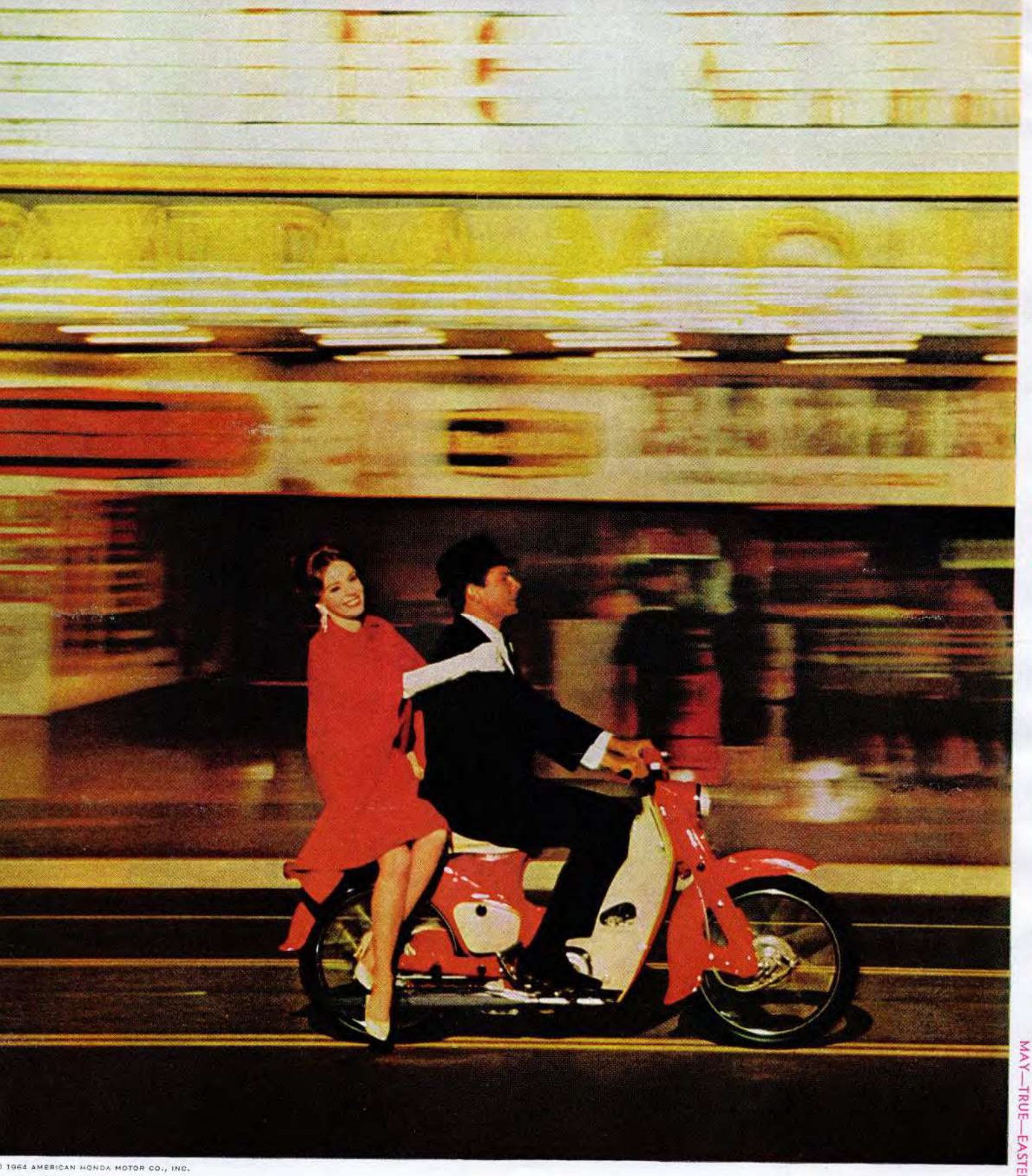
NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

GING THE BELLS on Archive.org

Outdoor exhibits, concerts under the stars, ballet and a sparkling choice of theatre in French or English. Québec is the showcase of Canadian arts and crafts. French Canadian chefs are masters of their art, too. (Photo above: A riverside farm at Verchères, near Montreal, where you can watch the ships on the Saint Lawrence.)



© 1964 AMERICAN HONDA MOTOR CO., INC.

You meet the nicest people on a Honda

Hondas are very uptown.

They never gulp gas, just sip it; 200 miles to the gallon.

The 4-stroke 50cc engine performs brilliantly. With just enough bite to hold an uncomplaining 45 miles per hour.

Among other niceties: 3-speed transmission, automatic clutch, cam-type brakes on both wheels. Even an optional pushbutton starter.

Oh yes, the Honda 50 sells for $245, plus a modest set-up charge. You see more and more of them around these days. They're the greatest thing on wheels.

For address of your nearest dealer or other information, write: American Honda Motor Co., Inc., Dept. BR, 100 West Alondra, Gardena, California.

HONDA

world's biggest seller!

MAY—TRUE—EASTERN

"Survey or no survey—we're not giving the American people a 6-wheeled, twin-engined, all-chrome convertible."

a fish," he told me, "I washed it again with soap and rinsed it. I soon discovered that a metal lure like a spoon, purposely daubed with the hands or by gasoline or insect repellent, both of which frighten fish, would catch nothing for a little while. But in half an hour the lure would be cleansed by the water through which it was cast or retrieved."

Porous lures, however, like bucktails, took longer to rinse themselves clean. Gibbs even began washing live minnows in a soap solution after he put them on his hook. During one of his Canadian experiments a few years ago, he and five fishing parties with hotshot guides all used minnows from the same tank and fished the same spot in the lake.

"I washed all minnows used in my boat. The others didn't. We caught 12 walleyes in 90 minutes. The others caught none."

The very first year of his experiments, S E began marketing his soap with fishermen in mind as well as mechanics. He refined it, added some ingredients that would not only deodorize the angler's hands and lures but would leave an "appetizer" scent for fish. This new concoction he called NonSents. Sold at first by salesmen, and in cans, it hit with a bang. Still further refined during 1963, and packaged as this is written in a new plastic squeeze bottle, NonSents is now available by direct mail and through dealers.

I asked if this soap had any special properties. "We feel it does," Gibbs replied. "But of course other soaps will work—just so they remove objectionable odors while still not leaving repellent odors of their own. Remember, too, that even though you remove those worst outside offenders—gasoline and insect repellent—you still keep oozing hand odor. The hands must be washed at least every half hour while fishing."

I tried NonSents. I went down to our own bass pond, scrubbed thoroughly, sloshed a small metal wobbler in a solution of the soap. Our bass are not large. Stocked at three inches, they've now been in the pond a year and average about 12 inches. They may be naive. However, I caught seven in seven casts and was greatly excited.

The next day I went back without the soap. I didn't purposely try to mess up the lure. I just fished as I would on any day. I caught one bass. There are variables here—weather, feeding periods of fish, the fact that I may have happened to find a school the first day, and others. Nonetheless, use of the soap was a provocative experience.

So much so that I decided to ask questions in late '63 and early '64 of other sources. One whose opinion I valued highly was Dick Kotis, head of the famed old lure-making firm, Arbogast, in Akron, Ohio.

Dick said, "I am a fanatic on hand washing, especially if I have been running a motor. Gasoline and oil are in my estimation among the worst fish repellents. I scrub my hands thoroughly with soap before I start fishing. I believe I can prove any time that this will enhance success."

"What kind of soap?"

Dick grinned. "Ivory. I think any would probably do. After all, it's fairly well known that many fish *like* soap. Some fishermen even use it for catfish bait."

Kotis pointed out that it does little good to scrub gas and oil off your hands, and still carry a can of oil in your tackle box. "It gets on lures. It soaks into them. It repels fish. I *never* carry any kind of oil in my box."

I promptly went through several tackle boxes of mine, was astonished, looking with new insight, at how filthy everything was. From this a most impressive experience followed. In one box was a lure I'd had at least 10 years. It has been kicked around, had reel oil spilled on it and much of the paint scrubbed off. I could never recall having caught anything on it. Just for fun I cleaned it thoroughly with naphtha, then soaked it in heavy suds overnight and rinsed it several times. On my first bass trip, carrying it in a plastic box by itself, I used it, caught as many bass on it as on any of three other favorite lures used as controls.

By now I had become convinced, as more and more anglers constantly are, that soap may well be as important as hook, line and sinker. But cleansing away repellent odors is still only a part of the new scent-fishing picture. My first inkling of much more to come arose, again, from S E Gibbs, and a story he told of an Oklahoma bass fisherman friend who became locally famous around Lake Texoma as an uncanny catcher of lunkers.

"He'd play one," Gibbs related, "string it, then wash his hands with soap and water *before* touching his terminal tackle again. I asked why, and got an astonishing answer."

A fish injured or under stress, this man believed, exudes a warning signal. This scent, clinging to the hands of the man who strung the fish, is passed along on the handled bait to warn other bass to stay away.

The more surprising thing is, several years ago a Dr. Wolfgang Pfeiffer, doing fish research at the University of British Columbia, did show that fish do have a built-in chemical warning system by which an injured individual signals others of its tribe to stay clear. When any surface cells are broken open, a secretion in tiny amounts spreads into the water and is repellent to individuals of like species.

On learning this I was struck by the possibility that what may alarm one may attract another. For example, a minnow impaled on a hook may exude "terror"—but this in turn may excite a bass into a feeding orgy. The chemical substances have still not been identified, but as the science of scent fishing progresses, synthetic attractors may be concocted in just this way.

In fact, attractors—and scents to kill offensive odors, thus putting fish at ease—are already in wide use within the lure-making industry. Some have been for several years. Both the trend and the research behind it grows annually. For example, Dick Kotis told me that all Arbogast soft-plastic lures have anise scent as a mask.

"This smell we determined by tests," Dick told me, "is not offensive to fish. Odors of certain plastisols are. The scent of anise, embedded in the lure, masks the objectionable, fish-repellent odor."

At Arndt and Sons, Hamilton, Ohio, where a long list of natural baits such as grasshoppers, minnows, crayfish are preserved and packaged, I talked with several plant people. They do not try to make these dead baits, that look lifelike, smell that way. But they do use a number of highly secret concoctions, different ones for different baits, to mask the odor of the preserving chemicals.

"One reason old-style 'pickled minnows' didn't work," one of them told me, "is because they didn't smell right to fish."

As Gibbs had pointed out, it's difficult for a fisherman to envision what "smell" is to a fish. Scents come to us vaporized in air. For fish, scents must come from substances soluble in water. You must, Gibbs claims, put such a substance in water and *taste* it to know how it *smells* to a fish.

Some of lure maker Dave DeLong's comments in this regard are stunning. DeLong, as most anglers know, was one of the first in the soft-plastic-lures business, and DeLong Lures, in Cleveland, has become one of the largest and most successful manufacturers in this unique field.

"Taste, smell, feel—we have a hard time separating them entirely, in fish," Dave told me. "Frankly, we originally scented our lures because the odors of the materials were offensive to *fishermen*. The trick was to please them and not spook the fish."

What came of this was astonishing. In tests, unscented DeLong lures picked up by fish were instantly spit out. But scented models utterly destroyed the fish's judgment.

"We began not to be concerned," Dave said, "whether we had merely masked an offensive odor or created an attractive one. What we did know was that fish would pick up one of our scented lures, and if the angler would refrain from his natural urge to set the hook, the fish would actually *swallow* the darned thing. We have many letters from users authenticating this. One man caught a bass on one of our lures, opened it and found an identical lure in its stomach!"

I was not surprised. I did some tests on some of the DeLong creations. I have actually watched walleyes and bass swallow plastic "tadpoles." And, as recently as the fall of '63, I used soft-plastic grubs for panfish in waters on our own property so clear I could observe every "take." I caught literally scores of varied sunfishes simply by letting them seize the lure and run with it until they hooked themselves. Many had it in the gullet. Hundreds of bass fishermen around impoundments like Bull Shoals can authenticate that bass will swallow scented-plastic worms until they bulge. I've had blue crabs along the Texas coast actually eat them to shreds.

Another intriguing tack has been followed by Drift-A-Lure, Rochester, New York. Aided by a consultant with a PhD in ichthyology, this firm makes lifelike replicas of crayfish, minnows, nymphs, and so on that look as if they'd crawl or swim away.

"We worked to design so perfectly," manager Gordon Watts told me, "that each lure will positively allay any primary skepticism in a fish."

After the designs were perfected, chemical engineer Ogden FitzSimons, head of Engineering Associates near Philadelphia, took over. First he combed through materials to find one of proper resiliency and with no built-in panic, one in which an attractor scent might be embedded in such a manner that it would last almost indefinitely.

"We wanted to avoid materials that required masking of fish-frightening odors," Gordon said. "We have. Ours is neutral. By itself it has no repellent effect."

Then came the twist. FitzSimons made a long search for a proper scent. He didn't try to make an artificial crayfish smell real, for instance. Instead, he looked for a scent with real fish appeal. He found it, designated it "FA 7" because of its place in the long research lineup.

Gordon said proudly, "We know without question it's a definite attractor. Long scientifically controlled experiments with our lures, scented and unscented, prove it. First the design gives fish confidence—this is *food*. FA 7 does the rest."

Just for fun, I asked Dr. Brett out in British Columbia if he thought fish are attracted by food odors. He seemed surprised that I'd ask. "Very definitely," he replied.

On the practical side, I took some of Gordon Watts's crayfish to a place where I know bass feed predominately in summer on crayfish. I interchanged his replica and the McCoy, casting each to let it lie on the bottom. Bass would pick up each in turn and move off to swallow them. The real crawdads may have had a slight edge, possibly because they moved or pinched. But it was easy to catch bass on both.

COMING . . .

What makes a turncoat? Read this revealing, tape-recorded interview with Korean War defector Scott Rush.

MY TEN YEARS IN RED CHINA

Exclusively . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

All scientists and lure-research people I talked with agree that blood, salt, sugar are among the most attractive *natural* scents. Everyone knows how sharks and other predator fish come to blood in the water. Carp will lie under a mulberry tree leaning over water, waiting for juicy berries to fall. I've seen scores of people fishing trout from shore at Hebgen Lake, Montana, using marshmallows, and throwing out extras to draw the trout. The sugar slowly dissolves into the water and spreads. Silly as it sounds, marshmallows are murder. At his Fish Scent Laboratories, Gibbs designed "trout teasers" made of little hunks of cheese-scented fluorescent pink plastic. They worked wonders around the Ozark trout country. He has tried many other natural scents. Tobacco, he says, is very good; bourbon, excellent.

The ancient art of "chumming" practiced so diligently in salt water, with a fish-oil slick or by dumping ground fish into a tide current which will carry it, is really a matter of laying a *trail* to attract fish. This idea, though ancient, is just becoming understood as the newest and most exciting dimension of scent fishing. I recall years back many anglers, even scientists, claiming pompano could not be caught on hook and line. I also recall an old, unlettered Florida cracker who caught them as follows. Baiting with the peanut-sized crustacean called a sand flea, he'd cast from the beach on a slant to his left, retrieve the bait slowly along bottom. Then he'd take a few steps left, cast to the right, retrieve likewise. Thus the two "retrieve trails" crossed. Now he'd cast to the approximate X, let the bait lie, and presently he'd have a pompano. Of course, no one can prove the fish followed the trail to the hook. But it convinced me.

What scent anglers *are* proving every day, however, is that fish definitely do follow scent trails—and that "half a bait is often better than one." This is because fish blood and juices leach out from a piece of bait, like a small fish or a shrimp cut in two. The smell is picked up by a cruising fish, which follows it to its hook-laden source. I've experimented fishing trout in a stream with live minnows hooked lightly through the lips, and with chunks of the same minnows cut crosswise. By and large, the chunks outcatch the live minnows by a wide margin.

Within recent seasons a new, scent-trail fishing method has arisen along the Gulf that is dramatically effective. It started in Florida, where anglers found accidentally that putting a chunk of shrimp on the hook of a feather or bucktail lead-head jig was a surefire ticket to a boatload of fish. Peter Barrett, outdoors editor of TRUE, related to me the following experience.

"A Florida guide and I were fishing snook, casting feathered jigs. He pinned half a shrimp onto his hook, and was sacking them up. I caught absolutely nothing. Finally he had 12 snook and I'd had not a strike. I broke down and tried his method. Fish simply batted hell out of the lure. There is no question that they swiftly followed the scent trail."

Another scent-trail tale concerns pork rind, one of the oldest, most deadly lures used in the United States. Gibbs claims though visibility and action may be part of the appeal, the *salt trail* it leaves in the water is the main attraction. I believe he is correct.

And so a new era of angling—scent fishing—is truly at hand. Indeed, it has been right here all along, just waiting to be recognized and researched and understood. There are in the lure manufacturers' laboratories plans afoot to dig deeper, to perfect scent-type lures so provocative that fish simply cannot resist.

The most succinct statement, and the one that best authenticates what the present portends and the future may hold for fishermen, came from a contact of mine who is an aquatic biologist with a doctor's degree in his field. He is a fisheries expert employed by the New York State Conservation Department, Dr. Udell B. Stone. His status as an authority can hardly be questioned. When I inquired last February what he thought about scent fishing in general, he replied:

"Scents have definite possibilities of becoming the ultimate in fishing lures."

So I say—to the soap, men! Scrub up surgically. Deodorize your lure. Wash out your stinking old tackle box. Scour your rod. Then enter all the fishing contests in reach. But don't blame me if you're only a runner-up: you probably smelled good . . . but not quite good enough!

—Byron W. Dalrymple

Buy this rod & have a fishing friend for life

We guarantee it...

The Gold Eagle Trailmaster rod is so good that we can—and do—guarantee it unconditionally as long as you live.

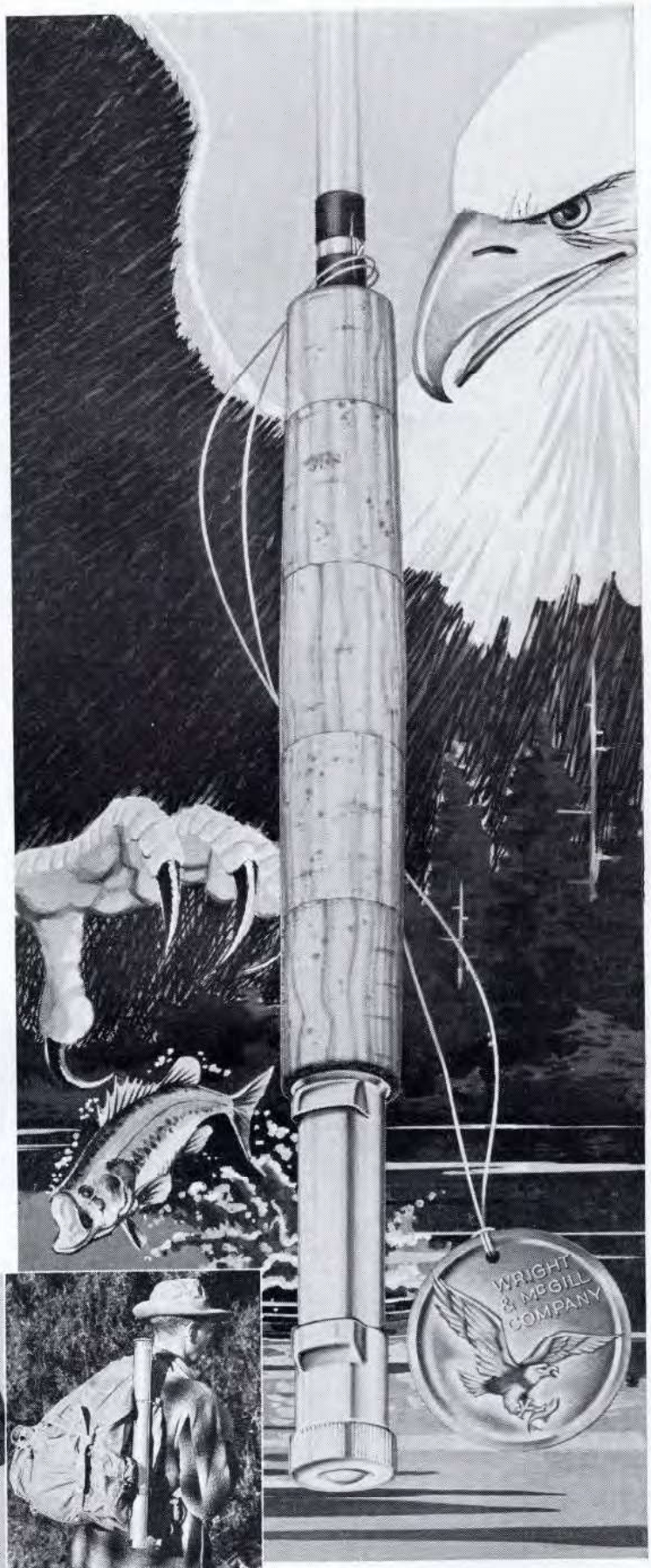
We mean that. With no IF's, AND's or exceptions. Our lifetime guarantee includes the blade, handle, tip, reel seat, ferrules, guides, wrappings—every inch of it. No matter what happens, or when, we guarantee to keep it in first class fishing condition without cost to you.

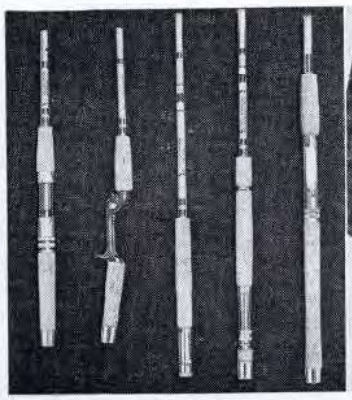
The Gold Eagle Trailmaster is a full-sized tubular glass rod, in four sections. The finest fishing rod you'll ever own. A great pack rod for campers, back packers, traveling, or just plain fishing.

Get the feel of it. The balance. The sensitive tip. Most of all, the *action*. Feel it spring to life at the first wary nibble.

Choose from 5 popular styles—at your tackle dealer's, or write us for a catalog.

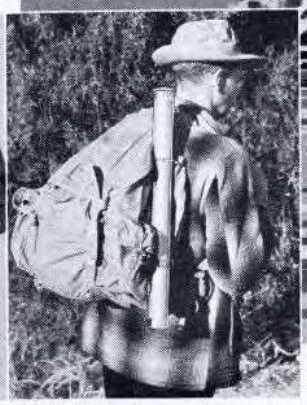
WRIGHT & McGILL CO.
Denver, Colorado U. S. A.





PICK your favorite from the 5 Gold Eagle Trailmasters: spinning, spin casting, fly, universal combination, heavy duty.

PACKED in its 23 inch brushed aluminum screw-top case, or 21 inch leatherette case with aluminum protector tube.



READY to fish whenever and wherever you are. It's the one for the road.

The Makers of **EAGLE CLAW®** **FISH HOOKS** and other fine fishing tackle

[*Continued from page* 45]

stuff we're been printing. It's been pretty general in nature, right? So a smart bozo like you figures to kick hell out of us in court. Right?"

Suavely, Bonfils took over. "But we're not quite through, you know. There's a bit more we've been saving." His eyes transfixed Sinclair as he spoke seven words:

"Albert Fall knows all about Teapot Dome."

Sinclair turned white. Like a man struck with a blood clot on top of a coronary, he groped for a chair. "Who gave you that?" he whispered.

United States Secretary of the Interior Albert Bacon Fall, the official who had slipped the illegal Wyoming leases to Sinclair, had worked in such secrecy that it seemed unthinkable that anyone could have deciphered his maneuvers. Yet the two Colorado publishers had the plot down pat—with documented proof that Fall had been bribed to the tune of at least $200,000 in the Teapot Dome caper.

"When will you print the story?" Sinclair asked, stricken.

Tammen teetered on his pointed toes, snapping his striped suspenders judiciously. "Best thing you can do right now is pop the cork on that bottle, call in your attorneys, and sit down for a little neighborly chat."

Not more than 72 hours later, the sum of $250,000 was deposited by Sinclair in the Chase National Bank of New York for the accounts of Bonfils, Tammen and a few friends. In addition, Sinclair surrendered to them $1 million in the form of 320 acres of drilling leases at Teapot Dome. Returning to Denver, the partners halted all attacks on Mammoth Oil in the *Post;* in fact, they now announced that they had "misjudged" Sinclair and his associates, among them E. L. Doheny.

Not until two years later, in 1924, did the momentous Teapot Dome scandal erupt—whereupon Sinclair and Fall went to jail and Doheny died a broken man. But Bonfils and Tammen walked away whistling. They paid not a penny of penalty nor spent a minute in the jug.

Of the whole Teapot Dome cast, only these two remained big winners. The fat man and his fashion plate partner went on making the Denver *Post* the most stupendous, conniving, plundering, razzle-dazzle sheet in the history of journalism.

Harry Heye Tammen was a pixie. He had brains, charm, a showman's instinct and audacity. Frederick Gilmer Bonfils was the sober one. He had brains, luck, great drive, and a thirst for power, and claimed to have inherited clairvoyant faculties from his Corsican ancestors, one of whom was Napoleon. Both men were made of solid brass. Bonfils was an ex-gambler and lottery manipulator; Tammen had a similar background in bunco-steering and the fake-souvenir trade.

The oddly contrasting partners operated out of a shabby brick building on Champa Street in Denver. From 1895 into the daffy 20's, they conceived and circulated a journal so unique that William Allen White, at that time the most respected member of the Fourth Estate, described it in one word: "Monstrous."

Although totally untrained in selling news, "Bon" and "Tam" never suffered from the lack. One of their first acts as publishers was to hang a chaste gilt sign across the Denver *Post's* front, inscribed: "O Justice, when expelled from other habitations, make this thy dwelling place." With their tongues all the way into their cheeks, they invented a daily masthead slogan: "Dedicated in perpetuity to the service of the people, that no cause shall lack a champion and that evil shall not thrive unopposed."

Hard-rock miners and silver barons often stood in front of the golden sign and laughed themselves hysterical. No two more slippery shakedown artists ever owned a printing press. Striking fear throughout the Rockies and beyond, they took the high country for more than $70 million. They had stiff competition during the era of the Yellow Press, but the boys were in a class by themselves at peddling scandal, faking news, blackmail, sabotaging reputations, sandbagging advertisers, pulling promotional hoaxes, and generally raising hell with their fellow man.

Not that they entirely lacked virtues. Time and again they staged worthy crusades. By the estimate of experts, they broke the backs of more grafting trusts, political rings and utility combines than any other two publishers. But the partners lacked one ingredient. They couldn't remember from one edition to the next that they were issuing a daily news digest in the public service, not a con man's clip sheet.

The Denver *Post* still exists, but today's version is honorable and well-received; it bears no resemblance to the well-gaffed gazette created by Bonfils and Tammen.

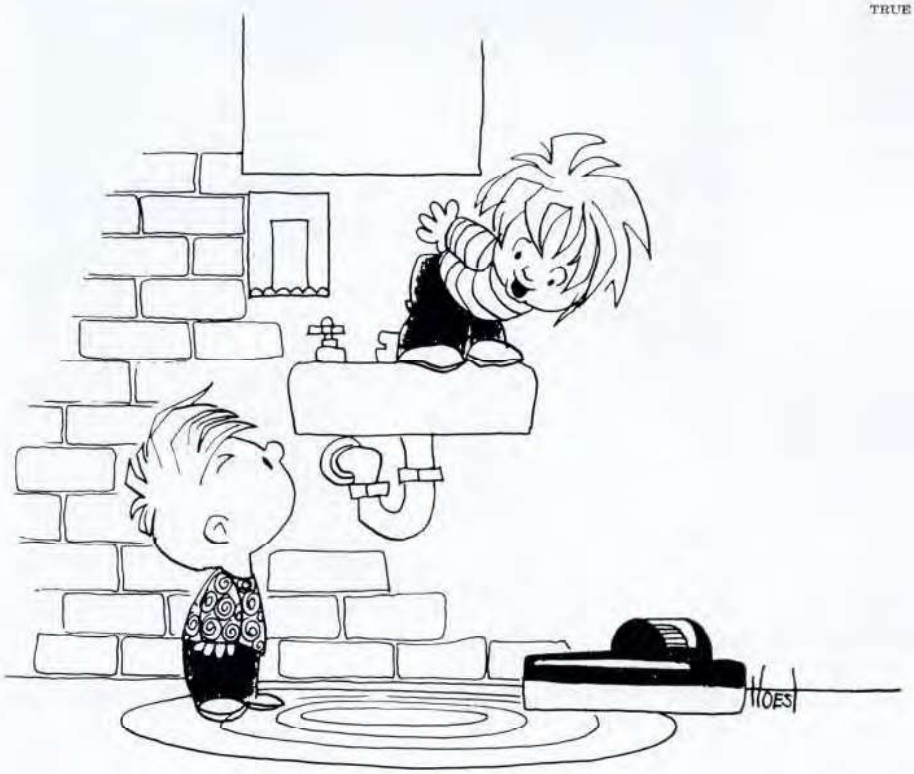
The pink and chubby frame of Heye Heinrich Tammen, later to be known as Harry and the Happy Dutchman, first appeared in Baltimore on March 6, 1865. He was the son of an immigrant employee of The Netherlands consulate and Caroline Henrietta Piepenbruker Tammen, who often would have used a wooden shoe on little Harry's backside, if she'd still owned one. At 7, Harry left home—full of mischief, life's juices and connivery. At 20, he'd worked his way up to chief bartender at the Palmer House, Chicago. Moving west, he took command of the spigots at the Windsor Hotel, Denver. Billy Bush, the Windsor proprietor, later said of Tammen, the barkeeper, "Every night the little bum would toss all the silver dollars in the till at the ceiling. Any that stuck there belonged to the house."

Bush let him go, and Tammen was sore. "You have all the characteristics of a dog," he told the hotel man, "—except loyalty."

Only 5 foot 7, but well over 200 pounds, Tammen was a jackanapes with pride. No one insulted him and didn't regret it. Once, a sourdough miner friend of Harry's was evicted from Jennie Rogers' brothel, on a night when Jennie was hosting the Colorado State Legislature. Behind him the prospector left his carpetbag. Tammen, aiming to retrieve it, knocked at the door. Jennie had only a few words for Tammen.

"Beat it, you tinhorn booze-juggler," she said.

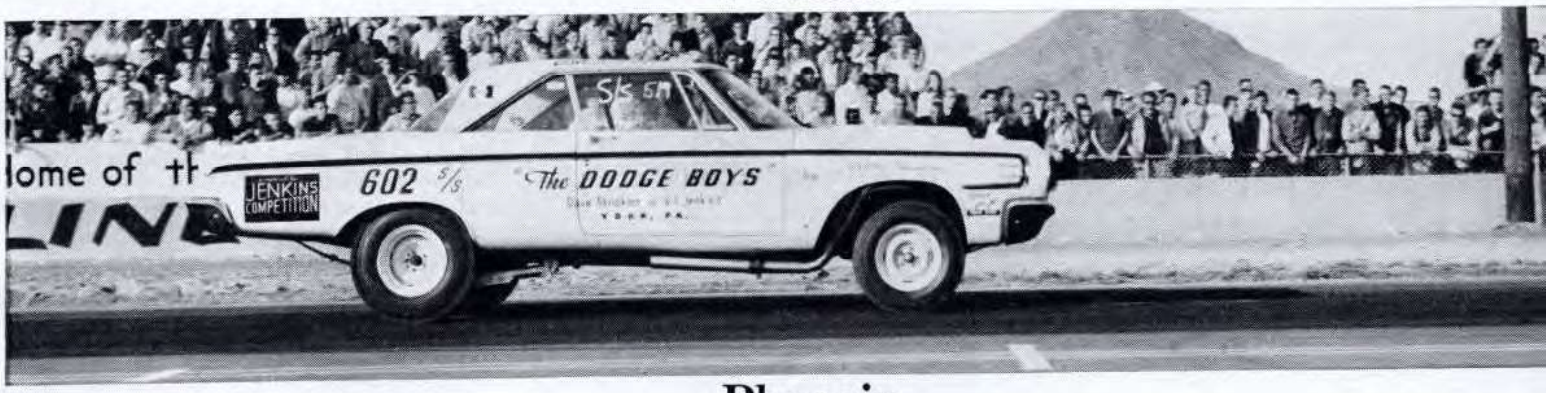
Hiring a hay wagon, Harry reined it up before Jennie's wooden crib, dumped the hay on the doorstep and set it afire.



"Want to see me weigh a hundred pounds?"

Daytona

Pomona



Phoenix

and you

In Daytona, Richard Petty drove a brilliant blue 1964 Plymouth Super-Stock to victory in the famous Daytona 500-mile Stock Car Race.

At Pomona, Tom Grove's "Melrose Missile" (a 1964 Plymouth Super-Stock) was Top Stock Eliminator in the NHRA Winternationals.

At Phoenix, Dave Strickler in a '64 Dodge Ramcharger won top honors in the AHRA Dragstrip Championships.

And where do you come in? Perhaps as a spectator to America's latest million-fan sport, (82,240 people watched the gripping action at Daytona, over 50,000 lined the dragstrip at Pomona). To cheer the winning performance of these competition-equipped cars from Chrysler Corporation and to witness in person the excellence of Chrysler Corporation engineering.

Or, better still, be an active participant in another of America's favorite new pastimes—driving one of the 1964 cars from Chrysler Corporation. The cars that daily demonstrate this same engineering excellence, developed and proved in laboratory and on test-track, and confirmed by competition.

Plymouth • Dodge • Chrysler • Imperial

CHRYSLER CORPORATION

SEE BOB HOPE AND THE CHRYSLER THEATRE, NBC-TV FRIDAYS

Through billows of smoke and flame, from doors and windows, came popping panicked and half-clad senators and strumpets. During the wild exit scene, Tammen slipped in and retrieved his friend's bag.

Following an indoctrination in bunco games on wide-open Larimer Street, Tammen launched a curio shop, which sold tourists "bona-fide" Sioux war-bonnets made by old Denver ladies, displayed Moon-Eye, a fake "petrified Indian maiden," and unloaded Geronimo's "actual" scalp at least 200 times. The place thrived. Worth $200,000 at one point, Tammen was wiped out by the panic of 1893. He headed eastward, buoyant as ever.

At Chicago's Great Northern Hotel, his alert eye was caught by a swarthy, regal-looking fellow with a stiletto mustache, who sometimes played faro bank while stroking the bare back of a beautiful brunette. This was Bonfils—a clipping from his real name, Buonfiglio. Bonfils could claim kinship to Napoleon Bonaparte on his Corsican father's side, and he had been born to a well-fixed Troy, Missouri, family in or about 1861. Handsome as a man can be, he owned a criminal record several yards long. After a brief term as a West Point cadet, Fred Bonfils had become a Mississippi river gambler and a Kansas City land shark.

Tammen, by snooping, had learned much of this. Clapping Bonfils' back, he extended a plump hand by way of introduction. Bonfils' manicured paws never left his waistcoat pockets. "Just who are you and what do you want?" he drawled boredly.

"Kid," said Tammen, "I hear tell you've got a fortune socked away and I'm gonna shake you down for half of it."

The swarthy gambler's eyes lit up. "Well, you're ambitious, at least," he said, taking in Tammen's gaily checked clothes. "No one's done it yet." Buying drinks, he let Tammen beat his ear with tales of Colorado's recent gold boom, of the opportunity waiting there—after which Harry got to the point. In Denver, he knew of a run-down daily paper, *The Evening Post*, which could be had for a song: $12,500.

"And just what will that accomplish?" asked Bonfils.

"Wake up, kid!" jabbered Tammen. "Here's a whole whopping territory full of people who ain't organized yet, and they sure ain't educated. Lots are rich and crooked, too. With our own paper, once we've got the goods on the financiers and big trusts, we can make 'em jump through hoops. Why, we can be kings of the country."

The vanity in Bonfils was touched. And he could see the infinite possibilities of controlling a powerful organ of opinion.

Wanting to see the pigeon bait for himself, the Corsican traveled west with Tammen, on the way finding the brash, vulgar ex-bartender a delightful companion. In Denver he discovered life more raw than even the Dutchman had described it. Recently, Soapy Smith—king of all confidence men—had attacked City Hall with gunmen to discourage a reform wave. Soapy had won the battle. The state's attorney general, in fact, had been tarred and feathered. "My sort of place, indubitably," murmured Bonfils.

On October 28, 1895, for $12,500, Bonfils became vice-president and treasurer, while Tammen became president and secretary, of an eight-page penny paper that was nearly bankrupt.

"Let's take an oath," suggested Tam, "that no matter what we do, we'll never crook each other. Shake?"

Bonfils' black eyes burned into Tammen's. "Shake." Though they would hoodwink the world's giants in the future, never did the partners deviate an inch from complete loyalty to each other.

At the moment of their arrival, Denver boasted three other newspapers, the *Republican*, the *Times* and the *News*, all operating prosperously and sedately. Their owners shrugged when they heard of the new venture. The *Post* occupied a rattrap loft on Curtis Street. It had a 12-man editorial staff, less than 6,000 readers and took in $35 the day Bon and Tam hung their skimmers on a city-room hook. The amateurs had bought the town joke.

As their first act, Tammen steered Bonfils around to the corner of 16th Street, where Lou Blonger, the "King of Dupes,"

COMING . . .

THE SACRIFICIAL KILLINGS AT YERBABUENA

The strange, true story of the Mexican cultists and their weird witch doctor who demanded death for the faith. Read

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

and "Haw" Tabor, the multimillionaire, ran a fashionable "vodvil" house, with sporting rooms upstairs. "All the rich bozos know this corner," said Tam. "We'll move here, and hit 'em where it hurts. This is a piddling little rag now, but we'll wean it on tiger's milk."

Neither partner knew a linotype from a press. However, Bonfils soon showed a natural flair for journalism. The former Little Louisiana Lottery king personally wrote the first crusading story the new *Post* carried.

"AWAKE, GOOD CITIZENS," it began. The story was a blistering demand for the abolishment of all lottery and policy games in Colorado.

Tammen was just as busy. He decorated the *Post's* face with a large electric flag of twinkling bulbs, painted the office he and Bon shared a flaming red, and opened an attack of his own—against Denver merchants.

For his opening move, Tammen took Bonfils around to Larimer Street, in Denver's Tenderloin, where the Happy Dutchman was widely known. Selecting one of the most petite, innocent-looking chippies of Paradise Alley, they dressed her primly. "Now go over to Monash's Fair," ordered Tam, "and apply for a clerk's job. Remember, you're only 14 years old and so virginal that men make you faint." Monash's was among the major mercantile houses which sneered at the penny *Post*.

Two days later, the girl wobbled into the *Post's* city room, her dress ripped, eyes dilated with horror. "Oh!" she cried, "I've been abused terribly—by a monster!"

While an artist's pencil flew, the girl gasped her story. Aside from having been struck, cursed and forced by a bestial store manager to protect her purity with both hands and knees, she was paid only $4 a week for lifting packing crates twice her weight. Her testimony hardly was needed. Tammen already had the opus set in bold type.

He began with, "As you enter MONASH'S FAIR, a TINY, PALE-FACED GIRL opens the door, standing in DANGEROUS DRAFTS and for this receiving ABUSE and STARVATION wages from a JUNK shop which offers only a confusion of the COARSEST RUBBISH disguised as honest merchandise. Let every LOVER of childhood arise to see that such CRUELTIES are BLOTTED FROM COLORADO!" Further in the story Tam added a gallant touch: "Such child-labor sweatshops are so abhorrent to Western men of culture that such as Monash's must be closed and padlocked by the authorities."

The serial—"Arrogant and Outrageous Treatment of a Shopgirl"—had reached only installment No. 2 when the Monash's Fair owners came, hat in hand, to plead with the *Post* to accept its advertising. Other merchants were equally guilty of exploiting child labor. Without waiting for the ax to fall, they lined up to press cash contracts on the *Post*.

"Virtue," Tam pronounced piously, "is its own reward." But he continued to flay the sweatshops, for he had hit upon an authentically smelly situation.

Once retail business was stimulated, the boys took a con man's look at the various trusts which were siphoning off millions in the Rockies. The Gas & Electric and Coal Trusts interested them most. A political ring known as "The Big Mitt" controlled both vice and Denver's light, power, gas and fuel. Heading the Gas Trust—which paid a mere $50,000 annually for a franchise worth $3 million—was a walrus-mustached absentee czar named Henry L. (Boss) Doherty.

Doherty began to take such a beating in the *Post's* columns that he came west from Chicago, bringing strongarm assistance. His first meeting with Bon and Tam came when he was driving along Arapahoe Street and spotted them walking arm-in-arm. A husky Doherty employee moved in from behind with a brass pipe in hand. "Not too hard, Pete," called Doherty, from his carriage. "Leave 'em the few brains God gave 'em."

Tammen heard, and spun. But he took a smashing blow over the head. Bonfils, who as a one-time river gambler hadn't survived a thousand monte games by luck alone, lifted his walking stick, a heavy blackthorn cane. He touched a bit of inlaid silver at the handle, and it spit a .25-caliber bullet into the thigh of Doherty's thug. The man fell screaming.

"Now, you!" said Bonfils in chilling tones to Boss Doherty. "Get out of that rig! Get down on your knees and pray! You have 10 seconds to regret your foul existence."

The portly Doherty tumbled from his

buggy. He knelt, begging Bonfils not to shoot. After a crowd had gathered, Bon gave Doherty a few whacks across the head, collected the stunned Tammen, and drove off in Doherty's rig, leaving the Gas King blubbering on the sidewalk.

Thinking it over later in the day, Bonfils said, "Next time my trick cane might not be handy. Also, Doherty is a fool. Fools turn my stomach. Let's get rid of him permanently."

"Amen," said Tam, feeling his lacerated head. "Let me handle it."

Within a few days, a "little book," which was the private pay-off ledger of Doherty's No. 1 aide, Frank Freuauff, came up missing. Freuauff, when not greasing affairs for Boss Doherty, was a deacon of the Central Presbyterian Church. He kept the book in a buttoned inside pocket at all times. He should have remembered that throughout the Tenderloin there was no pickpocket not known to Tammen.

In church, as he was passing the plate, Freuauff clutched his breast and let loose an oath rarely heard in a holy institution. The book was gone.

"For a deacon, he had a lot of speed," observed Tammen that night. "I hear he busted the Olympic record getting over to Boss Doherty's hotel."

Doherty began throwing things into a bag, well aware who had the book, and fled to Nebraska on the next train. At 5 p.m. that day, citizens marched on the Gas Trust building. The *Post* was on the street with the full contents of the bribe ledger, listing Big Mitt pay-offs to the mayor for $4,500, the Board of Supervisors for $1,600 each and sundry judges and preachers for $400 and up. The Gas Trust, city government and courts were overhauled in the following weeks. More to their own point, Bon and Tam emerged with blocks of stock in the revamped gas-and-light organization.

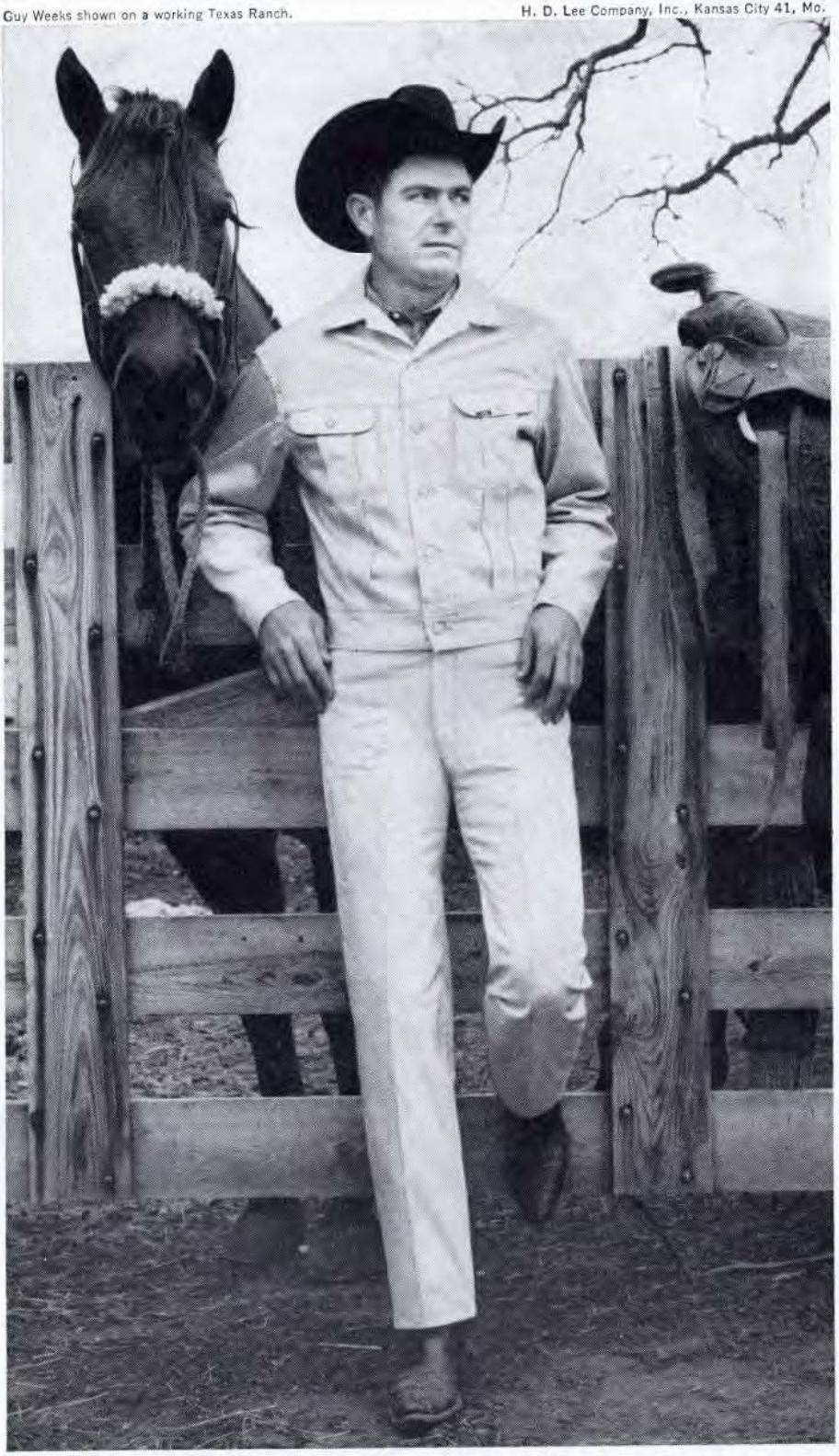
When they broke Doherty, the partners arrived. The Rockies recognized now that they were not only unscrupulous, but tough, resourceful fighters. *Post* circulation grew and the paper went up to No. 2 place, behind the *News*. As their next move, Bon and Tam began a study of the Coal Trust. In Denver, in 1898, you bought fuel from the Coal Trust or your kids froze.

"The Trust is selling the stuff at over $5 per ton, which is larceny I can admire," Tammen said. "But we're stumped. There's no proof that they're part of the Big Mitt."

Bonfils, closing his eyes, fell into a reverie. His foppish spike mustache twitched as he ruminated. *Wham!* His fist hit the desk. "We'll start our own coal company!"

Within a week, the Coal Trust howled in pain. The Post Coal Company, which had leased several mines, opened with a bang. It invited Denver residents to drop by the paper and order all the lignite fuel they wanted at $3.75 per ton. "Enough of this Coal Trust graft!" the *Post* thundered. "With us, it's a fair price —plus a FULL ton and an EXTRA lump!" Before long, most of Denver was heated by Post coal. The Trust's wagons gathered rust. And then somebody at

Guy Weeks shown on a working Texas Ranch. H. D. Lee Company, Inc., Kansas City 41, Mo.

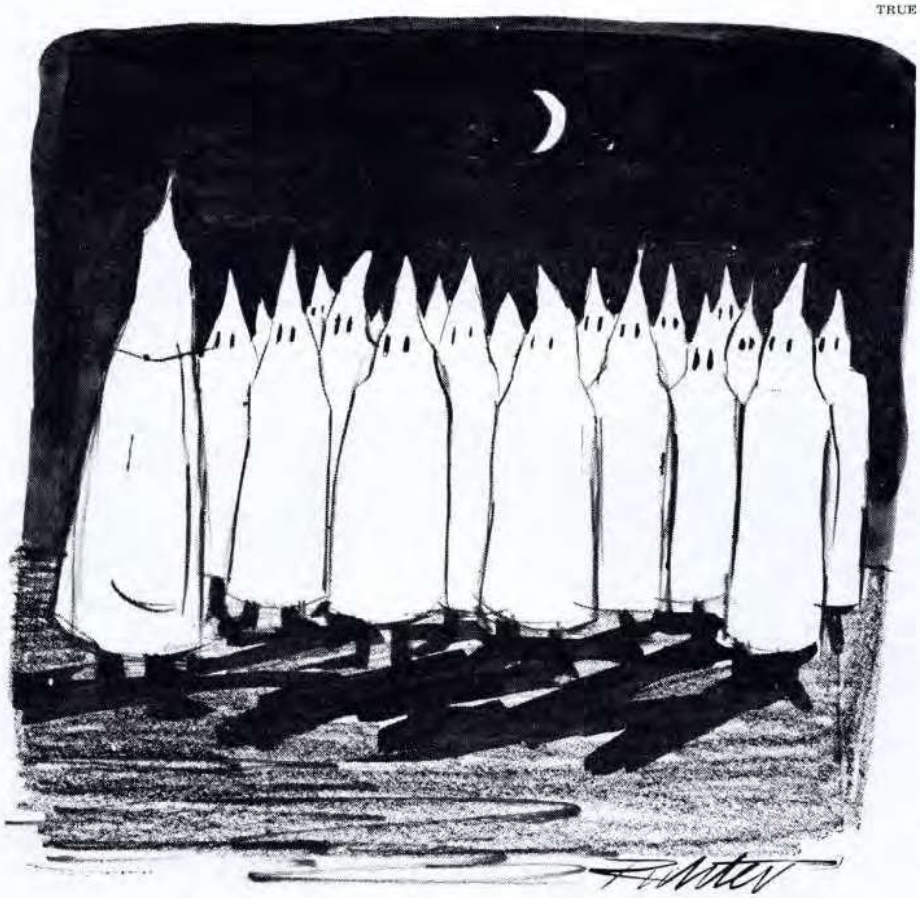


All set to tackle the show pens—"White" Lee Westerners

Authentic Lee Westerners are dress-up duds, sure enough. Shaved lean and tall to make a man stand out. Cut low for comfort. Real lookers. But Lee Westerners are not just for show. Lee builds 'em rugged enough to work in—western style. Westweave®, Lee's Sanforized polished cotton has a deep-woven strength that won't wash out. If you're hankering for real western-bred pants, look for Lee, with the authentic branded label.

Lee westerners®

the brand working cowboys wear



"I understand there's a Black Muslim among us."

the City Weights and Measures Department thought to put Post delivery wagons on the scales.

The first nine wagons weighed came up slightly short—by from 125 to 225 pounds apiece. Bon & Tam, brought into court, were fined $450 for fraud.

But that setback was in the future. Now, having put a defunct paper into the black almost at once, the two took a nose-count of the remaining advertisers who refused their services. Well up on the list was a wealthy dry-goods merchant named Waxman.

Tammen called in a rookie reporter, a skinny kid from Pueblo, Colorado, named Al Runyon, who seemed to be alert. "Get over to Waxman's," he said, "and find out why this bozo isn't giving us a dime of business. Don't come back without the answer."

The Runyon in question later turned out to be Damon Runyon, the Bard of Broadway, but at the time he was young and innocent. Returning, he reported, "Waxman says we run a dirty scandal sheet. In fact, he threw me out."

Next day, Tammen bawled out Runyon for failing to show a nose for news. "Why didn't you tell me," he barked, "that Waxman has a son who likes boys instead of girls? I just got the tip."

Things cleared up when Tammen dictated a story headed: "DENVER SON SHAMES FATHER." Passing up no details, Tammen had it set in type, a proof jerked and a copy trotted around to Waxman's store.

Waxman beat the messenger back. He'd run all the way to the *Post* to hand over his exclusive advertising contract.

The cases of Boss Doherty, the Coal Trust and Waxman led Bon and Tam to burn some midnight oil, studying the lives and habits of the biggest men in the state. It was obvious they should know far more. The two had established their pitch in the Great Divide at a period when the gold boom and a political turnover had brought to power more jackals than had ever before fed off a public purse. The technique Bon & Tam developed was to use their reporters as spies, and to plant agents, who, after working into key jobs, reported with stoolie faithfulness everything their bosses did.

From these sources grew the *Post's* feared "black" file. Some 5,000 Coloradans were supposed to have had their complete dossiers at Bon and Tam's beck and call. The secret stuff was kept locked in the red-painted office of the publishers, which the public called "The Bucket of Blood." Both thieves and reputable men of substance were treated alike: either they paid off, or their private sins were splashed across page one.

Fear, inevitably, could be expected to lead to reprisals, and, in addition to a bodyguard outside the Bucket of Blood, between the publishers' desks stood a loaded shotgun. The time was nearing when they would reach for it too late, and be filled with more holes than Lily Langtry's peek-a-boo dress. But in 1900 the boys rode high. The *Post* was growing apace.

Due to Tammen's love for red ink and showmanship, the nation's typographical experts began to regard the newspaper as the worst hodgepodge of mismatched type faces, dizzy news make-up, fraudulent scarcheads and eye-blinding mixtures of crimson-and-black ever to roll from a press. William Randolph Hearst remarked, with some envy, "It looks like a bloody omelette."

Having a sporty bent, the Dutchman owned a team of matched bays, and one day early in the 1900's he was cantering with Bon past the new Municipal Auditorium, a splendid structure erected to house the soon-to-open Democratic National Convention.

"What a lollapaloozer it'd be," mused Harry, "if that joint burned down. I mean, if it burned—and only the *Post* had the story."

"Impossible," said Bonfils, eying Tammen keenly.

At 5 p.m. next day, newsboys poured down Broadway and Arapahoe Street, shrieking, "Wuxtry!" A mammoth red bannerline of 72-point proclaimed:

"CONVENTION HALL DESTROYED BY FLAMES!
DEMOCRATS FLEE FOR LIVES IN HOLOCAUST!"

Most of page one was devoted to a ghastly description of the inferno, along with a six-column picture showing firefighters battling raging sheets of flame and great columns of smoke gushing upward. Ten thousand *Post* street copies were grabbed up. For only the *Post* had the story. From all points, in buggies and steam autos, Denver rushed to view the disaster.

But the auditorium still stood there, untouched. After doing a triple-take, readers looked at the *Post* again.

At the very end of the fire scoop, in type so tiny it took a jeweler's lens to read it, was the sentence: *"After a thorough investigation, the Denver Post has discovered that every word of this story is untrue."*

Orthodox journalists around the country were stunned at first, then they cut loose. They joined to denounce Bonfils and Tammen as charlatans who should be jailed. Fred and Harry paid no attention. Their product was selling out everywhere—a collector's item peddled as far off as Kansas City, San Francisco and Albuquerque. People bought it to be amazed and amused. After the fire hoax, the boys hired medical experts—both real and phony—and had them ponder a mystic question, under the headline:

"DOES IT HURT TO BE BORN?"

Half the authorities claimed that a baby being delivered was in agony. The other half hotly argued that it didn't hurt a bit. All Colorado debated the question for weeks.

"So many suckers," declared Tam, "deserve the best we can arrange for them."

As the profits rolled up, the owners acquired homes fit for princes. Tammen relaxed from his labors in a 22-room mansion on Humboldt Street, with marble tubs, 14-carat gold-plated toilet handles, a two-story solarium and a revolving dance floor. His wife, Agnes, remained in the background. Bon's home, nearby, had a mere 51 rooms—swimming pool, all-crystal bathrooms, bowling

alley, target range and private theater. When off-hours entertainment was wanted, the boys had privately screened boxes at the Empress Theater, Denver's top burlesque house.

Watching the chorus ponies shed their clothes gave Tam an idea—why not buy the Empress as a means of promoting the paper? Bon failed to see the connection between nudes and news. When they became the new co-owners, he showed Bon: he had a line of peelers and belly-dancers parade across stage with a banner reading: THE POST—THE PAPER THAT GIVES YOU EVERYTHING. The sign seemed to be traveling on 10 pair of shapely bare legs. No male in Colorado missed seeing it.

One morning, Arthur Brisbane, the distinguished New York editor, arrived from the East to verify reports of what went on with his own eyes. Some 3,000 people milled in the streets, staring upward. Brisbane didn't join them. His eyes were frozen by the sight of two cagefuls of snarling African lions planted at either side of the *Post's* entrance.

Suddenly, a shout went up and Bonfils pranced onto a balcony overlooking the throng. With a wild gleam in his eye, he hurled handfuls of coins to the crowd from a large bag. "Lucky! Lucky!" he yelled. "The *Post* brings you luck!"

While people scrambled for the change, a siren on the *Post's* roof cut loose with a blast that deafened Brisbane. A bomb exploded, and from the *Post* roof slid a half-clad lady acrobat. Gripping a pulley in her teeth, she plunged to the street via a cable. Then Tammen's globular figure was seen standing atop the 12-story Foster Building across the way. A drum-roll resounded from the *Post's* scarlet-uniformed marching band, led by a seven-foot major.

The Happy Dutchman's arm swung and an object hurtled downward—spinning and tumbling until caught, as the crowd went wild, on the prongs of a fork held between the teeth of the Magnificent Bedini, a circus star.

The object was a turnip.

Upon entering the *Post*, the first thing Brisbane saw, browsing about Classified Ads, was a two-headed calf, a llama and a baby elephant—all of which, along with the other acts, Tammen had imported from a circus lot.

Brisbane swore, turned and caught a train home.

Now known as both master flummoxers and the most incredible showmen the press had ever seen, Bon and Tam were grossing $186 each hour of the day with their multi-ring circus, counting only the income from Denver's four largest department stores. By 1908, the partners paid themselves $1,000 each per week, plus a quarterly dividend of $100,000 apiece. They had driven their rival papers to the wall.

But Tammen's dear pals, Lou Blonger and Haw Tabor, were disgustingly rich from bunco and silver mines. This vexed Tammen, who was only a near-millionaire. He put his mind to devising some connection between the hell-raising section of town and the *Post* which could yield an interesting profit.

Fast, did last!

You may hear competitors say that "Mercs are good racing motors but they won't hold up." It's true that Mercs win most of the races. And that proves they *do* "hold up."

The races Mercs win are more a test of endurance than they are of speed. For years Mercs have proved their durability by winning grueling marathons like the Miami to Nassau Race, the St. Louis to New Orleans Race, the Albany to New York Race (where, incidentally, last year Mercs took 29 out of the first 30 places) and the Ketchikan, Alaska, to Seattle . . . world's longest (730 mi.), world's roughest (20 ft. seas) ocean race.

When Brooke Russell and his son Ronald (above) decided to enter the Albany-New York Race, they also prepared to try a record-breaking 1,500-mile run from their home in Miami to New York.

And break it they did . . . with a single production-line 100 hp Mercury! In 42 hours and 46 minutes they averaged 33.5 mph up the Inland Waterway and across open ocean . . . setting the fastest record for any single-engine craft of any kind! From there . . . on up the Hudson to Albany. Then, the amazing Russells ran their same production Merc 1000 in the 135-mile Albany-New York Race and placed in their class. In eight days father and son covered better than 1,770 miles with a trouble-free single-engine Mercury rig.

Unusual? No. It isn't unusual for Mercs to log over 20,000 miles per month under full-throttle endurance tests at the Lake X, Florida, proving grounds, where testing never ceases. Lake X tests prove what the world's racing records prove. You get more RUN for your money with Mercury . . . 100, 85, 65, 50, 35, 20, 9.8, 6 and 3.9 horsepower outboards . . . and MerCruiser Stern Drives . . . 110 to 310 hp gasoline and 60 and 100 hp diesel.

MERCURY

SILVER ANNIVERSARY FLEET

©1964, Kiekhaefer Corporation, Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, and Toronto. Subsidiary of Brunswick Corporation

Around noon one day, Harry awakened with a miserable hangover at Soapy Smith's Tivoli Club. His wealthier friends had sent him a bosomy blonde as the night's companion, and as Tam's eyes opened he saw the girl going through his pants pockets. Since she was bending over the bed, he raised up and bit one of her most prominent features.

The girl ran screaming to a lawyer, who filed papers for a $100,000 bodily-injury suit.

After 15 minutes of labor with a copy pencil, Harry squelched the suit and solved his problem. His *Post* story exposed local vice as only an expert witness could—naming the various faro-bankers, madames, bunco-steerers, blacklegs, prostitutes and monte-throwers. He ended piously: "On the BEST AUTHORITY the *Post* has learned that honest workmen regularly are ROLLED by women so DEPRAVED that one's sensibilities are staggered by their VILE ACTS. The *Post* will FORCE city fathers to clean out the VERMIN."

For 10 days, the *Post* banged away at vice, and the police had to make raid after raid. Soon most of the dens of Blonger and other Tammen pals were padlocked. "Well, if you ain't the dirtiest hypocrite I ever seen!" said Soapy Smith. "I never want to press yer hand again."

"No, but you'll cross it with silver," chortled Tammen. "Next time, don't sent me a pants-robber disguised as an evening of delight."

The Tenderloin had only one choice. Shortly, Tammen blossomed out with ownership of several saloons, clip joints and other real estate in the gay section of town. And overnight the *Post* stopped hitting the hoodlums.

Meanwhile, the two helped foment an act which easily was the most infamous of their career. On one November day, a 13-year-old girl named Louise Frost was found in a slough 86 miles from Denver, dead from 14 knife stabs. No doctor was willing to say there had been rape, but Bon and Tam wasted no time in so diagnosing it and crying for vengeance. Their newsboys called out extras: "Rope Awaits Monster Who Slew Louise!"

Nothing of the sort was in prospect until then. Within 48 hours men in black masks galloped through the town, torches glared and mob mania seethed in Denver.

A feeble-minded Negro of 16 named Preston Porter was arrested. He confessed to having slain Louise on her way home from school. The Porter boy, enjoying the excitement, laughed, made idiotic faces and threw leaves torn from a Bible at the menacing crowd which saw him off for Hugo, Colorado, where he was to stand trial.

En route, the train had to pass through the town of Limon—Louise Frost's home village.

"Porter will never get there," vowed Tammen's editorial. "Anyone who calls himself a man will see to that."

At Limon, six men with Winchesters blocked the express, removed the boy from Sheriff Johnny Freeman's hands and threw a rope around his neck. He was dragged behind a wagon to the spot where the girl had died. Here a wooden platform had been erected. Camped around it were some 600 citizens. Bonfils watched from a buggy, but Tam capered about, organizing his artists, telegraphers and reporters. The very fact that telegraph wires had been strung to the place was positive proof that the abduction had been deliberately calculated.

"It's a *hell* of a story!" the Happy Dutchman kept bubbling.

It was indeed. Chained to a rail atop the platform, which was soaked with kerosene, the boy watched Louise's father strike a match. Then everyone had a hot time watching Preston Porter scream out his agony as the pyre slowly burned him to a crisp.

From coast to coast, Americans protested and the U.S. Congress censured Bonfils and Tammen for one of the most flagrant instances of inciting mob insanity through the printed word. An inquest, however, held the act to be the work of "parties unknown."

Events were building to a showdown.

At Canon City State Prison, serving a life term, was one Alfred Packer. In the 1874 blizzard, Packer, a government scout, had been trapped with five prospectors high in the San Juan Mountains of remote Hinsdale County. To avoid starvation he had killed, barbecued and eaten the five of them.

COMING . . .

The full, factual story of the spectacular 1963 assault on the world's highest peak.

AMERICANS ON EVEREST

by James Ramsey Ullman

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

To free Packer, Bon and Tam figured, would be a sure-fire circulation-builder. They hammered away, claiming that 27 years in the Canon City jail was penalty enough for a few square meals taken involuntarily. Under the pressure, Governor Charles Thomas finally paroled the Man-Eater.

A gaunt, burning-eyed, silent creature, Packer was hired as a bodyguard at the Bucket of Blood. Visitors felt like screaming when they saw Packer gnawing on a chicken leg. "Best damn insurance against getting shot we could buy," said Tammen.

Came a morning when Polly Pry, a sob-sister on the *Post*, told her chiefs that an attorney named W. W. (Plug Hat) Anderson had cheated Packer out of $1,500 in the guise of legal fees.

"Tell Packer to start sharpening a knife and fork!" hollered Tammen.

Hearing that the *Post* planned to ruin him professionally, Anderson (who hadn't cheated Packer, as events proved) came to the Bucket of Blood to protest. The lawyer had said very little when Tammen began cursing him in gutter terms. Anderson's eyes went wild. He dug his hand into the pocket of his Prince Albert. "You've ruined enough people in this country!" he cried.

"Quick—he's got a gun!" shrilled Polly Pry.

Bonfils was the fastest. Lunging, he threw a left hook which cut Anderson's cheek and floored him. Bonfils, straddling him, poured blows to his face. Tammen, meanwhile, landed sharp-toed kicks to Anderson's ribs.

Staggering up, streaming blood, the barrister lurched out the door, then spun, re-appeared with a Smith & Wesson in hand, and began blasting.

First he drilled Bonfils. The bullet entered the left chest, grazed the heart, and ploughed along to stop below the left armpit. The second ball punctured the collar bone, stopping in the muscles of the throat. The big Corsican crashed to the floor.

Tammen was next. He dived for cover, but was shot through the wrist and shoulder. Anderson was re-loading, when Polly Pry seized the hot barrel and with her dress dragging in the blood of her bosses, grappled for the gun. Widely commented upon later was the fact that her screams for aid drew only a shrug from the *Post's* editorial staff. City Editor Joe Ward and his men, gathered in the doorway, watched it all noncommittally.

Tearing himself away, Anderson surrendered to the police, saying, "I've just killed the worst two snakes in the 46 states. How much is the reward?"

Mesmerized *Post* fans snapped out of it long enough to cheer for Plug Hat. It was reported that Governor Thomas wrote Anderson, "Congratulations upon your intention, but I must deplore your poor aim."

An iron body and spirit pulled Bon through. But weeks passed before he regained his health. His nervous system affected, he suffered periodic nightmares the rest of his days.

Tammen, not seriously wounded, recovered quickly and was determined to slam Anderson behind bars. After trials of Plug Hat in 1900 and 1901 had resulted in hung juries, the *Post* forced a third test in 1902. This time, in the witness box, Bon and Tam offered a beefed-up version of the shooting, in which they vowed that Anderson had stormed their office, pulled a gun without provocation and began firing.

"We merely protected ourselves," said Tam, gazing at the jury with hurt eyes, "by seizing this depraved killer and trying to disarm him."

The jury foreman, a goat-bearded churchgoer named George Adams, almost fell out of the box.

"It's a dirty lie!" he burst out. "Thirty minutes ago I was called out of the jury room by a man who works for the *Post* and offered $500 to cast a vote of 'guilty' against Anderson! And some of the rest of the jury have been offered bigger bribes than that!"

Pandemonium broke. Tammen left town fast, for Chicago. Bonfils stayed to deny the allegation. After a conference, six good jurors and true stepped forward and confessed that agents of Bonfils and Tammen had offered them up to $1,000 apiece to railroad Anderson.

The verdict, in April, 1903, held Bon and Tam guilty of embracery, or jury-bribing. One of them had to pay for it,

and on a spring morning Tammen faced a judge and was asked: "Guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty," he growled. Along with three of his agents, he was fined $100 and marched to the county lock-up.

Although Tam soon was pried out of jail by his attorneys, the sentence heartened devotees of ethical journalism. Coming home, the Happy Dutchman conferred with Bon on how they might rally against rising sentiment.

Tammen argued that something to distract the public was needed. "Let's start a circus—a real one, like Ringlings'."

The Dutchman then gave the press a new definition of promotion. Already the *Post* owned a burlesque theater, a coal company, a band, and a crystal-gazer named Dr. Alexander J. McIvor-Tyndall, who the *Post* boasted could find a needle hidden anywhere in metropolitan Denver. The needle was secreted by a "neutral" committee. McIvor-Tyndall found it within three hours, and *Post* street sales soared. Next came a statewide rabbit-shooting contest. Some 110,000 crop-eating jacks were killed under the *Post's* sponsorship, the corpses loaded on trucks and delivered to the newspaper's front door. People filled Champa Street to carry home all the free frozen rabbit meat they could eat.

Mountain lions came next. The state offered $5 for each lion killed; Bon and Tam made it $25 per adult lion and $10 for each cub. Thereafter it was common to see buckskinned trappers and ranchers tromping through the *Post* offices, toting bloody lion heads sacked in burlap. Altogether, $22,505 was paid by the *Post* in bounties.

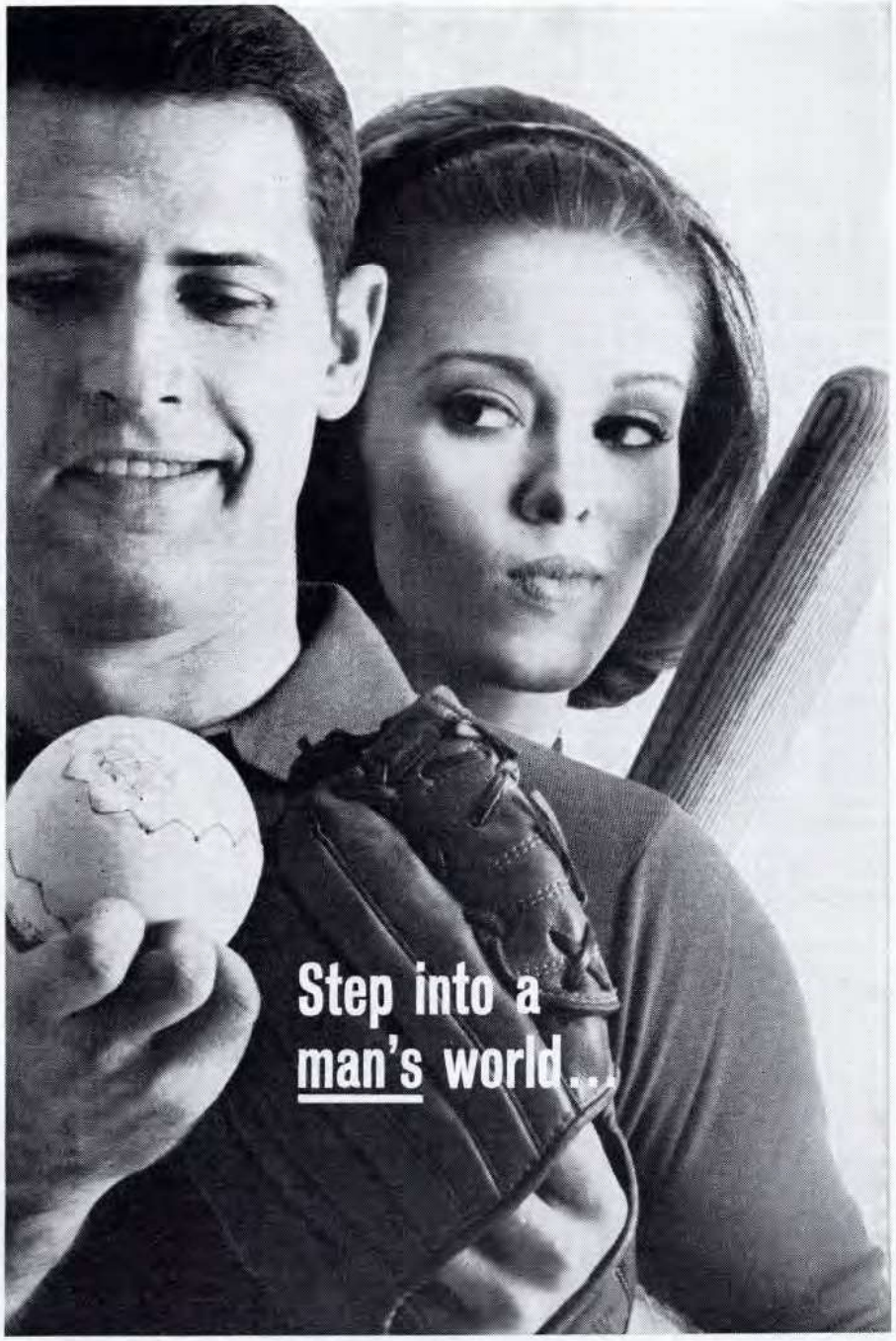
Economy now became an issue between the partners. For holding reporters to $20-a-week salaries and rationing copy paper, Bon was rated a first-class s.o.b. by his staff. He complained about the expense of Tammen's endless stunts—such as hiring human flies to climb over the face of the *Post*—and accused Harry of failure to give sober attention to his half of the partnership.

By 1913 the long friendship was cooling—Tam grunted at Bon when he arrived for work; Bon curtly nodded back. Silence then set in, although their Bucket of Blood desks were only feet apart.

At this moment of crisis, one John C. Shaffer, multimillionaire publisher of the Chicago *Evening Post*, invaded Denver. Buying up the local *Times* and *News*, Shaffer declared his aim to drive the Katzenjammer Kids—the name he coined for them—from the territory. Shaffer's platform was clean news, no scandal, reform. "I come not to shake you down," he stated to the populace, with a contemptuous nod to Bon and Tam, "but to shake you up. The *Post*, a social menace, must be stamped out."

"Why, the sonofabitch actually means it," said Tammen. "Let's enlighten him."

The partners declared a truce in order to educate Shaffer in mountain journalism. One morning all *Post* newsboys suddenly vanished from the streets. Tough slum kids who had fought with fists and pigstickers for choice corner locations, they now abandoned the strug-



Step into CITY CLUB

This is a man's world—a world of winner-take-all. And a world in which you belong . . . in shoes by City Club. A shoe whose rugged quality and standout looks say, "That man's got something special on the ball." Join a *real* man's club, mister—City Club. *$12.99 to $20.99*
some styles higher

ALSO MAKERS OF **WESBORO** SHOES FOR MEN • PETERS DIVISION OF INTERNATIONAL SHOE CO.

gle. The Shaffer paper crowed as its sellers took over the city.

Bon and Tam explained the mystery in an editorial. The Post newsies, they explained, needed a rest. "Fearing that overwork has left the lads undernourished, the Denver *Post*, at its own expense, has sent them to a Health Farm. They will return finer, stronger citizens."

Six weeks passed and the *Post* newsies reappeared, looking stronger, all right. With a growl, they went to work. Teeth flew and bodies thudded as they beat their way across town through Shaffer's rat-pack of vendors like junior Jim Corbetts. It was no contest: the *Times-News* gang was slaughtered and the *Post* gained every lucrative corner. Shaffer's street sales collapsed.

Bat Nelson, the ex-lightweight champ, revealed the secret of the coup while full of liquor at the Brown Palace bar. "Health Farm, my Aunt Minnie!" he whooped. "It was a fight camp the kids went to. Me and Young Corbett was hired to show 'em how to use their mitts like pros. Some job we did, huh?"

Shaffer was doing poorly. But he still held one powerful weapon. Having by now acquired and combined three Denver papers, he owned both available Sunday morning Associated Press franchises, which provided the A-1 news service from the East. The *Post* owned an afternoon franchise, but had no AP service for its Sunday morning edition. Knowing Shaffer wouldn't part with his extra franchise for any sum, Bon and Tam commenced printing coupons which invited readers to sign on the dotted line and back the *Post* in launching a live new morning paper, a sunrise companion to the evening Paper with a Heart and Soul.

After a while, Tammen was ready to move. He already knew that Shaffer, a skinny do-gooder, lived in an ivory tower —collecting paintings, philanthropizing, riding to the foxes, and not bothering to learn the hard newspaper angles. Shaffer's fortune had come through grain-brokerage and traction holdings. The word "publisher" mostly was an ornament for his ego.

"Watch me bluff him out of his pants," Tammen told Bonfils.

Dropping by Shaffer's *News*, Tammen told a few dirty stories to set Shaffer to writhing, then said, "Listen, kid, be sensible. Sell us that Sunday AP franchise."

"Nothing in the world could make me do that," said Shaffer.

Tammen gave him a small grin. "Step over here to the window, kid. I want you to see something I brought along."

Shaffer looked and saw standing in the street a dozen *Post* trucks so crammed with bundles of paper that they bulged out at the rear.

"Shaffer," purred Tammen, "those trucks are packed with *thousands and thousands* of coupons filled out by Denver people, each one duly signed, begging us to start a morning paper. You know what that means? Two major morning sheets can't exist here. But if we have to spend $20 million, we'll do it to whip you. Our public demands it."

Mentally adding up the coupons, Shaffer grew dizzy. He hesitated, though, to speak.

"We'll *do* it, you old bastard!" bawled Tammen, pulling out his watch. "You've got just 10 seconds to keep it from happening!"

Even as Harry stared at his watch, Shaffer said, miserably, "Tammen, let's make a deal."

The deal was: Bon and Tam's agreement to scrap the threatened new morning *Post* in exchange for an AP franchise worth around $100,000. Tammen strolled out with the contract, chuckling. It hadn't cost him $50.

His only expenditure had been for labor and gasoline—inasmuch as each of the trucks was loaded with sheets of old newsprint cut to the proper size by *Post* clerks. Shaffer didn't tumble to the fact until he had lost the Sunday market on top of street sales.

After a while the battered Shaffer threw up both hands, sold out, and returned to Chicago. "Denver," he predicted, "never will be ready for clean, educational, uplifting journalism. It has two Captain Kidds, and God help us, their black banner of piracy rules supreme."

With this crisis over, Bon and Tam continued to feud silently in the Bucket of

TRUE

Blood. One morning, the Happy Dutchman abruptly cleaned out his desk and left. As he reached the street, Bon appeared on the balcony above. "Harry," he called down.

"Yeah?" said Tammen, looking up.

Bonfils pointed to a sign across the *Post's* façade, reading: The Greatest Newspaper on Earth. He had tears in his eyes.

"We did pretty good, didn't we, Harry?" said Bon.

Tammen choked up. He rushed upstairs, threw both arms around Bon, and re-united the partnership for the rest of their days.

Bon and Tam created and toured the nation with their own circus, Sells-Floto, the only such big-time show ever sponsored by a newspaper. Tammen loved the Big Top life. He often appeared in the ring as a bladder-whacking clown. Not even when Floto, a giant elephant, went berserk in Riverside, California, killing a horse, smashing a barber shop, a music store and a hotel lobby, then crushing to death the deaconess of the Methodist Church, at a settlement cost to the *Post* of $17,000, did the Happy Dutchman lose his enthusiasm. Bonfils viewed the whole thing sourly. To pacify him, the Dutchman made a sensational announcement to the press:

"Ringling's and Barnum & Bailey couldn't do it!" he trumpeted. "No zoo can do it! In all history no calf elephant has been bred and delivered on American soil! And NOW the Sells-Floto Circus WILL do it!"

It sounded a bit as if Tammen, himself, were the father of the baby about to be born to Princess Alice, a 6,000-pound pachyderm. Tam kept his circus rivals green with envy as he applied the build-up to the coming big event. All previous elephant babies had died. "That's because the damn fools had a veterinary in attendance," said Tam. "What's needed are the finest minds in medicine."

In attendance the night of March 28, 1914, when Princess Alice's massive labors began, were the Rockies' foremost obstetrician, Dr. T. Mitchell Burns, along with three noted eastern surgeons, a stomach specialist, a dietician and four other specialists acting as midwives. The odds were long against success. As the pink-and-black baby emerged, the 10-man medical team moved in to assist.

"Look out!" yelled Tammen. Savagely trumpeting, Princess Alice sent them flying with a swinging trunk and bent to crush the life from her child. "More ropes!" shouted the Happy Dutchman. He jumped in himself to fasten a tether to one whipping hind leg.

Tambon, the baby—named for Tam and Bon—lived, by a miracle.

"I'm the happiest man on earth," said Tammen. After eight days he began charging admission. Thousands came to see the 250-pound marvel. Even Bonfils was pleased: they were doing better than $50 an hour.

Tragically, 27 days after birth, Tambon caught colic and died. Tammen wept openly, had Tambon stuffed, and placed him in a glass case outside the Bucket of Blood.

Offsetting the loss, Tammen roped off a whole block fronting the *Post* and gave the fans such excitement that local operas and theaters couldn't draw flies. He sent the high-flying Rozzini Sisters to the roof and touched off three sticks of dynamite. At the blast, the Rozzinis slid by their teeth down a cable extending one full block—"The World's Longest Slide to Death." Out-of-town visitors couldn't believe what they were seeing: Houdini, in a strait jacket, hanging from a *Post* cornice and wriggling free; Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Boy taking *Post* subscriptions; caged lions; a double-headed donkey munching about the offices.

No opposition paper could compete with such a hippodrome. After 25 years of operation, the Katzenjammer Kids had broken four Denver dailies; by 1920 their annual gross was $1,206,710. Their income tax was $357,371 and their net was $849,339. Per population, they had the biggest-earning news medium in America.

The more they prospered, the more Fred Bonfils yearned to join the anointed press lords and be known as the intimate of kings and presidents. So he was more than agreeable, in early 1910, when Theodore Roosevelt, then

ex-President and currently on an African big-game safari, became the object of one of Tammen's sudden hunches.

"Let's pry Teddy out of the jungle," said Tam, "bring him here and sell him on running for the Presidency again. We can claim all the credit."

"The politicians," Bon objected, "say it's impossible. Anyway, why should he listen to us?"

"Damned if I know, right now," returned Tam. "But the old bean is ticking. You get on down to Africa."

Chartering a steamer, Bon braved insect plagues and stinking heat to sail up the White Nile, intercept Roosevelt at Khartoum, and wine and dine him elaborately. Roosevelt had heard of the *Post* publishers, but not favorably. Getting nowhere, Bonfils cabled Tammen. Back came a message:

REPORT HERE THAT T. R. TO BE ASSASSINATED WHEN REACHES CAIRO. UP-PLAY THIS AS POST EXCLUSIVE INFORMATION WITHHELD BY US FROM PUBLICATION AS PUBLIC SERVICE.

Although mystified, Bonfils advised Roosevelt, gravely, that the *Post's* worldwide network of news sleuths had uncovered a death plot.

"Where and when," Roosevelt asked with heavy skepticism, "is this attack supposed to happen?"

"Next week," said Bon, taking a guess. "It could happen when you address students at the University of Cairo. Perhaps you should call off the appearance."

Roosevelt disagreed, and went on.

Halfway through a speech denouncing anti-British elements in Egypt, a shot whizzed over T. R.'s grizzled head. He didn't miss a syllable as he finished the oration. But he threw an arm around Bonfils and regarded him with new respect.

Such "bully good newsmen" deserved a visit, and Roosevelt came to Denver, where the *Post* was draped with so many banners demanding T. R.'s return to office that it resembled Bull Moose Party campaign headquarters. While on an antelope hunt with Bon and Tam, and against good advice, Roosevelt decided to run. Bon congratulated Tam. "A great piece of work, that cable of yours. What beats me is how you knew they'd take a pot-shot at him. We have no correspondents in Egypt."

"*Know!*" chortled Tammen. "I made the whole damned thing up." He capered about, his fat buttocks quivering. "Fred, we're the two luckiest bozos in the whole damned world!"

But was the shot just a fantastic coincidence?

There is room for doubt. Bonfils was never one to take a gamble when a sure thing could be arranged. As it stands, the incident seems much too convenient. Officially, a "fanatic" was said to have fired the shot.

Woodrow Wilson beat Roosevelt by two million popular votes in the worst defeat of the roughrider's career. Afterward, any mention of the *Post* publishers gave Roosevelt an acute case of the pip.

By 1920, both ordinary citizens and the fat cats of the trusts said prayers at night for a lightning bolt to strike the

This Ad is about the fashionable comfort of Slimu

8 a.m. Wear Slimu I Brief for easy comfort 'neath your sport slacks when you're off for an early round of golf. $1.95

2 p.m. Slimu I Mid-Thi trims you from waist to thigh for that lean look 'neath today's narrow-line business suits. $2.95

5 p.m. Handball after work? Feel great, look slim in Slimu II Brief. Drip-dry Antron and Lycra Spandex wide waistband really trims. $4.95

8 p.m. Slimu II Mid-Thi, wide, slimming waistband. Drip-dry Antron and Lycra Spandex. Ideal under your dress-for-dinner suit. $5.95

Trim. Slender. That's the fashionable man's look. Only Slimu styles give it to you with comfort. The exclusive Munsingwear features keep you feeling good, looking good in the Slimu zone: two-way stretch elastic abdominal band, patented horizontal fly permits lower abdominal support, exclusive male pouch design for masculine fit. Have a wardrobe of the Slimu styles in this ad. Enjoy a big difference in fashionable comfort all day.

Munsingwear®

...it's worth the difference!

Nearly every man and boy wears something by Munsingwear, Inc., Minneapolis 5, Minnesota

"Actually he's very pleasant to talk to, if you can avoid the topics of religion, politics and sex."

Katzenjammer Kids dead. Preachers grew purple beseeching a Divine blow; the partners were hung in effigy, socially ostracized, hissed at in the streets.

Until now, the two had protected their persons and property with hand-picked bodyguards, among them Mike Delaney, ex-police chief of Denver, Al Packer, the paroled cannibal, and Volney Hoggatt, a 250-pound onetime Klondike bouncer. This muscle wasn't to be enough. The big trouble began the night of August 5, 1920, when 1,200 striking trolley-car motormen and conductors hit the streets, a raging mob which demanded a living wage for its labor.

For 65 days the strikers had been saying they couldn't feed their families. The Katzenjammer Kids, owning tramway company stock, had used their tallest red type to brand the unionmen "rabble, led by foreign agitators." Their editorials assured one and all that the strike was provoked by Bolsheviks, Ku-Kluxers and Kaiser-lovers: "The *Post* promises that these pipsqueaks and pusillanimous bigots, who are led by a half-witted hobo and are fomenting anarchy in Denver, will be smashed. And what the *Post* promises it always delivers!"

The latest Bon and Tam blast was circulating at 10 p.m. this night when a striker, draped with an American flag, mounted a bandstand off Champa Street and howled, "Let's get the *Post!*"

The roar of approval almost blew him off his perch. Grown to 2,500, the mob surged down Broadway into 15th, cracking the heads of strikebreakers as they went, overturning three trolley cars and exchanging shots with local militia. Two strikers were dead when the union force —now 4,000 strong—reached the *Post*.

Ripping up paving blocks, hurling heavy equipment nuts, the men demolished the plate-glass windows and poured inside. Not since movable type was invented has a publishing plant been so utterly taken apart. Reporters working on the bulldog edition dived out rear doors to escape. The business office went first—files, furniture and financial records were battered to bits by crowbar-swinging wild men. Drinking fountains were uprooted and gushed water. Ledger books, stacked up, were set ablaze. Then the press room was attacked. Wrenches were tossed into the presses and buttons pushed, and the ensuing hail of metal cut down the rioters like machine-gun fire. In the mad scene, bleeding, frothing, gibbering men staggered upstairs and down, smashing as they went—the toilets, iron balustrades, cash registers, cameras, typewriters, ink cannisters and etching equipment.

City firemen, rushing in with hoses, were beaten over the head with their own nozzles.

Police Chief Ham Armstrong, his pate bloody and bandaged, charged a side door with a phalanx of cops, started up a ramp and was met by a huge roll of newsprint the rioters had liberated. After it passed over him, Armstrong was described as the flattest flatfoot since the citizens of Cripple Creek fed their town marshal through a rock-crusher.

While the frolic was going on, Bonfils stayed far away. But Tammen came a-running, organized some troops and gave battle. The hefty little ex-bartender had a bottle filled with sand, and he thudded it over heads with all his old-time skill. As of next morning, however, it was clear that the publishing operation had been derailed for some time to come. Before police reinforcements ended the riot, *Post* newsprint decorated miles of city streets and the smoking plant was awash with water, blood and pools of ink. Damage ran into thousands of dollars. Their enemies sat back to watch a Bon and Tam boast ended: that the Paper with a Heart and Soul hadn't missed an edition since 1895.

A gloomy Tammen was sifting through the debris when Bonfils showed up toward dawn. "Where the hell have you been?" hollered Harry.

"Having some words with the governor," said Bonfils, composedly. "We're still going to whip those strikers."

"—— the strikers!" yelled Tammen. "Look at us! We can't put out a paper tomorrow even if the presses can be repaired, because we have no metal. Our type's been scattered from here to Busted Rump, Wyoming."

"Oh, yes, we can, Harry," replied Bon, grimly. Workmen began arriving, carrying boxes of oversize 12- and 14-point type Bon had obtained from job-press companies. Salvaging from the rubble a few overlooked rolls of newsprint and a stock of matrices, the partners cracked the whip over their cowering editorial staff and marched on police headquarters.

"Since you can't handle anarchists around here," they told Chief Armstrong, "we're commandeering the station house press room. We'll need a shotgun guard and a dozen of your men."

Next morning, the city stood speechless —all *Post* editions rolled on time, as belligerent as ever, and banner-lined:

"HELL BROKE LOOSE
IN DENVER THURSDAY
THE SHAME OF A CITY
SEIZED BY MAD DOGS"

Presenting itself as a martyr, the paper invited the public to visit Champa Street and receive bits of the wreckage as souvenirs. "Take them away and contemplate that this snivcling mockery of the American system was perpetrated without the slightest reason or justification." Thousands came, and saw a gray little lady tottering through the debris, wringing her hands and sobbing, "Oh, that *this* could happen in the Land of Liberty . . . our boys have died in France in vain . . ." Wearing a Gold Star Mother's emblem, she fired many citizens to a high pitch of indignation.

"Who's the old biddy?" asked Mike Delaney, the bodyguard, of Tammen.

"A kid in a wig," said Harry. "She's one of the best damned snake-charmers in our circus." The reference was to Sells-Floto. "And, believe me, we're dealing with snakes."

Post sales climbed near the 200,000

mark in a city of few more than 250,000 population. The Katzenjammer Kids demanded that the governor proclaim martial law and man all trolley cars with troops from Fort Logan. When he did, it broke the backs of the strikers. They surrendered at no raise in pay.

Having taken no-holds-barred falls from such stellar opponents as the Ringling Brothers, the Tramway Union, governors, madames, Boss Henry Doherty of the Gas Trust, the Coal Trust, Denver advertisers, the Guggenheim mining empire, the clergy and the Ku Klux Klan, the two colleagues, in 1922, looked about for larger game. They wished to hit the world headlines. And they succeeded in a way neither expected.

Accordingly, Bon, early in '22, began to scrutinize the activities of three financial wizards:

Edward L. Doheny, an ex-cowhand who'd hit for $31 million worth of oil in Mexico; Albert Bacon Fall, former mule-skinner-prospector risen to Secretary of the Interior; and Harry Ford Sinclair, oil Croesus, owner of the St. Louis Browns and the race horse Zev, an upcoming Kentucky Derby winner. Bonfils learned that Fall, although recently unable to pay his land tax, and forced to mortgage his ranch, was now dropping thousand-dollar parlays at Churchill Downs and Saratoga without batting an eye. The *Post* dispatched a reporter named Stackelback to Fall's Three Rivers Ranch in New Mexico. Stackelback, prying around, hurried home with fascinating news.

"If Fall's so broke," he said, "how did he pay for all those thoroughbred nags and blooded cattle he's just received? Boxcars of 'em standing on a siding!"

Bonfils ordered his man back for more snooping; this time, Fall's ranchhands shot a hole through his hat and ran him off. But he got a peek at both Fall's bank balance and at the lading bills on the critters: they were consigned from Sinclair's Rancocas Farm in New Jersey. "Wonderful," said Bon. He ordered the city desk to spike the story and informed only Tam of the discovery.

Before long, the Katzenjammer Kids sat listening to one Leo J. Stack, a loudmouthed Denver promoter, moaning about the dirty deal he'd had from Sinclair and Doheny. "A high-up bird in Washington has been acting as a broker, slipping Wyoming oil leases to Sinclair's crowd like they were bonbons," said Stack. "It's government land, worth $200 million easy. I was in on the deal. Now they're freezing me out for a paltry $50,000. The bastards are too powerful. There's nothing I can do about it."

"Nonsense, my boy," chided Bon. "There is always recourse where the cause is just."

"Yeah? How?"

"Just stand back, kid," said Tam, "and watch two artists go to work."

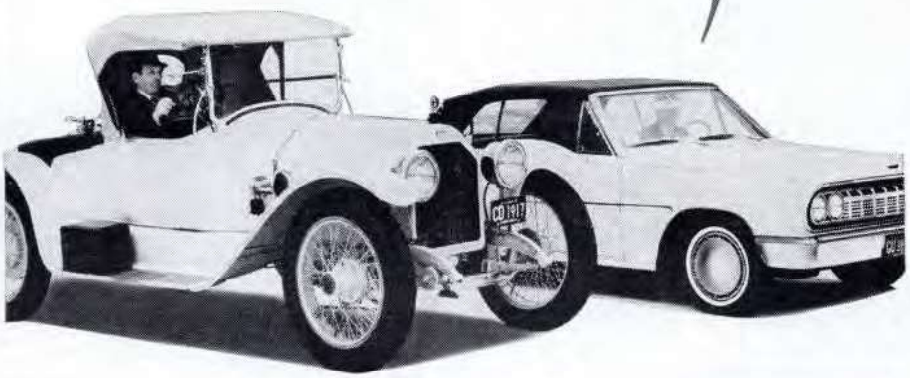
Still keeping the name of "high-up bird" Secretary Fall under wraps, the *Post* attacked "the baldest land-grab of the century"—which was the first U.S. taxpayers had heard, in any detail, of the scandal forever after known as Teapot Dome. Involved was a vast oil sink

WHO GIVES A 2-YEAR OR 24,000-MILE GUARANTEE*

ON THESE 15 AUTOMOTIVE REPLACEMENT PARTS?

MAREMONT THAT'S WHO!

Maremont/Alloy-Coated Mufflers, Maremont/Gabriel Shock Absorbers, Maremont/Accurate and ReNu Clutches, Maremont/Grizzly Relined Brakes, Maremont/Accuratime Camshafts and Maremont/Remanufactured Fuel Pumps, Water Pumps, Starters, Starter Drives, Generators, Alternators, Carburetors, Voltage Regulators, Power Brake Units, Solenoids.



YOU CAN WIN A FORD ECONOLINE VAN OR COMET CALIENTE EVERYTIME YOU HAVE A MAREMONT PART INSTALLED!

You have a chance to win a car or one of 29 other valuable prizes *every month*—from June thru November—*every time* you have a Maremont product installed. See your local service station or garage for contest entry form. Contest subject to federal, state, and local regulations. Maremont Corporation, Chicago 1, Illinois.

MAREMONT

*Whichever occurs first. Guarantee covers defective workmanship and materials and NORMAL WEAR on privately owned passenger cars. You pay only installation charge.

beneath 9,481 acres of Naval Petroleum Reserve No. 3 at Teapot Dome, Natrona County, Wyoming. Copies of the *Post* scoop were sent by Bon to President Warren Harding, all his Cabinet members, and every U.S. senator. Sinclair was fingered as the central villain.

With a bellow, Sinclair denied everything. "Let those two Colorado pirates meet me face to face!" he challenged.

As described in the opening passage of this biography, Sinclair was deflated within moments after he met the Katzenjammer Kids in Kansas City, when they dropped their Three Rivers evidence on his desk. Paying over $1,250,000 in cash and oil leases to insure their silence, Sinclair, in effect, made them partners in the Teapot conspiracy.

Bon and Tam paused only long enough to make sure the $250,000 in cash they received was deposited in their accounts at the Chase National Bank. Then they caught a fast train back to Denver.

Thereafter, their attacks not only ceased, but the *Post* ran articles to convince people that Sinclair was a right guy, after all, who would become a great benefactor of mankind by uncorking all that capped wealth. The absolving series calmed everyone except Senator Thomas Walsh's Senate Investigating Committee. By 1923, Teapot Dome was in the open, a national stench rocking the Harding administration. The Katzenjammer Kids were subpoenaed. Tam evaded the investigation, being "ill." Bonfils, on February 9, 1924, mounted the hot seat in Washington.

Never in Senate quiz history had such a thorough grilling been handed out.

Bon sat coolly fencing with the committee, and once countered in shocked tones, "You speak to me as if *I* was the common criminal in this matter."

When the going got really warm, Bon cocked one razor-sharp pants leg over the other, leaned back, and blamed his multitude of Rocky Mountain enemies for the inquisition—the sort of vipers who once had set an assassin named W. W. Anderson on Tammen and himself to shoot them down in cold blood.

"Why did he shoot you?" asked the chairman.

"Simply because we defended an unfortunate creature named Packer, who ate five of his friends."

"Who ate *what?*" yodeled Senator Walsh, almost falling off his chair.

"Some of his companions," went on Bon, chattily. "It seems he cooked them over a fire, during a blizzard, and Packer began by devouring the thighs. Then—"

Senators Adams and Dill gagged, and a recess had to be declared while they hurried from the room.

When they felt well again, the senators hammered at Bon's one-time lottery racket in Kansas, Tammen's jury-bribing, and other meaty facts which shocked the hearers. But not a word of admission was wrung from the witness. Bonfils simply wouldn't crack. Before he stepped down, the Corsican even wedged in a plug for his paper. "The Denver *Post,*" he snapped, "has the greatest circulation per capita of its publication city *of any newspaper in the history of the world!*"

The incredible luck of the Katzenjammer Kids held. Sinclair made jail for seven and a half months. Fall, his health ruined, served nine months and was fined $100,000. Doheny, plagued with $20 million in stockholders' suits, was bedridden for three years before dying. But no penny of penalty was extracted from the Happy Dutchman and Bonfils—the sole major winners in Teapot Dome. All it cost them was their forced resignation from the American Society of Newspaper Editors.

In blithe spirits, Bonfils suggested to President Harding's office that it would be nice if he was invited, along with other press lords, to join Harding's warship cruise of Alaska. A large silence resulted. So Bon appointed himself *his own correspondent* and showed up at the dock. "For you, my dear," he told Mrs. Harding, handing her an expensive sealskin coat.

It is related that Harding hustled his wife away, saying, "My God, Flo, don't even be caught *looking* at that man!" To which she replied, "But he's so handsome and charming, and after all, he *is* related to Napoleon. He told me so himself."

A month after Bon's return from Washington, Harry Tammen reached his 68th birthday. He had always brimmed with health. Now, more and more, he found himself just sitting, stroking his pet police dog, Mox, and feeling bilious. He had deep stomach pains. In the past, Tam had been the soul of generosity. But now he began showering gifts on the community which were dazzling. Heading the long list were $150,000 to the Children's Hospital and a large sum for needy kids stipulated in his will. Falling seriously ill, the Dutchman found he had plenty of friends.

"I might have been a mean baby," he reflected, "but I always did it with a smile and a handshake—and, what the hell, half the time I liked the bozos I was trimming."

His confidant, wealthy meat-packer J. Ogden Armour, had been convincing Harry that he should sell the Sells-Floto Circus and concentrate on repairing his health.

When Tammen did sell the circus, his juices began to dry. Armour took him by private railcar to Johns Hopkins Hospital in Baltimore, where specialists tried to conceal their verdict.

"Boys," Tam responded, "I've escaped two lynchings, been in jail, and shot full of holes. I've owned a herd of elephants, a gold mine and a cathouse. I'm worth $10 million. Who the hell else ever had more fun? Name it."

"*Carcinoma,*" they said. "Cancer."

A few months later, on July 18, 1924, Harry called in his wife, Agnes. He admonished her never to doubt Fred Bonfils. He whispered that Bon was always to be trusted—no matter what the world thought of him. "We never had as much as the scratch of a pen between us, not in 30 years."

At 4:57 a.m., Tammen died.

"His last words," asked Bonfils, when he arrived. "What were they, Agnes?"

"He put up a hand and said, '*What is this thing that is coming to me?*' "

His face bloodless, Fred Bonfils locked himself in a room for a day, grieving alone. Then he wrote Tam's obituary for the *Post:*

"My partner of 30 years has gone into the Great Unknown. It will not be unknown long to him, for they will recognize and know him at once. Over there they will know that a real man has arrived. He fell asleep like a tired child, and God and his angels showed him the way home."

A *News* scribe agreed, partially. "Bonfils is right about one thing," he wrote. "Harry sure will be known. Wherever he is, it's 5-1 he'll hold a first lien on the place and be charging admission to a shell game inside six weeks."

With unfeigned pleasure, the U.S. press predicted the downfall of Bonfils, now that he stood alone. Tammen had been lovable with all his pretzel dealings—the paper's link with the people. Bonfils was a cold, unlikable fish with enemies waiting in every dark corner to knife him. Recognizing an opportunity to preempt the rich Rocky Mountain news field, the Scripps-Howard chain, in November, 1926, invaded Denver—buying up the Rocky Mountain *News* and the *Times.* Combining them, Scripps-Howard founded the powerful *Evening News.* Placed in command was Roy Howard, one of the greatest editors. Dapper and dynamic, Howard was rated in New York as a sure winner in the battle of giants about to begin. At 63, the Corsican, his health slipping, was up against an acknowledged news-genius with the unlimited capital of a 25-paper chain behind him.

The first cards dealt were all Howard's.

Twelve stores canceled ad contracts in the *Post* and signed with the *News.* State Democratic Chairman Walter Walker arose at the Brown Palace Hotel before 1,000 guests to cry: "Friends, we have been delivered by the arrival of the *News!* Frederick G. Bonfils is a public enemy and has left the trail of a slimy serpent across this state for 30 years. Colorado has stood far too much from the contemptible dog of Champa Street."

Howard's *News* splashed the attack and Bonfils sued for $200,000 libel damages. In court, however, it was evident that his whole past would be resurrected in fine detail, and Bonfils, jamming on his black derby, stomped from the room in rage. Held in contempt of court, he was threatened with prison. Still he refused to testify. Against the challenge of Howard's *News,* he could not afford to defend himself.

Rocked back on his heels, the Corsican now did an amazing thing. He was offered

COMING . . .

FISHING'S NEW MOTHER LODE

Padre Island is a 117-mile bonanza for U.S. anglers and it's just waiting to be tapped. Read about it

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

$15,200,000 for the *Post*, the largest price ever quoted on a newspaper property outside New York or Chicago. He refused it. He could have walked away with an armored truckful of money; he stayed to fight.

Today, wherever elderly newspapermen gather, they speak of the 1926-1928 Scripps-Bonfils donnybrook as "The Battle of the Century," the wildest journalistic war ever fought.

Howard put out a tightly written, colorful paper with giveaways galore and whacky stunts in the Tammen manner. And he hired the muscle to make sure it was delivered to every customer. Early "peach" editions were handed out free. By buying a 25-cent classified ad, a customer received three gallons of gasoline for his car.

Bonfils raised it to four gallons. Howard topped him with five. Before the gas war ended, much of Denver was riding on free gas, and Scripps and Bonfils had taken a $90,000 loss. Howard hired a fleet of planes to skim over the city, loudspeakers blaring *News* plugs. Bonfils countered with the biggest outdoor banquet ever staged. When the Moffat Tunnel being bored through the Great Divide neared completion, Bon built a table one-third of a mile long within the shaft and entertained 1,500 guests with a dinner of sowbelly, beans and cowboy performers. Howard topped that by scooping the *Post* on Lindbergh's Paris arrival, and by dumping a monumental 112-page paper on the streets. Pulp mills reeled as the two sheets struggled back and forth for the title of the biggest in the country.

Salaries spiraled crazily as each side raided the other of talent. The *News* steadily bit into *Post* circulation and advertising. Bon scored a blow for attention when one of his press agents loosed 100 dogs in City Hall. The yapping mutts broke into a City Council meeting and bit several politicians severely. He scored again by freeing a dozen trained monkeys in the State Capitol. The monks, scrambling into the statehouse dome, unscrewed light bulbs and bombarded the legislators below. The *Post* was still the *Post*—and Denver rocked with glee.

Turning on more pressure, Bonfils one morning summoned various politicians, upon whom he had enough to hang them from any lamp post. "Gentlemen," he said, "you may have noticed I am under attack. I have a simple solution. This war will be won on circulation, not advertising. I want all city firemen and policemen, when not on duty, to get out and ring doorbells and solicit *Post* subscriptions."

"We can't do that!" the ward bosses moaned.

"It gets damned cold in jail in Colorado," replied Bonfils, his face implacable.

For the next weeks, Denver cops and firefighters canvassed the town, punching doorbells and slapping down all *News* agents who were seeking new subscribers. The billy-stick force won a hands-down victory.

Soon the *News* suffered fresh defeats. Each time it planned a new column, feature, fiction series or exposé, the same stuff appeared in the *Post* well before Howard's staff could go to press. It was as if Bonfils' renowned clairvoyant powers actually did exist. "What the hell goes on here?" demanded Howard's executives of their sub-editors.

The explanation came, too late, at the Cosmopolitan Hotel. On an upper floor, the *News* had hired what it believed to be an impregnable suite of rooms where the top brass met to formulate plans to beat the *Post*.

Someone moved a bed one night and found a microphone fixed to the wall. For months, Bonfils had known in advance every editorial move Scripps-Howard would make.

When *News* copies began to disappear from doorsteps and wrenches were tossed into the paper's presses, Scripps-Howard totaled its Denver losses—$2,300,000—and surrendered. Bonfils had dropped as much money. But the *News* was licked and knew it, and it became a mild little journal again. *Post*-type ballyhoo continued to rule the Rockies—never again to be seriously challenged.

Bon celebrated by holding a contest to select Colorado's "worthiest citizen," who would be entitled to display license plate No. 1 on his limousine.

The winner's face was familiar when it appeared on page one—that of Fred G. Bonfils.

The driving of Scripps-Howard from his territory and the owning of plate No. 1 were the last great gestures of the Bonfils career. That is, unless you count the $940,743.72 check he wrote the Internal Revenue Bureau in December, 1930. The government said he owed it to them in back income taxes not declared. A little thing called the Boma Investment Company, a secret holding company of Bon's, had been uncovered, and it was short $2,858,902 in taxes due. Bon settled for the near million.

Grieving for Tam and the old free-booting days, the last of the great personal journalists began to fade.

In February, 1933, the Corsican was facing a date with a Colorado judge to answer 41 loaded questions about his past manipulations. His enemies held their breath. Finally, after so many frustrations, justice looked to be in a position to triumph.

But to Frederick Gilmer Bonfils went the final "beat" of the opposition. He did it by holding his breath longer than his opponents. The morning of February 2, at the age of 72, afflicted with toxic encephalitis, he took a deep breath, gave those around him one final eagle-eyed look and died.

A lot of Westerners heaved a great and simultaneous sigh of relief. Like Harry Tammen, Bon left a huge fortune: about $20 million, plus his silver-headed cane with the built-in gun. In his will was found a bizarre bequest—a prize of $50,000 for the first man to establish contact with the planet Mars.

Of all the send-offs given the old hellion, Damon Runyon turned out the best obituary. "That Mars part figured," said Damon. "Editorially speaking, those two babies, Harry and Fred, didn't belong in this world." —Al Stump

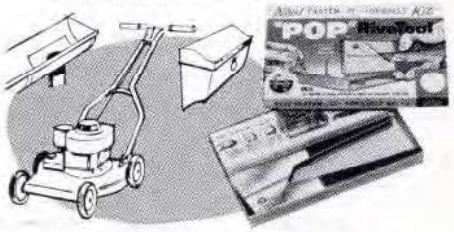
So easy to FIX...

with

"POP"®

RIVETS

Just insert the "POP" Rivet, apply the easy-to-use RiveTool, and the job is finished **in seconds** . . . from one side of the work! No reaching behind, no hammering . . . and no skill or experience is needed to make strong, professionally neat fastenings every time! There just isn't a faster, easier or better way to do dozens of fastening jobs in your home or shop. Use in place of screws, nuts-and-bolts, adhesives, brazing, soldering, spot welding and ordinary solid or tubular rivets.



Complete kit with RiveTool. "POP" Rivets, back-up plates (for soft materials), full instructions and suggestions only $5.95. SEE YOUR LOCAL HARDWARE DEALER FOR A FREE DEMONSTRATION!

USM FASTENER DIVISION
United Shoe Machinery Corporation
1569 River Road, Shelton, Conn.

[*Continued from page 56*]

unanswered questions is the little matter of $15,000 offered to Bobby Jones to dump a Madison Square Garden 10-rounder against Joey in 1954. The story leaked out before the Manhattan D.A. could spring an effective trap and the only fish caught in the net were a two-bit bookie and a broken-down former boxer. No one ever found out whether "Joey's people" in Philadelphia were behind the bribe attempt, as rumored.

There was also the little scrape at the gas station, in which Joey was indicted for clobbering the attendant with his crutch, and packed off to jail. Joey never got a chance to prove—as he even now maintains—that the whole thing was a political frame.

And there is the continuing cold war between Joey and the New York State Boxing Commission on Giardello's alleged associations with such undesirable characters as Frankie Carbo and Tony Bananas—which many people feel springs from the time Joey made the commissioner look like a fool.

And there is a $50,000 question: did "they" (Joey's favorite pronoun and inclusive of all who tell him what to do) really offer him 50 grand to dump a fight with Rocky Castellani, a fight he couldn't have won anyway because he had a bad hand? Joey backed out of that fight at the last minute, but no one has ever answered the question of whether Joey was indeed a mob fighter, a business boxer who won and lost and carried—all on orders and all as a tool for heavy wagering.

"Not true," snaps Joey, in his fast, sometimes ungrammatical but rarely vulgar English. "If I'd a been a syndicate fighter don't you think I would have gotten a title fight whenever I wanted it? How come I was number one contender for 11 years and I didn't get a title shot until Carbo went to jail?"

He was sitting and talking that day in the kitchen of his $35,000 home in Cherry Hill, New Jersey, a few weeks after he won the title. The house is a little out of character: deep wall-to-wall carpeting in interior-decorator beige, French provincial furniture, antique gold chairs.

"Some layout," he said, sipping coffee from a dainty porcelain cup and eying a raspberry cake on the table. "We got parties here sometimes and the men go in one room and the women in the other. I got this intercom setup, I could turn it up and we could listen in on what the women are talking about. But I figure they might be talking about their mothers-in-law and that might not be so good."

His wife, Rosalie, a trim, attractive 98-pounder walked into the kitchen and a visitor asked: "Who's the boss?" Joey flexed his toes in fluffy red slippers.

"In the big decisions," said Rosalie, primly, "my husband is the boss." Then she started to talk about small ones.

She sat down at the table, flashing her beautifully even white teeth. "We're more opposite than alike. Maybe that's why we're attracted to each other. Joe likes war movies and I like musicals. So I make him go to musicals and plays." Joey shrugged.

The Giardellos have been married for almost 14 years, since Rosalie was 16 and eloped with a 20-year-old preliminary boy who said he was 22. They have lived in Cherry Hill for the past three years, and if Joey isn't exactly a pillar of the suburban Philadelphia community, he at least is well-respected and known as a devoted family man. The oldest of his three sons, Joseph Tilelli (the boys use Joey's right name) is 12, smart in school, shy, sensitive, and an altar boy thinking of becoming a priest. The youngest son, Paul, is almost 2 years old, a stocky, handsome little kid who delights his father by swinging roundhouse rights when his father jabs at him. The middle son, Carmine, is mentally retarded.

"I've grown up because of them," says Joey. "They were the reason I settled down and trained for the Tiger fight, the reason I've started going to church, the reason I'm gonna take some adult education courses and get a high school diploma. It hurts when my son asks me something and I don't know it. In his eyes, I'm the smartest guy in the world."

He leaned over and ran a toy tank across Carmine's belly, and the 10-year-old laughed. He has the I.Q. of a 6-year-old now, but Joey says that he will improve to the point where he will be able to take care of himself. "He loves Jimmy Durante. Last year Durante rubbed noses with him on his birthday. And I've introduced Carmine to Frankie Avalon and Stan Musial."

There is a lot of kid in Joey Giardello. He drives a car as if it were a toy, too fast, weaving it in and out of traffic. ("I drive fast because I'm good, I got confidence.") He needs to be surrounded by friends. The kid comes out strong when he talks about Philadelphia's annual Mummers Parade, on New Year's Day.

"That's the greatest. I get dressed up as a clown and I never saw one of those clowns sober. One year, I went as a Chinaman only my costume was too tight, so I wore this pair of Chinese pajamas I had at home. It worked out fine. Of course you have to stop at all the bars. The Polish district, near the end of the parade, is where all the houses are really open, all you can drink, but I never make it that far."

There is the Joey Giardello who explains seriously that he goes hunting because his father-in-law wants him to, but he hates to kill anything; the Joey Giardello who explains seriously that he is not really a heavy bettor ("Only $1,000 on the World Series and I'm a big Dodger fan"); the Joey Giardello who picks up all tabs for his small army of buddies and pals and advisers. ("I oughta put those guys in my income tax," he laughs.)

And, not so well-known, there is the Joey Giardello who gives more time to charity and fund-raising dinners than most athletes and often gets up before dawn to drive little Joseph to church and watch him serve 6 a.m. mass. Somewhere, in the welter of paradoxes, half-truths and hazy memories is the real Joey Giardello and his name is Carmine Orlando Tilelli, born the fourth and fattest of six brothers, on July 16, 1930, in the tough Bedford-Stuyvesant section of Brooklyn, brought up in a two-story brick house on East 53d Street, in the Flatbush section 20 minutes by trolley from Ebbets Field. Back in Flatbush they still remember that Chubby Tilelli had a very fast pair of hands.

"I had about a thousand fights as a kid, maybe I lost two," says Joey. "It was me against the other fellow, no knife coming out, no blackjack. My brother Ernie, he got me a lot of fights. I had a fight almost every day." And then Joey loses interest in his childhood and says he doesn't remember anything else.

The fight with the Animal was one of Chubby's finest moments. The Animal never had a chance, lunging forward

"Hold on until I get him ashore!"

to grab a handful of air and falling on his knees with a faceful of fist. Chubby danced around him, never letting the Animal close, darting in and out with quick jabs and hooks until the Animal's face was swollen and bloody and he was crying and hugging a telephone pole. The 50 or 60 kids watching the fight cheered and screamed. A cop came by and broke it up.

Joseph Tilelli, Chubby's father, was a supervisor with the Sanitation Department and a frustrated boxer. A promising amateur lightweight, thinking of turning pro, his girl friend made him quit the ring as a prerequisite for marriage. Mrs. Anita Tilelli, Chubby's mother, was a religious woman who generally disapproved of things. In a sense, Chubby was fighting for his father—and his father encouraged it.

Once a kid called Ernie a bad name, and in the ensuing melee, Chubby broke the kid's arm. The kid had six good friends, and they planned to ambush Chubby on the way to school and even the record. Chubby's father, hearing about it, rounded up the six would-be ambushers and brought them to his front stoop. He called Joey out of the house.

"Okay, now, there's my son. He'll fight you, one at a time. Each one of you gets a chance. Who's first?"

Nobody moved.

That night, as usual, Chubby climbed out of his bedroom window, dropped down to a first-floor roof and slid down the wall. With two or three dollars he had from selling papers, he took the six out to Coney Island and blew his roll on rides and candies. That was his childhood. He couldn't stand to be cooped up, and he wanted to make friends.

At 15½, Carmine Orlando Tilelli disappeared forever. It was probably the most important step of his life, but if you ask Joey about it he shrugs and shakes his head and falls into the grunting monosyllables that have made some people think he is punch-drunk. Either he won't talk about it, or he's blocked it out of his mind.

He joined the Army. A kid, and Joey does not remember the kid's name, persuaded Chubby that grass was growing under their feet in Flatbush, that the paratroopers were a very sharp and Gung-Ho outfit, and that the neighborhood would really flip to see them come home in jump boots. Chubby, being no chicken, said sure, let's go. The kid had a cousin named Joey Giardello, who was the right age to enter the service. On January 16, 1946, a young man using the name of Joseph Giardello enlisted in the Army (Chubby-Joey has never met the real Joey Giardello) and Chubby Tilelli was only a Flatbush memory. Joey left his old name behind.

The persuasive kid, Joey's friend, fancied himself a boxer. He joined the company team at Fort Bragg, North Carolina, and was belted out in his first bout. Predictably, Joey got angry, and talked the boxing instructor into letting him box the victor. They both weighed 150 pounds. Joey waded in, started swinging, and knocked his man out.

"To ride, shoot straight, and speak the truth—
This was the ancient Law of Youth.
Old times are past, old days are done:
But the Law runs true, O little son!"

—Charles T. Davis

STURM, RUGER & COMPANY, INC.
Southport, Connecticut, U.S.A.
Manufacturers of Firearms for the Responsible Citizen-Sportsman

Joey joined the company, then the regiment (325th of the 82d Airborne) team, jockstrapping his way through the paratroops, winning more than he lost. When he was discharged in October of 1948, an Army buddy (once again Joey cannot remember the name) persuaded him to go to Philadelphia and work out at a gym at Eighth and Latonia. It was there that Joey turned pro, hooking up with his first manager, a character named Jimmy Santore. The word on Jimmy in Philly is that his police file disappeared out of headquarters one day. Maybe—but Joey shrugs: "Jimmy was wonderful, he never did me any harm."

Joey did well his first few years as a prelim boy, winning six bouts in 1948, 10 of 11 (one draw) in 1949. He was a wild kid, and he found plenty of friends in South Philly to help him break training and laugh and spend. He worked as a $90-a-week sewer digger to supplement his ring earnings. In 1950, Anthony Ferrante and Carmine Graziano bought out Santore. Ferrante is a cousin of Anthony Capanigro, a syndicate loan shark who goes by the name of Tony Bananas. When Frankie Carbo, once thought to be the underworld's liaison man with boxing, was busted in Camden, New Jersey, Mrs. Frankie Carbo stayed with Ferrante and his wife.

Joey Giardello had nice friends and his talents increased, too. He began whipsawing through a succession of pugs and catching main events at Madison Square Garden. He got married and fought even harder. His style began to change in the ring: always a stand-up, flat-footed,

whale-away puncher, Joey began to get the smarts, learning to slip punches, to feint, to be cute. Quick on his feet, possessed with a rare gift for tactics and incredibly fast hands (his score on a reflex-testing Burroughs computer was the fastest ever recorded by the machine), Joey as a boxer was even better than Joey as a slugger.

And then, within the space of two years, just as his name was rapidly climbing up the middleweight rankings, he got hit with trouble. First, there was the legal hassle.

On December 19, 1952, Joey won a 10-round decision from Billy Graham, in the Garden. Within minutes after the decision, Robert K. Christenberry, a politician then serving as New York's Boxing commissioner, changed one of the judge's scorecards and reversed the decision in Graham's favor. It came at a crucial time, when the title was vacant and up for grabs, and Joey filed suit in New York County Supreme Court for a re-reversal. He won (a judicial opinion read: "Boxing commissioners are not appointed on the basis of their expertness in judging prizefights") but at a cost. The commission started investigating Giardello's management.

Then trouble in the ring: Bobo Olson took the title in a match with Kid Gavilan, promised to fight Joey for the championship, then reneged in favor of an easier opponent. Brokenhearted, Joey lost to Pierre Langlois in a bout he was favored to win 4-1. Immediately afterward, he bought a home on Juniper Street in Philadelphia and everybody yelled "Fix."

Then trouble at home: Joey's second son was born, mentally retarded. Doctors could do nothing.

Then trouble on the highway: running away from training camp to get home to Rosalie and the kids, Joey's car flipped over three times on the Garden State Parkway. Somebody lost an eye and Joey smashed his left knee. He was on crutches, the world was tumbling about his ears, and suddenly Bobo Olson was ready to fight him for the title. The date was set for December 15, 1954.

At last Joey Giardello was getting a break, a shot at the title. He blew it on Halloween.

"It was mischief night, trick or treat night," says Joey. "We were playing poker at a store in South Philadelphia. A fellow asked me to drive him home. I needed some gas. There was me and two other fellows in my car. Then this loudmouthed guy we didn't want to take, he came along in his car.

"The gas station was on Broad Street, across the street from Father Divine's Heaven. People were coming out, white and colored. The gas station attendant was colored. I got three dollars worth of gas, and Loudmouth, in the next car started making remarks about Father Divine.

"I told the gas station attendant 'Don't mind him, he's had too much to drink.' I could see he was getting sore and I didn't blame him. If I was a Negro I probably would have belted Loudmouth. But I just turned around and told Loudmouth to shut up."

Joey took a deep breath, wrinkling his squashed-in nose. This is his side of the story, but he still doesn't enjoy telling it.

"After the attendant finished giving me my gas, he walked away and said: 'All you Guineas are loudmouths.' One of the guys in my car jumped out and hit the attendant. Then another guy in my car jumped out with my crutch and hit the attendant with it. I just sat there yelling 'Cut it out, cut it out.' I couldn't walk without my crutch."

According to Joey, neither he nor Loudmouth got out of their cars. As they drove away, somebody hurled a tire iron against Loudmouth's car.

The gas station was on the border line between the Italian and Negro neighborhoods in South Philly, an area of racial tension that had often erupted into minor riots. Joey's crowd at the time were not exactly hoods or racketeers. Just penny-pitchers, card players, drinkers, occasional brawlers. Their honor was stung by the attack against Loudmouth's car. In a bar on Passayunk and Moore Streets they decided to go back to the gas station. "I went back, too. You hate to be called yellow."

COMING . . .

What makes a turncoat? Read this revealing, tape-recorded interview with Korean War defector Scott Rush.

MY TEN YEARS IN RED CHINA

Exclusively . . .

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

Joey continued:

"I let them off at Broad and Washington, two blocks away. There were two cars and seven of us. They got out. I started after them. But I couldn't keep up walking. The arm rest on one of the crutches had fallen off back at the station. I got back in the car. I heard noise. Windows breaking at the gas station. The attendant was still there.

"And there was this stranger. Victor Mariani. A rat. I never knew him before. He hit the attendant with a pistol. He said it was only a starter's pistol. Big shot. When I heard the window crash, I called to the guys to get out. Half jumped on my car. The cab behind took my license. We went back to an after-hours club on Broad and Moore.

"The cops saw my car parked outside. They told me to come with them. At the police station, the colored guy said he saw me the first time, but not the second, and he picks out the three or four guys who hit him. Victor Mariani was one. They let me go. They held the others for awhile. They were going to have to make restitution because there was a lot of damage at the station. An Italian owned that station."

The incident was closed shortly afterward. Three officers from the Criminal Investigation Division wrote it off as just another racial incident. Joey went back to training, but his leg stiffened up and he was scratched from the Olson fight. Langlois took his place.

On November 27, almost a month after the incident, Joey was arrested for striking one gas station attendant named Howard Short with a crutch.

On the night that Olson beat Langlois, December 15, Joey was indicted for assault. The trial was postponed so Joey could fight Olson for the title, but Olson demurred. In the best interest of the manly art, Bobo would wait until Joey cleared his name. Joey didn't. In a three-day trial in March, Mariani and Howard Short testified that Joey was on the scene on both trips to the gas station, and had struck Short with his crutch. Joey says they lied.

First of all, Mariani was convicted along with Joey, but he was not charged with carrying a gun. It would seem as though he turned state's evidence. And second of all, Richardson Dilworth, the district attorney, was mounting his campaign for mayor of Philadelphia—and he needed the Negro vote. Two of the three police officers who refused to change their original report were fired. And in July, bitter at the system, at Mariani, at the world, Joey began a 6-18 month term at Holmsburg Prison. His father died while he was in jail.

Then, suddenly, several days after Dilworth became mayor, a judge was brought down from upstate Pennsylvania. Court was opened on Armistice Day, and Joey was sprung. Mayor Dilworth went even further: he was instrumental in convincing the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission that Joey had repaid his debt to society and should be reinstated in the ring. Joey maintains that the man felt guilty.

There are people who can rise out of a cesspool clean, and there are people —like Joey Giardello—who can never shake the dirt they walk through. In the years that followed everybody pointed the finger at Joey. Newspapermen liked to call him "the bad boy of boxing" and insinuate that he was a mob fighter; boxing officials accused him of associating with undesirables, liberals accused him of being anti-Negro (despite the fact that he trained at a predominately Negro gym, fought Negro fighters at a time when many whites were ducking them and employed Negro cornermen and sparring partners).

Some things were true, however. To pay off gambling debts, Joey borrowed money from Tony Bananas, and he admits to having "carried" many fighters. Joey is a little vague on who told him to carry them (it's always "they"). But there was Joe Gray in Detroit on July 2, 1957 ("They" wanted him carried so as not to spoil a future television fight). Gray had the temerity to open a cut over Joey's right eye early in the fight, and Joey had to settle down and belt him out in the sixth round. There was Joe DeNuccio, in Boston, on December 12, 1961 ("They" didn't want DeNuccio to be made to look bad). Joey became angry when the fight was called a draw.

And there was always the taint of "fix"

when Joey lost, always rumors that he was dumping one for the "big boys". The Castellani rumor, all $50,000 of it, was the most persistent.

Joey swears that he never dumped a fight, but, of course, a fight can be fixed without the fighters ever knowing. Judges and referees are blessed with human qualities and mortgages, too.

Through it all, Joey developed as a professional, mining a good living from the ring. He appeared on television at least 40 times, and beat such middleweights as Randy Sandy, Rory Calhoun, Chico Vejar, Wilfi Greaves, Dick Tiger (they split a pair of decisions in 1959), Tiger Jones, and Holley Mims.

But he lost, too—to ham-and-eggers. Frustrated, overconfident, under trained, he would come into a fight 8-12 pounds over the contracted 160. At the weigh ins, his trainers would stand on either side and lift him up by his jock so he could make the weight. He was eating pasta, and drinking, and staying up late. Overweight and short on breath, Joey says that in those days he was "the greatest five round fighter in the world in 10 round fights." He would outbox his man the first five rounds, then tired, con the man out of the sixth with a late flurry, and coast through the last four, just trying to keep out of trouble. He won a lot of fights six rounds to four, or five to four with one even. All the people who had come to expect a lot from Giardello began to think he was a bum.

Ironically, it was just when he was beginning to change, to calm down, to work the wildness out of his system. He was spending more time at home, he was assuming the responsibilities of his fatherhood, he was, as one promoter put it "assuming a cloak of respectability and trying to shake a hoody past." And he was training hard. In 1960, he got his second chance at the title, a fight with Gene Fullmer, owner of the National Boxing Association middleweight title.

The fight with Fullmer, on April 20, 1960, in Bozeman, Montana, was a wild-swinging, dirty Pier 6 brawl. In the fourth round, Joey was cut by what he charged was a deliberate butt. Joey got angry, shoved the referee and deliberately butted Fullmer back, cutting him. He lost points on his action and in a controversial, disputed split decision, the fight was called a draw. The trainload of friends who had come out from South Philly for the fight called him "champ" after that, but the title was still Fullmer's.

That seemed to be it for Joey. There were good moments, like moving into the new house in Cherry Hill and settling into a community, like beating Henry Hank and a fading Sugar Ray Robinson, but even Tony Ferrante was losing interest. He figured Joey was through, that he'd never win a title. He sold Joey's contract for $7,500 to a storm-window man. Joey bought it for himself for a reported 10 grand. And then, suddenly, it was 3 o'clock and Chubby Tilelli had a big fight.

Dick Tiger, the 34-year-old conqueror of Fullmer, had to defend his title. He wanted an easy one, a soft, badly condi-

PEANUTS IS A BOBBING HEAD DOLL

Here are all the charming Peanuts people (and Snoopy) in the form of delightful and authentic dolls. Each of your popular friends stands 6 inches high and comes to you in full, brilliant color. A slight touch and the head bobs up and down or from side to side. Cute as gifts, Charlie Brown and friends add a pixie touch to any room or car. Special composition material makes the dolls as durable as they are winsome. **$1.25 each. Choose any combination of 3 for $3.50. Any combination of 6 for $6.50.**

CHARLIE BROWN

PIG PEN

LINUS

LUCY

SCHROEDER

SNOOPY

Peanuts Dolls ©1963, United Features Syndicate, Inc.

HAMILTON HOUSE, DEPT. JT-5, COS COB, CONN.

Please send me the following Peanuts Dolls with the Bobbing Heads. I understand that if for any reason I am not satisfied, I will receive my money back.

_____Charlie Brown _____Lucy _____Linus _____Schroeder _____Pig Pen _____Snoopy

$1.25 each. Choose any combination of 3 for $3.50. Any combination of 6 for $6.50. Postage for 1 or 6, only 15¢ additional. (Sorry, no COD's or Canadian orders)

Total Enclosed $ _____

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____ ZONE OR ZIP _____

RINGTHEBELL.TV on Archive.org

"Oh, it worked all right—our boy's in orbit!"

tioned fighter who could never stand up for 15 rounds to his superb endurance. Giardello wanted a title shot. And the only people around who could deliver both fighters and a site happened to be a pair of inexperienced, honest, and somewhat reckless promoters named Murray Goodman and Sam Bartoletta, who had been running a small club in Teaneck, New Jersey, as a sideline. Giardello was on his way down and Tiger, though a champion, was a poor drawing card. Nobody wanted to touch the fight. Goodman-Bartoletta booked it into Atlantic City's Convention Hall, an arena that had never seen a title fight, on December 7, when nobody would be in town.

Atlantic City, in the waning months of the year, looks like an old hooker at breakfast: pale, quiet, washed out. Lonely clutches of middle-aged women scurry among the big stone hotels in search of teachers' conventions, stray groups of nuns, soldiers on pass, an occasional clandestine couple wander down the windswept boardwalk past shuttered amusement stands and boarded-up burlesque theaters. Basically, a summer resort, the city dies in cold weather. The hustlers move out of the side street hotels and head south, the downtown nightclubs limp along at quarter speed with fifth-string comics telling old clean jokes and phony chanteuses tiredly grinding through songs in fractured French. With the wind and the chill and the cold sun, it seemed a perfect setting for Joey Giardello to go out with a whimper. The odds-makers agreed. Tiger was a firm 3-1 favorite.

The bookies obviously weren't up in Joey's room at the Ritz-Carlton the afternoon he lay on his bed, staring at the ceiling and murmuring over and over again: "My daddy was champion of the world, my daddy was champion of the world."

The writer leaned forward and asked him what he meant.

Joey's eyebrows went up, and his lids blinked hard as if to clear fog away. "All these years," he said softly, "They been calling me the bad boy of boxing, a punk kid who likes to bang heads. Well, I'm desperate. This is it. I busted my back to get this shot for the title.

"My past, my past, always they talk about my past. I got a 12-year-old boy who doesn't know his daddy was in jail. I got a 10-year-old who's mentally retarded. Someday I got to explain a lot of things to them about their father, about the dumb things he did. When I tell them those things I want to be able to tell them that their daddy won the title. I want to give them something, maybe something to say when other kids call them names or make fun of their father. I want them to be able to say 'My Daddy was champion of the world.' "

He looked good, those last few days before the fight, quick and sharp in workouts, leaner than he had been in years. The leeches were there, the buddies, but more and more Joey stayed with little Adolph Ritacco, who didn't have to look for him in bars this time, and Arnold Giovanetti, his second cornerman. He ran hard on the boardwalk every morning, went to sleep early every night. There was no pasta, no beer, no cigarettes.

The weigh-in ceremony on the day of the fight was brisk and grim. Joey came in at 158, no one pulled up on his jock, and everyone was surprised. He went right back to his room to sleep. They smothered the phone up there because all afternoon, by bus and car and train, the paesani were pouring in from South Philly and Brooklyn and points north. Men in blue suits and gray coats and pearl hats and some with scars. There was talk that the betting was heavy, but at fight time the odds were still 3-1. Obviously, nobody was betting hard on Joey. And these were his friends.

The fight was neither televised nor broadcast. Only the 12,000 or so (there was never any official count) in Convention Hall had a chance to see Joey Giardello rise, like the mythical phoenix, from ashes of his past. He was beautiful that night, forcing the action from the start on flurries of left jabs, dancing around the balefully glaring Tiger who followed him around the ring like a concrete slab stalking the wind. Tiger punches hard and tries to force his men into corners where he can work on them, but Joey slipped and whirled and feinted. Through the middle rounds, the crowd waited for Joey's legs to buckle, his chest start heaving, his arm to grow too heavy to hold. But the best five-round fighter in the world just hadn't decided which were going to be his five rounds that night. He twisted and dodged and spun off the ropes and when he started bleeding from a cut over his right eye in the 11th he just came across with slugging, pole-ax exchanges that had the crowd on its feet and screaming. In the 13th, Arnold and Adolph were screaming "Take him, Chubby, take him, Chubby," and the paesani were yelling "Jo-Jo, baby, Jo-Jo, baby" and then it was the 15th and Arnold, Adolph and Joey were crying and Arnold was blubbering "You're the champ, Joey," and Giardello just kept circling Tiger, counting the seconds, ignoring Tiger's pleas to come out and fight.

When the bell rang all hell broke loose and every paesano in the world was climbing across backs and chairs and other people to get to the ring, and somebody carried Rosalie over the ropes and the cops couldn't handle the mob lifting Joey into the air. A fat woman stood behind the press table pounding a reporter on the back as he tried to write his story and yelling "What fight did you see, dummy? Jo-Jo won every single round, every single round, every single round." And afterward there was whisky and girls and songs and laughter at the Ritz-Carlton and everybody was there all night except Joey and Rosalie who were down at the 500 Club, Sinatra's place, making up for all those nights without short beers.

Sometime this summer, Giardello will meet Tiger again. Boxing experts feel that if Joey is as sharp and as well-conditioned as he was in Atlantic City, the ending will be the same. They believe that Joey, because he is a crafty boxer, could possibly keep the title for at least another three or four years. The middleweight division, with its Rubin Carters and Laszlo Papps and Joey Archers and Holley Mims, poses no great threats to him. If he stays in shape. If he's all grown up like he says he is. Thirty-three might be old for a man to grow up, but what can you do if it's the only age you've got?

—Steve Cady & Bob Lipsyte

THE MARINES' AWOL HERO

[*Continued from page 28*]

stood, and one family of which had been his foster parents.

As a child, Gabaldon had been the toughest kid in his part of East Los Angeles. His parents, of Spanish descent, had a home in Boyle Heights, but Guy was seldom in it. He was usually in a fight somewhere. He managed to get his nose broken four times before he was in his teens, and the police at the Boyle Heights station knew him well. One of them shouted at him one day: "I'm tired of seeing you in here!" and delivered a kick to Gabaldon's rump. "You'll wind up in San Quentin, you little bastard!"

It appeared to his acquaintances that nothing was going to straighten Gabaldon out, and that San Quentin did indeed await him.

And then he met the Une family. They were Nisei, Americans of Japanese descent. Other friends of his were Issei, immigrants from Japan. George Une was a classmate at junior high. (For all his other troubles, Guy seldom skipped school, and usually got good grades.) Gabaldon had no desire to fight George. He soon got in the habit of going home with him to the Une house on Gleason street where George lived with his parents, an older brother, and three older sisters.

"Papa-san" Une was an auto mechanic. The family lived as well as other Americans of the same income, and pretty soon Guy decided he'd like to live with them.

Gabaldon's parents and brothers didn't like the idea. It was true, however, that since taking up with his Nisei and Issei friends he hadn't had a single fight and was staying out of trouble. Perhaps further doses from the same bottle would work a complete cure. One day, Gabaldon turned up at the Une home lugging his clothes. "I'm here, Papa-san," he said.

"Okay," said Mr. Une. "When you get your things put away, you'd better wash your hands. Supper will be ready soon. Don't be late." He turned on the radio to get the baseball scores.

The Unes were not "Japanese" any more than the Eisenhowers were German or the Roosevelts Hollanders. They were Americans, and their habits were indistinguishable from those of any of their California neighbors. They had no knowledge of Japanese politics, and thus transmitted none to Guy. They did transmit, however, a sound knowledge of the Japanese language, which he added to his earlier fluency in Spanish.

If Gabaldon paid little attention to the world scene, he paid a lot to boxing. Since moving in with the Unes, the tenseness had left him and he was now doing his fighting in gyms, mostly the one at Third and Spring owned by the aging but still vigorous Jack Johnson, former heavyweight champion of the world. Gabaldon had an idea he might become a professional boxer, and staying in training occupied a fair amount of his time. All in all he was pretty happy in that winter of 1941—up until the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor.

Immediately, prejudice became violent against people of Japanese citizenship or descent. There was talk of riots. The United States government announced that all people of Japanese extraction on the Pacific Coast would be moved into "relocation camps"—aliens, citizens, veterans of World War I—it made no difference.

The order probably was unconstitutional but its victims decided not to fight it. The Unes were sent to Manzanar Relocation Camp in northern California. All over the West, houses, farms, fishing boats, stores, factories, businesses, were sold or rented for a fraction of their value. The fruits of years of toil vanished overnight.

Gabaldon was stunned. He felt as though his own family were being snatched from him. He had suffered a double blow: the Japanese had done him dirty by attacking his country; and his country had wronged him by the virtual imprisonment of his new family. Guy, who was then 15, decided to do something about it. He would enlist and hasten the end of the war so that his friends would be free again. It seemed simple enough.

His anger still high, he hastened to an Army recruiting station. Not surprisingly, the Army told him to come back when he was older. He got the same brushoff at the other recruiting stations. He soon realized he'd have to bide his time before the country would let him help out with the war.

So he finished high school and then took a job in a fish cannery in Alaska. During that time he traveled up and down the whole panhandle and archipelago. Then he was 17, and he promptly returned to California and tried to enlist in the Marines. He was turned down.

"You're an inch too short, and you've got a punctured ear drum," the medical officer said.

"But doctor, listen! My brother was on the *Lexington* when it was sunk," Gabaldon said. "I've *got* to get in!" The *Lexington* story was true; he didn't add, however, that the brother had been rescued.

"Sorry. Can't take you."

Desperately, Gabaldon cast around in his mind for something to change the officer's mind. "And I can speak Japanese, too—fluently!" Gabaldon blurted. The medical officer halfturned, and gave him a skeptical glance. Gabaldon burst out in a torrent of rapid-fire *Nihongo*.

"Okay, okay. Yeoman, have this man interviewed. Find out if he's telling the truth."

And, of course, it was true. The Corps decided to overlook the missing inch and the punctured ear drum. They swore Gabaldon into service. After boot training at Camp Pendleton he moved on to the Japanese Language School at Camp Elliot, California, at about the time the "Zoot Suit Riots"—an ugly affair between servicemen in Los Angeles and the East Los Angeles teenagers—broke out. Gabaldon, this time not looking for trouble, found it anyway. His jaw was broken in a fight, and by the time he got out of the hospital he had been busted from the

Citation's aroma? Masculine to the core. Lasting, yet subtle. The Secret? Rare, imported essences, selected for their discreet long life. Citation's soothing ingredients keep working hour after hour, too. New Citation, by Mennen, truly the all day after shave (also great for those evening assignments). Ⓜ

"Gesundheit!"

language school and transferred to the 38th Replacement Draft in Hawaii.

In May, he embarked for Eniwetok with the Intelligence Section of the Second Marine Regiment, Second Division. The "Pacific Timetable," which originally had called for the invasion of Truk next, was advanced by 90 days and the target changed. The new order read: "To land, seize, occupy, and defend Saipan, then be prepared to seize Tinian on order."

Gabaldon hit Saipan with the first assault. As he lumbered up the sloping beach with his bayonet-tipped M1 held ahead of him, he saw a Marine stumble nearby and fall face first to the sand. Gabaldon dropped down next to the man to see if he could help. The Marine's face was grimed, and where his forehead ought to have been there was an open, flowing wound. Gabaldon forced himself to stare at the dead man and to accept the fact of death. Nothing in his youth had prepared him for this moment, but he was determined to be equal to it. To fortify himself, he recalled for an instant the Une family, and his earlier resolve to "avenge" them through his own bravery.

His M1 now felt very heavy to him, and he plunged it into the sand by its bayonet. He picked up the dead man's carbine and ammo, took one last look, and said: "So long, buddy." A green fly crawled around the rim of the dead man's nostril.

Two hundred feet away, Gabaldon came upon a Japanese dugout. The men inside hadn't noticed him. He crawled slowly past it, then crept up from behind. He heard movements inside. Clearly and calmly, he called out: *"Te wo agete koko ni kinasai*— Come out with your hands raised!" No sound came from the dugout.

"Shimpai shinaide—don't be afraid!" he said. He repeated his invitation to surrender once more without effect. Then he took a grenade from his belt, pulled the pin, and rolled it into the dugout. The explosion rocked him, showering sand down inside his uniform. When the air cleared, he saw two Imperial Marines dead side by side in the grimy pit. He stared down at them for a moment before hurrying off to rejoin his unit.

By 11:30 the Second Division had advanced north past Red Beach 2 and a thousand yards southwest to the local radio towers. The exhausted Americans flopped down for a break. Gabaldon broke open some C-rations—meatballs and spaghetti. He was half finished when the Japanese counterattacked. The Marines dug in and held their positions all through the afternoon and night.

By the next morning the counterattack was over. The Japs had pulled back. But Gabaldon was still just another Marine, undistinguished from his buddies. He wasn't going to get a Congressional Medal of Honor this way.

Around midday, a messenger arrived from Col. Walter Stuart, the regimental commander, with the announcement that headquarters wanted R-2 to furnish an interpreter for a patrol. A cliff side ahead of the American lines was dotted with caves, and it was believed that at least one of the caves was occupied either by troops or civilians.

Gabaldon overheard, and volunteered immediately. Soon he was off, moving cautiously past Marine lines with the patrol. In less than an hour they had reached the cliff side and spotted the mouth of a small cave, the sill of which was above eye level, making it impossible to look inside.

"All right," Gabaldon said, "you men cover me. I'm going in to talk." As a Pfc, he had no right to give orders, but he did so almost by reflex, and his buddies accepted them in the same fashion. He moved forward slowly, his carbine at the ready. Near the mouth of the cave, he stopped, cupped his hand, and shouted in Japanese: "You are entirely surrounded by a regiment of American troops. Escape is impossible. We do not want to hurt you. If you come out with your hands raised you will not be hurt."

Silence. Then, straining his ears, he thought he heard a noise. His hand tensed on the carbine. "You will starve to death if you stay there," he called. "Perhaps some of you are wounded. I'll give you food and water and medical care. Don't be afraid!"

Behind him, Gabaldon heard someone say, "The hell with this. Throw in a couple of grenades." Gabaldon grimaced, and waited. But he knew he couldn't wait forever, and was on the verge of turning away when something showed over the lip of the cave.

"Shimpai shinaide," he called. "Don't be afraid." The top of a man's face appeared over the rim, eyes filled with terror. Then the whole face appeared, an old man's face, ending in a wisp of white beard. Slowly, with great effort, the civilian emerged. His left arm was raised.

"Both hands up!" Gabaldon demanded. The old man turned, showing that his right arm had been shattered at the elbow leaving bare bones sticking out. The lower half dangled by shreds of flesh.

"I am old and hurt and ready to die," said the man. "Please kill me quickly."

"I don't want to kill you," Gabaldon shouted. "I'll get you something to eat, and take you to a doctor." The man looked around for the nonexistent regiment by which, supposedly, he was surrounded, then came forward, slipping and staggering. Gabaldon took him by his good arm, and the man recoiled.

"Aren't you going to kill me? I would rather die than see the others harmed." Gabaldon eased him to a sitting position against a tree, gave him water from his own canteen, and applied sulfa powder to the wound. For the first time, something besides resignation to death showed in the old man's eyes. Gabaldon soothed him eloquently, and after a while persuaded him to go back in the cave and talk to the others.

It seemed a long time before the man appeared again. When he emerged, he was trailed by five other men, three women and three children. Gabaldon's patrol fed the pathetic group from their own rations and gave the wounded first aid. Still, it was with obvious reluctance that the civilians started toward the American lines.

They stiffened on coming in sight of the main body of American troops. But when they saw that they were looked on more with curiosity than with rage or lust, they began to loosen. Intelligence officers questioned the group, and drew from them valuable information on Japanese movements.

Guy Gabaldon had found his *modus operandi*. The next day he went AWOL.

Intrigued by his success with the Saipan civilians, Gabaldon constructed a theory that—through his natural persuasiveness, combined with his fluency in the Japanese language—he could overcome the *bushido*, the code of military honor that forbade surrender by Japanese troops, and convince them that their cause was, in fact, hopeless. That way, he might cut down the slaughter and even hasten the end of the campaign. Abruptly he decided to give it a try. And since he was certain Capt. John Schwabe wouldn't approve, he simply lagged behind his unit one day, and when he was out of sight, set out for a long ridge abutting Mount Tapotchau.

He knew there were scores of caves in that sector, and after a brief search he found one. A mound of freshly turned earth protected its mouth.

"All right you troops in there," he called. "This is a United States Marine officer talking to you. You fought bravely and honorably, but further resistance is foolish. You are surrounded. I order you to send out one of your men to discuss what must be done next!" Purposely, he omitted the word surrender. There was no reply. He held a grenade in his hand. If the cave was empty, he'd be wasting it. If not—well, he had given them a chance. He waited; tossed the grenade inside.

DIVISION OF NUNN-BUSH

Trust Edgertons . . .

Most Styles
$12.95
to
$18.95

Made by Nunn-Bush, Edgertons demonstrate quality standards that cause thousands of conscientious shoe merchants to stock them for their customers.

Style 0417 — Turf Varsity Leather Upper. Rubber Heel. Cellulose Insole. Vinyl Heel Pad. Division of Nunn-Bush Shoe Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201. Also made at 430 McGill St., Montreal, Quebec, Canada.

GET PROVEN PERFORMANCE AND A FEATHER-SMOOTH RIDE IN A GLASTRON AQUA-LIFT®

You've no doubt heard of Glastron's exclusive Aqua-Lift® hull. We know the industry has because other manufacturers of small pleasure boats are just now getting around to adopting its concept. That's ample proof that the Aqua-Lift® is the best. Of course, we've offered it for several seasons now (we build 16 fiberglass models from a 14-foot sports job to a 23-foot sports fisherman). If you've read the magazines, you know that the Glastron Aqua-Lift® has collected trophies at the Long Island Marathon, Salton Sea 500, Orange Bowl Regatta, and Hudson River Marathon, plus twenty or so others. But besides building an exceptionally stable boat, we also build one that is awfully attractive, inside and out. This means that you'll make a big splash wherever you dock. If you'll put out five cents for a stamp, we'll cover the investment with a treasure of information: our full-color brochure.

DESIGN BY HAMMOND
Glastron

GLASTRON BOAT COMPANY
Dept. T54, P.O. Box 9447, Austin, Texas

Please send free, full-color brochure.

Name.....

Address.....

City, State.....

When the noise died away, he worked his way around to another cave and repeated his spiel. No answer. "Are you deaf?" he shouted. "Did you hear what happened just now? Those men were stubborn and foolish. They refused to parley. Now they are dead. What do you have to lose by sending a man out to talk? Let him come out with his hands over his head and he will not be harmed."

And now finally there came an answer: *"One man is coming out!"*

Relief flooded Gabaldon; he kept his carbine ready. The man who came out was short and stocky and dressed in dirty khakies. His black eyes darted around.

"I see no one but you," he said. "Where are the troops who are surrounding us?"

Gabaldon waved his hand. "Behind every rock and tree," he said. "Do you think I'd be risking my life if it weren't so?" The Japanese said nothing. For a moment, Gabaldon didn't know what to say next himself. So he yelled the first thing that popped into his mind: "Name, rank and serial number?"

"Ko Watanabe. Private. 700-0913." A plane droned overhead. Somewhere to the north there was the steady pounding of a battery.

"Ah, I have some friends in California of the Watanabe family. Where is your home? Hokkaido? The northern island. Is it hot in that cave? Hokkaido is cool. I know. Yesterday five men from Hokkaido came along with me." Glibly, Gabaldon made up names for the five men and supplied them with home towns. He peopled Saipan with more divisions than the Marine Corps possessed. It was the biggest, boldest snow job he had ever attempted. But all the while he kept the drop on the man.

"Have you ever played baseball? Good. I'm going to toss you these cigarettes. See how good a catcher you are. Now go back in the cave. Tell the others to lay down their arms and come out."

Watanabe shook his head. Japanese troops did not surrender, he said. Gabaldon summoned all his persuasiveness. On the one hand, he argued, it was not disgraceful for troops in wartime to surrender when hopelessly outnumbered; and, on the other, Watanabe and his buddies were disgraced already for having allowed the Americans to come this far. He quoted Japanese proverbs to enforce his case.

"Let me go back. I will talk to them," Watanabe said.

"Go back, then, but remember; if they don't come out we will blow up the cave!"

In a few minutes, the Japanese soldier reappeared with two other men. Gabaldon was exultant. He asked about others and was told there were none. "You may light one cigarette each," he said, "and then march toward me."

While shepherding his prisoners toward the American lines, Gabaldon saw another cave. This time he had the Japanese prisoners join in his spiel, confirming that they had not been mistreated. Seven Japanese enlisted men in tattered uniforms emerged and fell in with their comrades.

Captain Schwabe stared as the undersized Marine came marching in with 10 prisoners. "Where the hell have you been?" he demanded. "And where did you pick up those monkeys?"

"In the caves, Captain. I went to the caves and conned them out. And as soon as I can I want to go back."

Schwabe blew up. "Nothing doing!" he said. "It's too risky. You stay with the outfit."

"What do you want me to do with the prisoners, Captain?" Gabaldon asked.

"Take them over for interrogation, of course," the officer said.

Later, Schwabe told Gabaldon: "We got good dope from those Japs of yours, Gabby. But nevertheless, you stay away from those caves. That's an order."

Gabaldon nodded. He admired the tall Oklahoman, but in this one matter he considered his own judgment to be sounder. Besides, there was a medal to be won.

That day the Marine Corps' heavy artillery came ashore. The ground troops found the pounding of the heavy guns very reassuring.

Gabaldon, however, was AWOL again. He had found something he could do that nobody else could do. Consider the tactics used by other Marines when confronting a cave full of civilians or troops: first, a few scraps of fractured phrasebook Japanese---*"Dete koi!"* for instance, meaning "Come out." This was the way a Japanese would address a dog, as whoever compiled the phrase-book didn't know. It wasn't calculated to inspire confidence in some brainwashed, *Bushido*-happy cave dweller. Its common corruption by the Marines into *"Tay-tay ko-ee"* or *"Hi de koy"* didn't help either. The Americans were edgy. It was damnably hot. The dust was stifling. Flies, mosquitoes, centipedes, and scorpions crawled and stung. So when there was no reply to this garbled version of an order which would have been offensive in any case, some raw-nerved young Marine usually would toss in a phosphorous grenade. These were intended to smoke the enemy out; they did, however, cause frightful, festering wounds. After this, some of the attackers would remember another gobbet of pidjin *Nihongo: "Shim passion noddy!"* he'd yell, meaning *"Shimpai shinaide"*---"Don't be afraid." If those in the cave hadn't been afraid before they had every reason to be now.

After this came regular grenades, four-block charges of TNT and a flamethrower, if available. Then a bulldozer would grumble up to push dirt into the hole's mouth and seal it up forever.

COMING . . .

THE SACRIFICIAL KILLINGS AT YERBABUENA

The strange, true story of the Mexican cultists and their weird witch doctor who demanded death for the faith. Read

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

There were thousands of caves on Saipan, relics of old-time mining and quarrying activities. The Americans didn't dare ignore them and pass on, leaving a possible nest of infiltrators at their rear. But it took time, terribly precious time, to tackle each pit and cave. Often it took American lives as well, and the results were purely negative. Dead men were of no use to Intelligence.

So Gabaldon went over the hill again. Burning in him now like a fire, and giving him no rest, was his compulsive desire to be a hero; to win the Congressional Medal of Honor and thereby call attention to the plight of his foster parents and other Japanese-Americans in the relocation camps. He began to lose track of time and place. At one moment, he would be climbing the slopes of Mount Tapotchau, pockets and pack stuffed with food and cigarettes. Frogs would be croaking in the rainwater cisterns of abandoned farms. Now and again, a sow and her farrow would go lumbering past, squealing and grunting, or a buffalo would move ponderously away. Then, suddenly, he would note something. A footprint, perhaps; a clump of soil still damp, though on dry ground. Every nerve alert, he would look around. Then under the gnarled roots of a big old tree, he would see a hole where soldiers had gone to ground like so many foxes.

At these times, Gabaldon began his performance again: "I am an American officer. You are entirely surrounded by the Second and Fourth Marines . . ." and so forth. He was no follower of Ghandi. If any soldier did come out and then make a false move, he killed him. If he had to seal up a cave or blow up a pillbox, he did it. But he always tried to get the soldiers or civilians out alive. And so he would come in day after day with from two to 15 prisoners. His officers decided it was simply too much trouble to try to restrain him; he became, in effect, a free lance. He never knew where he would turn up, nor what unit he would report to on his return. He customarily handed over captives to whatever outfit was nearby when he came out of the hills.

He conned everybody, and not only the Japanese. "I'm Gabaldon of the Second," he'd say, marching up to some unit he'd never seen before. "I want a patrol to take out. I think we can develop something on that plateau over there." And, oddly, he'd get his patrol, for word of his activities was spreading.

He had acquired from some recalcitrant Japanese major a Belgian made, .32 caliber pistol which he customarily wore in a shoulder holster. This, together with a Seabee-type baseball cap, which he preferred to a helmet, became his trademark. Other outfits begged and borrowed him. His doctrine had finally made converts: that it was better to take your enemy alive, if possible, than risk other lives trying to fight him to a standstill.

On the Fourth of July, the town of Garapan fell. Gabaldon was there, and so was an old buddy of his, Cliff Jolly. Cautiously, they proceeded through the ruins, running from shattered wall to

[*Continued on page* 96]

MAN TO MAN
ANSWERS
from the staff of TRUE

Hal H. Harrison
Natl. Audubon Soc.

Not much fun on a drinking party, this little fellow, the kangaroo rat, lives without water.

Is there any animal that can live without drinking water? This zoological puzzler, one that has intrigued biologists for a long time, comes to us from Bailey Jansen of Corpus Christi, Texas.

The man best able to give the answer is a Duke University scientist, Dr. Knute Schmidt-Nielsen, who has hotfooted it around a lot of the world's deserts, observing their inhabitants. In his studies in the Arizona desert, the Duke researcher found many creatures, such as desert foxes, rabbits and mice, which apparently do not have to drink water at all but manage to get enough of it by eating desert plants, which have considerable H_2O in them. Cactus pulp, for instance, is 90 percent water.

But there was one startling exception. The kangaroo rat thrived in areas where there were no water-containing plants. And caged kangaroo rats, it was soon demonstrated, could go for months when fed only dry barley seeds. Could it be that they had acquired water from some source before the period of observation began and had the ability to store it almost indefinitely?

In journeys to the Sahara, Dr. Schmidt-Nielsen had made scientific studies of camels and their well-known capacity to store water—not in their humps, of course, as an ancient myth has it, but in all body tissues. Dr. Schmidt-Nielsen once watched a thirsty camel gulp down 30 gallons of water in 10 minutes flat. Once he stores it, the camel doles out water sparingly. His blood can go up 11° Fahrenheit before he starts to sweat about it. And he can lose one third of his body weight in water without becoming dehydrated. (A 12 percent loss kills a man.)

A little experiment with the kangaroo rats quickly did away with the possibility that they lived off stored water. One set was fed juicy watermelon rinds along with the barley seeds. At the end of eight weeks, the body water ratio was the same in both sets of rats—65 percent. Plainly, the rats which had received the extra liquid had not stored any of it.

Eventually, Dr. Schmidt-Nielsen drew the only conclusion possible, astounding as it is. He figured out that by combining the hydrogen in the seeds with oxygen from the air, the critter actually creates water in its body. Not much, to be sure, but it is equipped with highly efficient kidneys which need little water to function. And possessing no sweat glands, except in its toe pads, it suffers little loss that way.

So that's the answer. Yes, there is a creature that can live without drinking water—or getting it in his food. It's the kangaroo rat.

[*Continued on page* 92]

7 League Boots with 4-Wheel Drive

Ride with giant strides across mountains, gorges, deserts, rivers and forests —through mud, flood, sand, slog and snow. Nothing stops your Toyota Land Cruiser. It's the toughest, guttiest, keep-goingest power package ever built into a 4 wheel drive. Others try—but Toyota, with its ground-eating 7 league stride—its 85 mph speed on the highway—its studhorse 135 hp engine—its 9 forward, 3 reverse gear combinations—comes through where wheels never tread before! So don't be afraid to roam . . . comb every inch of the country you love.

Take off in a

TOYOTA LAND CRUISER

4 wheel drive with 7 league stride

For further information, write Toyota Motor Distributors, Inc., 6032 Hollywood Boulevard, Los Angeles 28, California. Available in Hard-top, Soft-top and Station Wagon Models / Parts and service available coast to coast.

Pamper Your Lawn WITH A
PENNSYLVANIA POWER REEL MOWER
Protect Your Investment In Seeding and Feeding

Stop damaging and yellowing your lawn by improper mowing. Pennsylvania's tempered, double-ground, high-carbon steel blades are micrometer mounted to snip each blade of grass like a scissors. A precision cutting instrument when you buy it—and after years of service. Rugged cast iron parts (not stampings) stay in perfect alignment and *the blades actually sharpen themselves as they cut.* Briggs&Stratton engines.

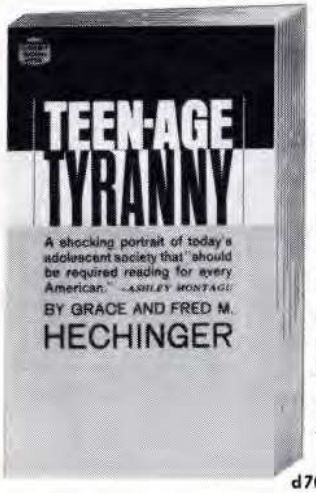
Riding Model available.

Difficult Lawn To Cut?
NEVER A DULL MOMENT
WITH PENNSYLVANIA
18" AND 20" Deluxe
3 H.P. Rotary Mowers
FREE! *Extra Blade, Blade Wrench, Factory Sharpening for sharp cutting all season!*

Quality Mowers Since 1877

See your dealer or write us for literature:
PENNSYLVANIA LAWN PRODUCTS, INC.
A Division of Virginia Metalcrafters,
Dept. 155, Waynesboro, Virginia 22980

"A TIMELY ALARM FOR PARENTS & EDUCATORS"
—VANCE PACKARD
author of *The Pyramid Climbers*


TEEN-AGE TYRANNY
A shocking portrait of today's adolescent society that "should be required reading for every American." —ASHLEY MONTAGU
BY GRACE AND FRED M. HECHINGER

A shocking portrait of today's adolescent society that "should be required reading for every American" —*Ashley Montagu*

d705

"A fine, angry book... thoughtful, witty and well-documented" —*St. Louis Post-Dispatch*

CREST BOOKS

Wherever paperback books are sold — only 50c

Buy this Crest Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Crest Books, P.O. Box 1014, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

Wide World

Q: How much money does an astronaut such as Gordon Cooper receive for orbiting the earth, or do they volunteer for the job? *L. Anderson, Jamestown, N. Y.*

A: Astronaut L. Gordon Cooper, a major in the United States Air Force, is paid according to his military rank. At the present time this totals $13,232 per year. This figure includes base pay, allowance for subsistence and quarters, and flight pay. The astronauts, selected from a group that applied voluntarily for the program, receive no additional pay for orbiting the earth.

Q: With horses fast fading from the American scene what does the mushroom industry use in place of the equine by-product? *Brewster Giles, Camden, N. Y.*

A: Horse manure has not entirely disappeared from the mushroom industry. It still accounts for about 50 percent of the compost used by growers. Coming fast into fore, however, is synthetic compost made from hay, chopped corn cobs and chemicals.

Q: Is there an existing photograph of Joseph Niephore Niepce, the man considered the father of photography? *Thomas Dancik, Cleveland, Ohio.*

A: There is no photograph of Niepce in existence. He died in 1833 before photography had reached the technical level to permit portraiture. Although credited as one of the inventors of photography, Niepce's invention, as such, never really materialized. After his death, Louis Jacques Mande Daguerre, who had become his partner, modified and perfected Niepce's ideas. He made the daguerreotype, a photograph produced on a silver plate made sensitive by the action of iodine and developed, after exposure, by mercury vapor.

Q: When panning for gold, does the presence of zircon crystals seen under light in a concentrate always indicate the presence of gold? *F. M. Price, Los Angeles, Calif.*

A: No. Zircon crystals, fluorescent when placed under an ultraviolet light, are not necessarily present in gold concentrates.

Q: What is the largest railroad passenger terminal in the United States and where is it located? *V. G. Tower, Battle Creek, Mich.*

A: The latest survey, made in 1950 but still believed accurate, uses various measurements to determine size. It shows Grand Central Station, New York City, the largest in number of passenger tracks; Pennsylvania Station, New York City, the largest by number of suburban and through passenger trains daily; and Cleveland's Union Station as the largest in actual floor space.

Q: When was the raised mound adopted in baseball and how high is it? *C. A. Taylor, Wooster, Ohio.*

A: The raised mound, giving the pitcher an obvious advantage, is almost as old as baseball itself. Originally the rules said nothing about the legal height of the mound, but as they grew higher and higher, restrictions became necessary. Accordingly, the playing code of 1903 stipulated that the mound be no higher than 15 inches. This provision proved satisfactory and has never been changed.

Q: What is the record for the number of bricks laid in an eight hour day by one mason? *Jerry Wagner, Oscoda, Mich.*

A: Charlie Hunt of Morton, New Zealand, walked off with all the prizes in the brick-laying department on January 27, 1960. That's when he built a twin brick wall in 8¾ hours using 2,603 bricks. All sizes and types of jobs considered, the average brick layer handles about 600 bricks per day.

Q: On the bottom of many one-dollar bills it says, "One dollar in silver payable to the bearer on demand." Where can I go to turn my bills in for silver? *Richard Vallens, Orinda, Calif.*

A: Technically speaking the Treasury Department is only obligated to make this exchange if you present your bills at the Treasury Building in Washington, D.C. From a practical point of view, however, most banks are able and willing to exchange a reasonable number of silver dollars for bills. The Treasury Department has recently put into circulation more than 50 million new $1 Federal Reserve Notes. Eventually, all the old silver certificates will be replaced by these notes which are not backed by silver but by gold or other collateral. Although they do not carry the statement that they can be exchanged for silver it is likely that most banks will continue to make such exchanges.

Q: Did Douglas Aircraft ever make a modified version of the DC-3? ***Philip L. Chase, Presque Isle, Me.***

A: Yes. After World War II, many war surplus DC-3 aircraft were available so it was decided to update the basic airframe of these planes rather than produce a new and more expensive design. Called the Super DC-3, main changes in the reconstructed planes included higher rated engines, a larger tail for improved stability, and a fuselage extension of 39 inches.

Q: When a breed of dog is born and it is to have a short tail, how and why is the tail cut? ***Mrs. Mary Barbara Boesch, Phoeniz, Ariz.***

A: The reason for cutting, or docking, a dog's tail in some of the sporting breeds is both traditional and practical. It originated as a means of preventing the tail from becoming torn by heavy cover and briars in the field. Docking of such working breeds as the Old English Sheepdog originated in the days when only working dogs were exempt from tax in England and the docked tail was the insignia. Although some experienced breeders do their own docking, the operation is usually performed by a veterinarian when the puppy is about three days old. The skin folds over the end and heals quickly. If done when the pup is older, the operation must be done by a veterinarian.

Q: Could you give me a listing of all foreign cities that have an operating underground subway system such as the one in New York? ***Brig. Gen. F. P. Munson, USA Ret., Washington, D.C.***

A: At the present time 23 foreign cities have rapid rail transit systems that operate partially or totally underground and can be considered subways. They are: London, Moscow, Kiev, Leningrad, Stockholm, Oslo, Berlin, Hamburg, Toronto, Athens, Budapest, Buenos Aires, Lisbon, Madrid, Barcelona, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Glasgow, Milan, and in Japan, Tokyo, Nagoya, and Osaka.

Q: A great many streets in San Francisco prior to and after the 1906 fire and earthquake were paved with cobblestones. Where did they come from and are they still in use today? ***Harold U. Linkins, Mill Creek, Calif.***

A: Cobblestones, large, naturally rounded stones, first came to San Francisco during the Gold Rush as ballast on ships. They may still be seen on a few steep, unused streets in the city today.

WHEN CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS

please notify us 6 weeks in advance. Supply us with both your old and new address, including address label from current issue if possible. Copies we mail to your old address will not be delivered by the Post Office unless you pay them extra postage. **Mail address changes to TRUE, Subscription Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830. Be sure to include your zip code number.**

Q: Have any twin engine cars ever won the Indianapolis 500? ***John F. Prunty, Akron, Ohio.***

A: No. Only two twin engine cars, cars with two separate but identical engines, have ever appeared on the Indianapolis track. The Fageol twin engine Special ran in 1946. It qualified exceptionally well for a front row starting position, with Paul Russo driving, but spun out of control and crashed on the sixteenth lap of the race. The 16-cylinder Sampson Special was entered several times between 1930 and 1940 and finished among the first 10 on four occasions. Its best performance was in 1930, with Lou Meyer driving, when it finished fourth.

Q: Just what is a "mountain boomer"? ***Robert Perry, Bandon, Ore.***

A: You have a choice. Mountain boomer is a common name for the brightly colored iguanid lizard found in the south-central U.S. and in Mexico. Stout of body, it runs at great speed, generally upon its hind legs. It also hops and jumps like a frog. The same name is also given to another lively little fellow, the North American red squirrel.

Q: Is the sign language for deaf mutes in the United States the same one that is used throughout the world? ***R. S. Courtney, La Prienta, Calif.***

A: Basically, yes. The language of signs as used in the U.S. was brought here from France in 1815. Thus the signs in this country are very much the same as those used in France and other European nations. During the years, however, various nations have developed signs peculiar to their own region. Even in the U.S. numerous states have signs which are understood only by the deaf in that area.

HAVE A QUESTION?

TRUE will answer any reasonable questions you ask, free of charge. Every question will receive a personal reply, provided it is accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope. The most interesting questions and their answers will be printed. Address your questions to TRUE Magazine, Dept. T-5, 67 West 44 St., New York, N. Y. 10036

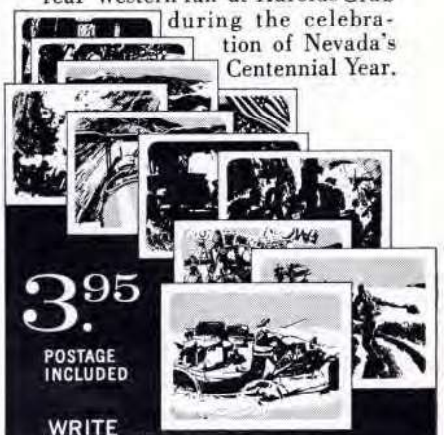
PORTFOLIO OF PAINTINGS

NEVADA

THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

Twelve full-color paintings by 4 outstanding artists!

World-famous Harolds Club salutes Nevada's Centennial with the publication of this unique portfolio of twelve superb paintings which dramatically depict the boisterous and colorful highlights of Nevada's hundred years of Statehood. Four celebrated artists have interpreted the exciting scenes and each picture is accompanied by fascinating text. Order this exceptional collection now for a handsome addition to your library. And, be sure to enjoy real Western fun at Harolds Club during the celebration of Nevada's Centennial Year.



3.95

POSTAGE INCLUDED

WRITE

HAROLDS CLUB

RENO, NEVADA

HAROLDS CLUB
P. O. Box 10000, Reno, Nevada 89505
Please send me _____ copies of "Nevada — The First 100 Years" at $3.95 each. Enclosed is my check/money order for $ _____
Name _____ (Print Plainly)
Address _____
City _____ Zip No. _____

RINGTHEBELL on Archive.org

HE FOUGHT A 250-POUND HANGOVER

Out of work, full of prohibition booze, and no place to stay—McIntyre thought *he had troubles—until he got off the streetcar*

BY DAVID L. GOODRICH

ILLUSTRATED BY DENVER GILLEN

■ If you're shopping around for immortality, one way to find it is to pull a spectacular foul-up. "Wrong-Way" Corrigan did it; so did Mrs. O'Leary's cow. The New York Mets are now busily hacking out their own special niche in the history of ineptitude. And in the city of Boston, Massachusetts, the citizenry still recall, with shaking heads and eyes rolled heavenward, the misadventures of a fellow called William C. McIntyre.

McIntyre, a 28-year-old leatherworker who lived with his mother in the Roxbury district, wrote himself into the annals of farce on April 8, 1926. This was a dank, chilly day. Like other honest folk, McIntyre was up early. Before he set off for his job, in the suburb of Malden, he wrapped himself warmly in his gray, Lincoln brand overcoat. He took a streetcar, and arrived on time—only to be told by his boss that he wasn't needed.

This posed a problem: how to while away the hours yawning before him. McIntyre turned the puzzler over in his mind for a bit, and then opted for booze. What was called for, plainly, was a snort or two of gloom-chaser. In his pockets, McIntyre had—unfortunately, as it turned out—capital totaling $7. He hopped another streetcar and headed back into town.

In 1926, with Prohibition in full cry, it was, of course, impossible for a man, no matter how much cash he had, to buy a drink. Nevertheless, in the city's run-down North End, McIntyre managed somehow to purchase a pint of what then passed for liquor. He quickly consumed the beverage, concluded that he liked what it did for him, and bought a second pint.

He worked on that one through the long afternoon, tracking up and down Atlantic Avenue with his overcoat buttoned up around his chin. He was a low-capacity man—he weighed only 125 pounds—and as the hours passed the swill he was drinking got him badly muddled. When the second pint was gone, he rummaged around and found his funds were down to $1. The

sun had long since set, and it had started to rain. McIntyre decided it was time for bed.

There was a difficulty here, however—his mother. She was ill, and was probably waiting up for him. It would be unwise, he felt, to have her see him when he wasn't at his best and brightest. With these thoughts drifting languidly around in his head, he climbed aboard still another streetcar—one headed in the general direction of Roxbury.

The streetcar rattled through the darkened city, with McIntyre peering out the rain-streaked windows. Presently, a row of white posts swung into view. To McIntyre, this seemed as likely a place as any to seek shelter. He rose, signaled the car to a halt, and alighted to the ground.

Lurching a little, he moved past the white posts. In a moment, he came to a wire fence a couple of feet taller than himself. Beyond it, he saw a group of small, one-story sheds. They looked snug, dry and deserted.

Just the place, McIntyre told himself. A man could sleep peacefully there.

He got hand and toeholds on the fence, hauled himself to the top, flung over first one leg and then the other, and climbed down. He stood breathing hard for a moment, then stepped unsteadily over to the nearest shed. Groping along the wall, he found the door. It was bolted. McIntyre slipped the bolt back, opened the door, and stepped inside.

It was black as the bottom of a well at midnight. McIntyre paused, listening. Silence. He was alone.

He could feel straw under his feet. He would sleep on the floor, with his overcoat for a blanket. He struggled out of the coat, then closed the door and shot the bolt. He was moving slowly toward the center of the dark shed when the first blow landed.

It hit him on the leg—a sharp, powerful, piston-like whack from out of the darkness. The next blow, harder still and better aimed, caught him in the ribs; he reeled back, sure it had broken bone. Something was attacking him—something fearfully strong, and crazed with rage.

He flung his hands up before his face and was instantly struck again, hard, in the belly. He reached for the door, then realized he no longer knew where it was.

His invisible attacker moved in closer, slashed him in the belly, blackjacked his skull. His head was popped back by a shot above the eye, and he felt a warm rush of blood down his face.

McIntyre swung, hit flesh, struck again. This inflamed his assailant: a flurry of truncheon-like strikes crashed into McIntyre's sides. His knees began to buckle. Three more bone-jarring blows, and he was on the floor.

The thing meant to kill him. It was down beside him, still slashing and hacking. McIntyre reached out, exposing belly, throat and face, and seized what felt like a neck.

The clubbing grew stronger, more frantic. McIntyre forced his strength into his hands, dug his thumbs in, thrust a knee on top of the body and bore down.

Very gradually, second by second, he felt his enemy weakening. The piston-strokes no longer jarred his whole frame; their tempo slowed. The neck writhed and twisted in his hands, but he hung on. A final drum-roll of feeble kicks, and then the body under him was still.

McIntyre lay panting for a moment, and then rolled off and pulled himself slowly erect. He drew his handkerchief from his pocket, and sponged the blood out of his eyes. Then, by some miracle, the bolt was under his hand, and the door was open. He staggered out into the night.

The next few hours passed in a daze of pain and bewilderment. McIntyre was badly hurt, and could barely walk. His clothing was torn, and the cold and rain soon found their way through the rents and had him shivering and chattering. He had to climb the fence again, then pick his way over uneven ground, blundering into obstacles while nightmare memories of the battle whirled in his sodden brain. At one point, in what appeared to be a park, he was stopped by a policeman, who questioned him suspiciously and took his name and address before letting him go.

Finally, near midnight, he found himself standing on Columbus Avenue. Before him was a building that looked like his home. He moved closer. He was right—it *was* his home. He limped up the stairs, found his room, and collapsed on the bed.

McIntyre stayed at home Friday and Saturday, the 9th and 10th, nursing his wounds. On Saturday, while he was still in bed, he had three visitors. All were attired in blue, with badges and buttons shining brightly. One of them—the cop who'd stopped him Thursday night—was carrying the gray overcoat.

"Is this yours?" McIntyre was asked.

"Yes, it is."

"And is this your handkerchief?" The blood was now brown and stiff.

"Yes."

The three cops looked at one another, then looked back at McIntyre. The sergeant said: "You're under arrest."

"What for?" McIntyre asked.

"For trespassing on the grounds of the Franklin Park Zoo," the sergeant replied, "and for breaking and entering. And for cruelty to animals."

McIntyre took a deep breath. "What kind of animal?" he asked.

"Well," the sergeant said, "his name was Governor. He weighed 250 pounds, and stood about seven-six. He was probably the meanest, foulest-dispositioned ostrich in captivity."

McIntyre's trial came up two weeks later. In passing sentence, the judge remarked that he found no criminal intent in connection with the breaking-and-entering and cruelty charges—they were dropped. The trespassing rap, however, stuck. McIntyre was fined $20.

Asked by a reporter after the trial to comment on his plans for the future, McIntyre came up with a choice bit of understatement. He wanted to "lay low and work hard for a long time," he said, because he was "tired of excitement." Then, adding the bizarre touch upon which all true fame is built, McIntyre announced that he was going to buy the ostrich's hide and make it into a pair of bedroom slippers. ■

TRUE

"Well, it all started at the wedding when he made a pass at a bridesmaid."

[Continued from page 90]
shattered wall. Across a rubble-strewn street, Gabaldon saw a building whose sign hung crazily. He laughed, and said to Jolly: "You and me are going to blow up a bank."

"What bank?" Jolly said.

"That one," Gabaldon said, pointing. "I've always wanted to heist a bank. What a chance to pull a job legitimately! Let's have that satchel-charge."

So they blew up the bank. Gabaldon filled his pack with large denomination notes. Later, he decided it was too much trouble lugging all that swag around; he couldn't spend it, so he gave it away. Still later—and too late—he learned it was all redeemable, and that he had handed out about $100,000 worth of souvenirs.

"I think we need a drink," Gabaldon said. Garapan had a whole street lined with geisha houses and bars. In one of them he found a keg of saké. He filled both his canteens, poked around further, and discovered a hand-crank phonograph and a single unbroken record: *Moonlight on the River* sung in Japanese. Gabaldon took a tug at the saké, and settled down to enjoy his phonograph.

Later in the day, Capt. John Schwabe heard an odd, raucous noise. He got to his feet, stared, and then swore. Pedaling up on a Japanese bicycle, and very drunk, was Gabaldon, his head wrapped in a bright yellow headband, and his baseball cap perched atop that. On the handlebars was a girl—a pretty girl, the captain noted—and she was holding a phonograph that was playing *Moonlight on the River* in Japanese. Every few yards, Gabaldon whooped and scattered a bunch of hundred-yen notes. He drew to an uncertain halt, and shouted: "Hey Captain, you know what? This girl can sing *La Paloma* in Spanish! Let's sing for the captain, honey. . . . She's part Spanish . . . this used to be a Spanish island, you know."

He stepped off the bike, grinned foolishly, and fell forward on his face, out cold.

And so the Marines came to Marpi Point at the northern end of Saipan. "The enemy's back is broken," a communique said, "but he is still fighting a determined fight, consisting mainly of semi-isolated pockets organized into strongpoints manned by machine guns in the numerous caves that honeycomb the limestone formation."

General Saito, the Japanese commander, committed hara-kiri, and word of his death leaked to the Japanese troops. Early on the morning of July 7, D day plus 22, from Matsumska to Tanapag, a seemingly endless series of suicidal Banzai charges went on. Screaming insanely, armed with a few rifles, bayonets, swords and pikes, the death-happy Japanese flung themselves on the invaders.

On the morning of July 8, a runner came for Gabaldon. "My God, Gabby," he yelled. "You've got to come! It's terrible, terrible!"

The runner led him to the crest of a hill overlooking the sea. Not far away was a cliff pocked with caves. From his viewpoint, Gabaldon saw an incredible sight. Thousands of Japanese, civilian and military, were crowded at the extreme end of Marpi Point. Oblivious to the Marines who shouted and gestured at them, they were busy carrying out General Saito's order never to "suffer the disgrace of being taken alive." Enlisted men calmly lined up to be beheaded by their officers. Parents cut their children's throats. Husbands and wives jumped off the cliffs onto the rocks.

It was *bushido* carried to its insane conclusion, the terrible summation of wicked propaganda.

Gabaldon scrambled down toward the scene. He climbed a rock and yelled at them, laying down his carbine as a gesture of sincerity. Some paused to look at him as he pleaded with them with all the conviction he could muster. It was like unwrapping a cocoon. First was the dreamy, mechanical way they prepared to die; underneath that, fear of the Americans, then fear of the Japanese soldiery. But finally, by ones at first, then by twos and dozens, the would-be suicides turned around. They blinked. They listened. They walked back to life.

Gabaldon turned his attention to the soldiers, scolding them like an evangelist. "Look at that ocean!" he cried. "Thousands of American ships. They will take you away from here to safety." Finally, 20 came over to him. He kept 10, and sent 10 back to reason with the rest. Before long he had 150 prisoners eagerly crowding around him.

"General Matsui is in that cave there," one of the prisoners said. Matsui was the most senior Japanese officer still alive on the island. Gabaldon thought: "If I can get him, resistance on the island will end." He sent one man into the cave to announce that an unarmed American was coming in to talk. Then he entered.

Matsui awaited him impassively. To all of Gabaldon's entreaties, the general, gaunt and stubble-bearded, replied that he was a samurai and would never surrender.

"Sir, it is impossible for you to survive," Gabaldon told him. "I am here unarmed to show my confidence. I am *your* prisoner. We are bombing Japan at this very moment. Why prolong your country's agony?" For four hours, he talked to Matsui.

Finally, the general groaned. He gestured to his aide, then whispered to him. The aide bowed. Matsui arose and walked out of the cave. From every pocket on Marpi Point, his men poured out. The fight was over. Gabaldon had talked himself into the custody of more than 800 men!

At 4 that afternoon, Saipan was declared officially secured.

Marines of the Second Regiment say that Gabaldon captured more than 2,000 soldiers and civilians. Because so many were handed over to other outfits, his official bag recorded a mere thousand—still about 850 more than Sergeant York's take in World War I. York won the Congressional Medal of Honor. Gabaldon was put in for it by his superiors, but got the Silver Star instead.

He also got caught in the crossfire between two Nambus during the guerrilla fighting following the end of the campaign proper, and almost lost his right hand. The doctors managed to save it, but he was shipped immediately to a stateside hospital.

Since his discharge, Guy Gabaldon—now married and several times a father—has tried ranching, wildcatting, going to college, flying, boating, diving—the years have matured him but not slowed him. If he didn't quite realize his ambition to win the Congressional Medal of Honor and publicly embarrass the U.S. government over its wartime treatment of Japanese-Americans—an ambition which seems impetuous to him in retrospect—he did carve out a solid niche for himself as the only free-lance fighter the Marines ever had.

—Avram Davidson

"What's wrong with living in the past? I was single then."

GREAT GUN GRAB

[*Continued from page* 35]

The gun was undoubtedly planted on him by the people who had plotted to catch him.

Lizzie Borden hewed her parents into cordwood with a hatchet. I believe it was an errant sash weight in the Ruth Snyder-Henry Judd Gray case. Joan of Arc was inartistically barbecued, and Julius Caesar copped a friend's unregistered shiv in the guts. All those old Romans carried knives. Model Ronnie Gedeon bought eternity with an ice pick, and England's Mister Christie planted his subjects under the petunias, being of a horticultural turn of mind.

I am trying to make the point here that fencing wire, axes, sash weights and ice picks are easily purchasable at the hardware store, and the kind of knife that made March a less than desirable month for political activity can be found in any pantry in America. I don't know what they used to touch off Joan of Arc, but there is no law calling for state or federal registration of the matchbox, and bonfires are popular in the countryside during the fall. Petunias are not covered by New York City's infamous Sullivan Law concerning firearms.

I'd like to digress on it for a moment, for few people are aware of how this pistol-purging poppycock came into being. It is not a law that was requested by the police or that came about as the result of a public outcry. It was political. The late Tim Sullivan shoved his restrictive act—no private ownership of a handgun without a police permit, and just try to get one—through the New York legislature in 1911 because he wanted *his* poll watchers armed and the opposition's definitely unarmed.

A repeal bill once got through the legislature, but Gov. Franklin D. Roosevelt refused to sign it. New Yorkers are probably stuck forever with it now. If someone breaks into your apartment and you defend yourself with an unlicensed pistol, *you* can look forward to going to jail, buddy. So can international pistol shooters if they happen to be caught at a city airport without a permit for their Olympic-type pistols. When the expressman brings you a package marked "small-arms ammunition" in New York City, he is often accompanied by a city detective on the off chance you are a handgun owner without a permit.

The Sullivan Law is a classic example of what can be foisted off on an unaware public.

Before we go off nationally halfcocked about guns, simply because Mr. Kennedy was murdered by means of one, let us consider that the President could have been killed just as dead by a poisoned dart from a blowpipe in New York, when he flagrantly spurned security and allowed someone to pop the flashbulb in his face He could have been stabbed by a determined assassin at the Army-Navy game two seasons back in Philadelphia, when the drunk rushed up to him. He could have been sapped down and kidnaped on the more than one occasion when he made a wishful getaway down the back stairs from formal functions and went alone and on foot several blocks to a private party

There has been a dedicated, bubble-headed echelon of gun-haters who have been proposing all sorts of wild legislation against weaponry for more than a quarter century now. They were undoubtedly stamped from the same dough as the people who thought Prohibition would quench a craving for alcohol, or that shuttering the acknowledged cathouses would stamp out sex.

We were all shaken by the President's brutal death. And what some people are attempting to do as a sort of atonement is to punish guns with laws. Yet suppose he had been killed in a car or plane crash—how "guilty" would these objects be?

So we get a new-sprouted organization which calls itself the "National Committee for the Control of Weapons." No doubt there are others aborning of which I am unaware. Supreme Court Justice John E. Cone, of New York, last December announced the formation of this committee and accepted the chair. At the conference, the committee's members included the state senate's minority leader, Joseph Zaretski, Democrat of Manhattan; Assemblymen Stanley Steingut and John J. Ryan, both Brooklyn Democrats; Queens District Attorney Frank D. O'Connor, and Representative John M. Murphy, Democrat of Richmond County. I doubt seriously if any member could take down and clean a shotgun.

With the aim of "taking guns out of the hands of thugs, psychopaths, drug addicts and teen-agers," Justice Cone said, the committee is proposing the following federal legislation:

- An amendment to the postal laws to prohibit the mailing of rifles, shotguns, machine guns and ammunition except to some federal agencies and officers.
- An amendment to the Federal Firearms Act to prohibit the shipment in interstate or foreign commerce of rifles and shotguns to persons not registered by states to possess them. [At present, there are no state laws for registering rifles and shotguns or licensing their purchasers—Ed.]
- A law prohibiting the importation of foreign surplus and obsolete military rifles. [Since World War II's end, thousands of obsolete military rifles have been imported into this country—Ed.]

The committee also recommended the following state laws:

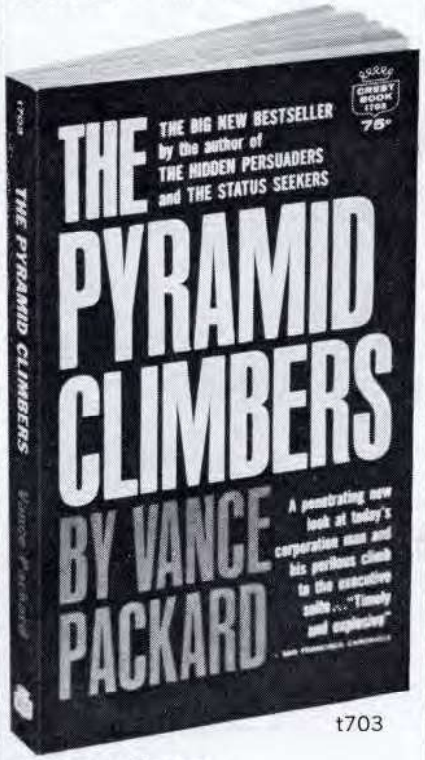
- A ban on the sale of rifles and shotguns to persons convicted of serious crimes involving violence or narcotics.
- Registration of the sale of these weapons, including the name, address and background of all purchasers.
- A limit on the amount of ammunition a person with a hunting license or pistol permit may buy.
- A 48-hour "cooling-off period" between the time of purchase and delivery of rifles and shotguns.

The committee also urged more stringent regulations on the issuance of hunting licenses, including fingerprinting of applicants to determine if they had criminal records.

Justice Cone's statement that such laws

Is there an executive mystique?

Vance Packard, the man who made "hidden persuaders" and "status seekers" part of our language, now reveals the private inner world of big business in this outspoken bestseller about the new American executive — and his wife —


THE BIG NEW BESTSELLER by the author of THE HIDDEN PERSUADERS and THE STATUS SEEKERS
THE PYRAMID CLIMBERS
BY VANCE PACKARD
A penetrating new look at today's corporation man and his perilous climb to the executive suite..."Timely and captivating"
THE PYRAMID CLIMBERS
t703

Did you know...

- ▲ Most major corporations look over a man's wife before they hire him for a top job?
- ▲ Some companies worry if a man seems too happily married?
- ▲ Many companies are wary of bachelors, divorced men, and men whose wives have careers or independent means?

Here is a must book for every wife who wants to know what it takes in a man — and out of a man — to get to the top — and what she will have to do to keep him there.

"VANCE PACKARD'S BEST BOOK"
— Saturday Review

CREST BOOKS **Wherever paperback books are sold — only 75c**

Buy this Crest Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Crest Books, P.O. Box 1014, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

are urged to "take guns out of the hands of thugs, psychopaths, drug addicts and teen-agers" bears close inspection unless you are an old lady who shrieks at mice and agitates against traps as inhumane.

As long as people crave weapons for illegal use they will beg, borrow, steal, or manufacture those weapons. You can cook a bomb in the kitchen; the kids from the street gangs make marvelous zip guns in the manual-training rooms of public schools, and in the aforementioned Mau Mau business in Kenya, savages totally ignorant of common handicraft turned out rifles from stolen door bolts and strips of rubber tire tubing that would have been a credit to the Mauser management.

In New York City, home base of the National Committee for the Control of Weapons, the nation's most stringent antigun laws for these many years have had no perceptible effect in keeping guns out of criminal hands. In New York, they can entomb you forever for illegal possession of pistols and sawed-offs and chatterboxes, but every time you read where there's a bloody gang rumble or a cop gets gunned down in line of duty, the bad Indians weren't using bows and arrows.

In the case of psychopaths we don't encounter shooters, much. Nuts are more inclined to blunt instruments and kitchen knives. In England they often stow the nice old ladies in closets, and sometimes in New York they hurl them off apartment-house rooftops. But mostly the creeps aren't of the outdoor persuasion, unless they are stuffing former friends into old culverts.

I doubt that you can enforce the no sale to drug addicts, any more than you can control the traffic, unless the guy is frothing for a fix when he comes into the gun shop, and in any case he can always send his square brother there with correct credentials. The same will apply to the underager, who can borrow Uncle Henry's squirrel rifle or buy his own with an easy falsification of age. Who carries a birth certificate in his hip pocket, whether it's to buy a gun or order a beer?

It is ironic that they should re-emphasize the prohibition of foreign surplus or obsolete military rifles. The late President tried to push through such a law in 1958, when he was still a junior senator from Massachusetts, but then it was admittedly to protect our own gun companies. "The imported foreign guns," he said, "are spoiling our domestic markets."

While a senator he also said of the Second Amendment and the right to keep and bear arms, "Although it is extremely unlikely that the fears of governmental tyranny, which gave rise to the Second Amendment, will ever be a major danger to our nation, the amendment still remains an important declaration of our basic military-civilian relationships, in which every citizen must be ready to participate in the defense of his country. For that reason I believe the Second Amendment will always be important."

Guns are big business in America, and very good business in the subsequent development of people who are *not* juvenile delinquents, psychopaths, dope addicts, communists or President murderers. They are also excellent adjuncts to the maintenance of law and order, personal protection and national security.

Concerning teen-agers, I can think of no greater aid to discipline and future responsibility than early instruction in gun handling, with special emphasis on the fact that firearms are capable of killing friends as well as enemies. I note that high schools in several states now offer courses in safe gun handling, and that there is a growing trend among states to require every first-time applicant for a hunting license to produce a certificate attesting that he has passed the hunter-safety course taught by instructors of the National Rifle Association.

I was entrusted with a 20 gauge shotgun at the age of 8, after rigid drill by father and grandfather, and allowed to hunt on my own. I possess a considerable arsenal of weapons but have killed nobody yet in a civilian status. In point of actual fact, I won't keep a weapon in the house on the off chance that some callow unsophisticate and/or exuberant drunk might shoot somebody with it.

Over 16 million people in America hunt, and to hunt you must buy guns, boots, gasoline, ammunition, matches, whisky, long-handled drawers, shooting coats, mackinaws, tobacco, accommodations, train and plane tickets, freeway and bridge tolls, food, licenses, shirts, pants, socks, gloves—the list is endless.

God only knows how many target shooters plink away at tin cans in the nearby gully or go as steadily to ranges as bowlers frequent alleys. God knows how many people keep a handgun in the bedside table drawer against the possibility of burglars, nuts, perverts and fugitives from the law.

It is a pet argument of antigun people that the police don't want the likes of you and me to have guns—particularly handguns. But is this the case? It certainly wasn't in Washington, D.C., last fall when a proposed "little Sullivan Law" to disarm the citizenry via a tough-to-get permit system was beaten. Our Capital city, I might point out, has the worst crime rate in the U.S. In 1961, for instance, when U.S. crime as a whole jumped 14 percent over the 1958-60 average, Washington's increased 41 percent.

In the light of this, consider what Robert V. Murray, Washington's superintendent of police, had to say during the proceedings:

"If I felt that we could take the guns out of the hands of the criminal with this bill or any other bill, I would be 100 percent for it. But if a criminal is going to set out to hold up a place or assault somebody with a gun, the (law against) carrying of a gun is not going to deter him. He is a criminal anyhow, and he cannot lawfully possess a gun. So a law on the books that he cannot have a gun in his possession is not going to deter him.

"It may be argued that any legislation that would reduce the number of pistols in circulation would substantially reduce the number of aggravated assaults. The argument rests on two mistaken premises. First, it assumes that restrictive legislation will prevent criminals from obtaining guns. The fact is that experience has shown that legislation such as the Sullivan Law does not reduce the number of pistols in the hands of criminals. Second, the argument assumes that handguns are used in most aggravated assaults, whereas the fact is that pistols are used in only a small percentage of assaults."

I wonder how many people realize that federal and state registration of all types of firearms has long been a worked-for ideal of the Communist party in America. No doubt they stole this from the Nazis and Fascists. Liberating GIs in Italy and elsewhere in Europe in World War II always found a bonanza of sporting weapons in the same place in town—the police station. They had been registered, of course.

It can't happen here, you say?

I hope you're right.

Remember guns for Britain? Except for shotguns, England was (and still is) a country with a disarmed populace. Only a few of the landed gentry were permitted high-power rifles, with a small annual ration of ammunition. As for pistols, they don't even arm their Bobbies with them. Dangerous. And so when Hitler was breathing hotly on the coastline there was nothing much around for self-defense but the odd hay fork and the local pub owner's trusty bungstarter. Apart from the old four-pipe destroyers that Mr. Roosevelt dispatched to England posthaste, hundreds of thousands of sporting weapons were sent as bundles for Britain by sympathetic Americans who figured that Churchill's crack about "fighting them on the beaches" would be more practical if conducted with an old surplus Krag or one of Mr. Remington's newer, inexpensive but accurate, .30-06s.

I'd like to insert an interesting—at least to me—nonsequitur here.

I have a marvelous little British Lewis 20 gauge shotgun which I bought cheaply secondhand as an American with no red tape from Westley-Richards in London, years and years ago.

I took that little shotgun from Kenya to England time and again with no trouble. It went with me three times to Mozambique, without challenge, and I finally decided that it would make a nice bird gun for a little piece of land I'm mortgaged to in Virginia. So I repatriated the shotgun from Mozambique to America via Rome, and Italy is a place where every second peasant on a bicycle has a shotgun. Italian customs indignantly impounded my innocent little shotgun —which was only going to live there two days—because of Italian weapons-registration rules (yep, they *still* have 'em).

Point is: I retrieved the taken-down gun from Italian customs, reassembled it, carried it miles through Fiumicino's Leonardo da Vinci Airport to the plane, handed it to the stewardess, and walked through U.S. customs with the assembled gun on my shoulder in New York!

And that is a casual freedom I do not wish to see destroyed by a bunch of chronic gun-haters who spend half their waking hours watching the good cowboys (white hats) blow down the bad

cowboys (black hats) on television. Because once a gun is mandatorily registered and the owner's background becomes a state and federal record, both the weapon and the owner go underground if the weapon is to be used for a sinister purpose.

And the "something must be done" could apply to spades, with which the late President hurt his back while indulging in a tree-planting ceremony. It could apply to rocking chairs, or even cigars, both of which could be booby-trapped by a sinister upstairs maid. It could apply to bows and arrows, with which several people were slaughtered politically in Dahomey, West Africa, just recently.

Guns do not kill people. *People* kill people, using whatever device is handiest.

I know of no way to regulate traffic in guns in regard to the fanatics who might be tempted to use them. There is no way to control the narcotics addict, the nut, the known criminal, by making the ownership of weapons so fraught with bureaucracy that people will give up buying them, thereby wrecking billions of dollars' worth of allied industry.

In the hurried, foolish attempts to legislate guns almost out of existence, we are tampering with a basic civil liberty. The New York *Times* in an editorial mentions that the centuries have changed, and that the 1960's do not basically resemble the 1780's—that we do not need the Minute Men, or the state militia, any longer.

I would mention that quite recently we had a set-to with Cuba that could have put a lot of hunter-trained civilians to work. I mention that the war in Viet Nam is basically a small-arms war. There was some employment of a National Guard recently in the South.

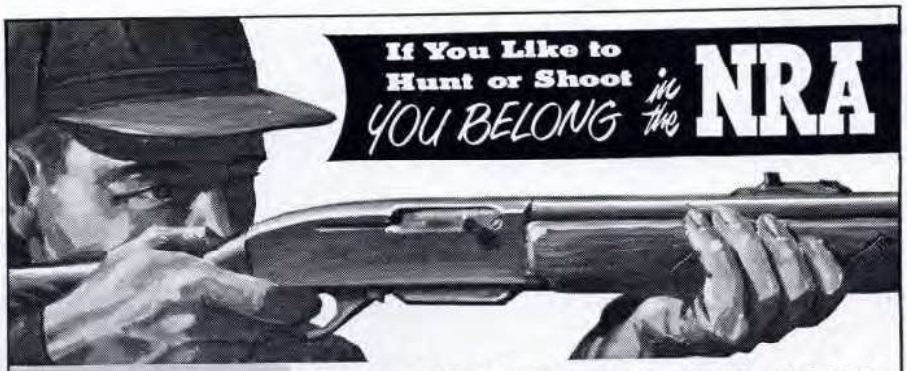
As a former instructor in gunnery, I would certainly hate to try to teach Johnny to get his gun if he didn't know a firing pin from an extractor, not to mention a sear. And particularly if he didn't have his gun because he didn't want to become a baleful statistic in a master file owned by Big Brother.

The best way to combat ill-conceived antigun legislation is to write letters *in good taste* to the legislators considering the measure. Probably the best way to inform yourself of such proposed laws is to join the National Rifle Association, 1600 Rhode Island Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D.C. For five bucks a year you get an informative monthly magazine and the N.R.A.'s Legislative Bulletins which warn of outrageous gun bills, describe them fully and list legislators to whom you can write.

Meanwhile, I am encouraged by something letter-writing sportsmen recently achieved in new language written into the Arms Control and Disarmament Act. Bill S. 777—*the second to be signed by President Johnson*—says in part:

"Nothing contained in this act shall be construed to authorize any policy or action by any government agency which would interfere with, restrict, or prohibit the acquisition, possession, or use of firearms by an individual for the lawful purpose of personal defense, sport, recreation, education or training."

—Robert Ruark



Yours — THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN MAGAZINE

Yours — ANNUAL MEMBERSHIP IN THE NRA

ALL THIS FOR ONLY $5.00

A year's subscription to the world's finest gun magazine—devoted exclusively to the fascinating subject of firearms. Read about rifles, pistols, shotguns, hunting, target shooting, gunsmithing, gun collecting, reloading and related subjects—**every month.**

Over 600,000 sportsmen invite you to join the NRA. You'll get prompt answers from our Firearms Information Service—gun law bulletins—low cost gun insurance—right to buy government gun-equipment—eligibility for a year-around shooting program—marksmanship instruction—**plus** many other benefits.

Bonus! Join NOW!

• • • • • and receive this gold-filled NRA membership lapel button. Sells regularly for $1.50—yours at no extra cost.
MAIL TODAY! →

Please enter my subscription to THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN, enroll me as an NRA MEMBER and send my lapel button.*

☐ $5.00 Enclosed
☐ Bill me please

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY-STATE.....

NATIONAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION 623-05
1600 Rhode Island Avenue, Washington 6, D. C.
**Confirming application & details will also be mailed.*

let's go CAMPING!

Wenzel

For family fun there's nothing so enjoyable as camping out. And with Wenzel Tents and Sleeping Bags you get extra features, extra quality to assure you of added pleasure. So, let's go camping . . . with Wenzel!

America's Leading Line Since 1887

Tents and Sleeping Bags

H. WENZEL TENT & DUCK CO. • ST. LOUIS, MO.

GLACIERS

[*Continued from page 39*]

tists at Columbia University's Lamont Geological Observatory, geophysicist Maurice Ewing and meteorologist-geologist William Donn. They think the processes that will lead to the next ice age are already under way.

Dr. Donn explained the theory to TRUE. The first clues came to light about 10 years ago. Test borings of the Atlantic Ocean floor revealed a curious fact. The top foot or so of sediment was made of the shells and other remains of warm-water animals, the kind that live in the Atlantic today. The sediment below contained long-dead creatures that live only in cold oceans. Apparently, at some time in the remote past, the Atlantic Ocean changed from extremely cold to warm. Using radioactive-carbon dating techniques, scientists determined that the top layer of sediment began to build up on the ocean floor about 13,000 years ago.

What happened back then to warm the vast Atlantic? Drs. Ewing and Donn pondered the question. Finally they came up with one of the most daring hunches in the history of science. Until that change thousands of years ago, they guessed, the Arctic Ocean was not frozen over as it is now. It was bitterly cold, but it was open water. The Atlantic mixed with it freely, so that Atlantic waters were continually cooled by currents from the Arctic. Then, some 13,000 years ago, the Arctic froze over. No longer mixing with those cold waters, the Atlantic warmed up.

From there, Ewing and Donn went on to build their fascinating theory of glacial advance and retreat. Here is the chain of events as they see it. Start with the Arctic Ocean frozen solid, as it is now. Little evaporation takes place from its surface, so there is little moisture in the Arctic region's air to form snow. Glaciers remain quiescent, or gradually retreat. With less and less of the world covered by snow and ice, more land is exposed. The sun warms it. It warms the air. Gradually the general climate grows warmer.

Slowly, year by year, billions of gallons of water that once lay frozen and piled up on land melt and flow back to the sea. The ocean levels rise—as is happening right now. The total difference between low and high sea level through the glacial epochs is 300 to 500 feet.

When the sea levels have risen high enough, there is room for warm Atlantic waters in appreciable amounts to flow under the Arctic ice. Slowly the Arctic warms. The ice breaks up and flows out, and the Arctic becomes an open sea.

Then the ice age begins. Moisture evaporates from the thawed Arctic Ocean and falls as snow on the glaciers. The glaciers rumble southward. Eventually vast land areas—including much of what is now the United States—are covered by ice.

But then the sea levels begin falling again, as ocean water piles up on land. Finally the levels get so low that the Atlantic can no longer mix freely with the almost landlocked Arctic. Unable to dissipate its cold, the Arctic freezes over again, and we're back where we started.

There are all kinds of clues to show the theory of Ewing and Donn may be right. For example, anthropologists have found evidences of a hunting and fishing civilization around the Arctic shores thousands of years ago. This civilization wouldn't likely have existed unless the Arctic were then open water.

If Ewing and Donn are right, we are now waiting for the Arctic ice to break up and the big snows to start. It may not happen for a thousand years. On the other hand, it may happen in our lifetimes. Says Dr. Donn: "We'll just have to wait and see."

If the idea of glaciers coming down here and crushing our cities sounds like science fiction, consider that the same thing has happened to communities in the remote past. Since ice has been retreating in the Alps, geologists have found evidence of crushed and buried towns. It's possible to imagine the townspeople's horror as some huge ice wall bore down upon them. Maybe they saw it coming years ahead, maybe only months. Maybe it was sudden, like the five-mile advance of the Black Rapids Glacier. The wall crept over outlying fields and leaned against buildings at the edge of town. It pushed them over or smashed them with ice blocks cracking from its face. Slowly it crunched its way across the town until nothing was left.

Scientists can tell where an extinct glacier came from and how far it reached by studying its moraine, the rocks, dirt and other debris it carried along. A glacier is a great chisel. It carves earth and rock, dislodges huge boulders and carries them for miles. Plymouth Rock, for example, was ripped off some mountainside in Canada long ago and rolled clear to Massachusetts.

The chiseling action of glaciers sometimes results in phenomena even more terrifying than the slow advance of the ice wall itself. When a glacier has been grinding its way down a mountain valley for a long time it slowly deepens the valley. Gradually over the decades it digs a monstrous ditch at the bottom of the valley, a ditch with vertical or past-vertical sides. Millions of tons of mountain hang over the edge of the ditch. Eventually the walls cave in.

The ditch being dug by Lituya Glacier in Alaska has a habit of caving in every 20 or 30 years. The most recent cave-in occurred on July 9, 1958. The fantastic results were chronicled by geologist Dr. James L. Dyson in his book, *The World of Ice*. On that incredible July day Howard Ulrich and his 7-year-old son pulled their fishing boat into Lituya Bay to ride out some predicted stormy

"Boy! What could possibly go wrong with a setup like this?"

weather. They noticed two other boats had also come into the bay. While they were preparing their craft for the wet night ahead they heard a tremendous booming sound inland.

The booming died away and they went on about their business, mystified but not much concerned. They didn't know Lituya Glacier had prepared a drama for them which they were never to forget. The booming was made by a piece of mountain—incredulous geologists later estimated its mass at about 90 million tons—which collapsed over the glacier. The huge rockfall sheered some 1,000 feet off the front of the glacier, and the whole colossal mass of rock and ice fell into Gilbert Inlet. Gilbert Inlet is a narrow-mouthed fiord whose only outlet to the sea is Lituya Bay.

A low rumbling sound was the next thing to attract Ulrich's attention. It grew louder steadily. It seemed to come from the inlet mouth at the head of the bay. Suddenly Ulrich's boy gave a ghastly cry of terror. Ulrich looked in the direction the youngster was pointing and saw something he could never have imagined in his wildest nightmare. A wall of water several hundred feet high came thundering out of Gilbert Inlet. It was the gigantic wave thrown up by the fallen rock and ice. It loomed high over Ulrich's head, black and churning, blotting out the sky. It howled toward the boat at more than 100 mph.

It was without question one of the biggest waves ever seen by man. Ocean tidal waves get a lot of publicity, but they range in height from 25 to 50 feet as a rule, and the biggest on record was one that smashed into the coast of Peru a century ago and was estimated at 80 feet. A 50-foot wave is terrifying enough. If you want to imagine what it looks like, consider that an ordinary two-story house measures no more than 30 feet from ground to roof peak. The Lituya Bay wave, measured by the trees and topsoil it tore from coastal hills on its way by, was probably at least 300 feet high when it surged out of the inlet.

Ulrich frantically started the motor of his boat as the huge wave thundered down upon him. His thought was to race the wave out of the bay and get into open sea where the wave would spread out and diminish. But even as the motor came to life he saw it was no use. The fantastic wall of water was coming too fast. He grabbed his boy, threw himself down on the deck and clung. Then he felt himself being thrown up into the sky, as though the boat were an airplane. Torrents of water poured over the heaving deck. The noise was outrageous. The boat seemed to turn upside down and spin like a top. Then there was a sickening sensation of falling. Ulrich imagined the boat had been flicked into empty space off the wave crest and would now smash into its trough and splinter. But suddenly the boat righted itself. The heaving subsided. Ulrich raised his head and saw that the nightmare was over. The boat was afloat in the frothing waters of the bay, surrounded by uprooted trees. The great wave was gone.

Miraculously Ulrich and his son came

FREE SAMPLE LESSON

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THOROUGHBRED HANDICAPPING
122 SOUTH STATE STREET • CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS • DEPT. 604

Send me your FREE sample lesson on Handicapping and FREE Racing facts. Absolutely no cost, no obligation. No calls by salesman.

NAME_____

STREET_____

CITY_____ ZONE_____ STATE_____

FILL OUT AND MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

Learn HANDICAPPING (PICKING WINNERS) AT HOME IN A SHORT TIME

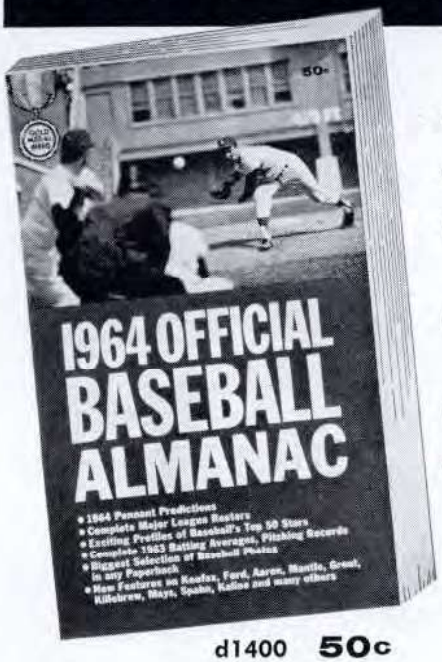
HERE IS THE COURSE FOR SELECTING WINNING HORSES . . . In a remarkably short time . . . you can enjoy an exciting businesslike hobby as a Handicapper of thoroughbred horse races.

LEARN AT HOME EASILY, QUICKLY . . . You'll find the lessons so interesting . . . they'll seem remarkably easy for you. Now, you can *really* enjoy horse racing. **BUT THE IMPORTANT THING** is to get the FREE complete information right now. There is no cost or obligation and no salesman will call. This is the Home Study course to give you an avocation . . . which holds promise of PROFITS. We will send to you, (in a plain wrapper), without obligation, your FREE sample lesson, and your FREE 'Racing Facts'.

Write for details or mail coupon today!

AMERICAN ACADEMY OF THOROUGHBRED HANDICAPPING
122 SOUTH STATE STREET • CHICAGO 3, ILLINOIS • DEPT. 604

HERE IS—THE MOST AUTHORITATIVE, THE MOST LAVISHLY ILLUSTRATED, THE MOST UP-TO-DATE, AND THE MOST COMPLETE BASEBALL BOOK ON THE MARKET!


50¢
1964 OFFICIAL BASEBALL ALMANAC
• 1964 Pennant Predictions
• Complete Major League Rosters
• Exciting Profiles of Baseball's Top 50 Stars
• Complete 1963 Batting Averages, Pitching Records
• Biggest Selection of Baseball Photos in any Paperback
• New Features on Koufax, Ford, Aaron, Mantle, Groat, Killebrew, Mays, Spahn, Kaline and many others

- Inside dope on 800 players.
- A blockbuster Statistics Section.
- A detailed team-by-team analysis of the 1964 pennant outlook.
- Hard-hitting biographies of the top 50 stars in the game today.
- Photos of your favorite players.
- 1964 Official Big League Schedules.

A *MUST* FOR ANY KNOWLEDGEABLE FAN!

d1400 **50c**

A GOLD MEDAL BOOK FROM FAWCETT WORLD LIBRARY

Buy this Gold Medal Book from your paperback bookseller. If sold out, send only price of book plus 10¢ for postage and handling to Gold Medal Books, Fawcett World Library, Greenwich, Connecticut. If order is for five or more books, no postage or handling charge is necessary. Please order by number and title. No Canadian orders.

SPRAY ON! WIPE OFF!

® MALCO
Leather & Plastic Spray Cleaner
• Quickly removes dirt, grease and grime
• Restores original appearance
At service stations everywhere! For name of dealer nearest you. write: **MALCO Products, Inc.**
Dept. T-5 Akron 4, Ohio

free
MINNESOTA VACATION INFORMATION
DIVISION H-261
STATE CAPITOL
ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

WORKS IN SECONDS

Loosens Rusted Bolts
nuts, screws, "frozen" parts!
LIQUID WRENCH
SUPER-PENETRANT
Cleans guns, rods, reels and sports equipment. Harmless to all metals.
3 OZ. 35¢
AT HARDWARE AND AUTOMOTIVE SERVICE STORES

LAW FREE BOOK
THE LAW TRAINED MAN

Write today for a FREE copy of illustrated law book, "THE LAW-TRAINED MAN," which shows how to earn the professional Bachelor of Laws (LL.B.) degree through home study of the famous Blackstone Law Course: Books and lessons provided. Moderate cost; easy terms. Write now.
Blackstone School of Law, 307 N. Michigan Ave.
Founded 1890 **Dept. 185 Chicago 1, Illinois**

TRY NEW
KAYWOODIE PIPE TOBACCO
YOU'LL LIKE IT
Send for free sample and pipe booklet, Kaywoodie Pipes, N. Y. 22

LEARN MEAT CUTTING
Train quickly in 8 short weeks at Toledo for a bright future with security in the vital meat business. Big pay, full-time jobs—HAVE A PROFITABLE MARKET OF YOUR OWN! Pay after graduation. Diploma given. Job help. Thousands of successful graduates. Our 41st year! Send now for big new illustrated FREE catalog. No obligation. G. I. Approved. **NATIONAL SCHOOL OF MEAT CUTTING, Dept. T-53, Toledo 4, Ohio.**

Bit by bit . . . every litter bit hurts!

KEEP AMERICA BEAUTIFUL!

"It used to be all you had to say was 'Republican' and then people damn well knew where you stood!"

out of this horrifying experience with only minor bruises and abrasions, and their boat was still seaworthy enough to sail home. The two other boats in the bay fared less well. One vanished without a trace. The other was lifted up by the massive wave and hurled high over the trees covering a spit a quarter mile wide at the seaward end of the bay. The wave heaved the craft clear across the spit and dashed it to splinters in the sea beyond. Miraculously both fishermen in the craft, though seriously hurt, lived to tell the tale.

Generally speaking the results of glacial action are less violent than this. Many nightmare tales are told by people who have studied, climbed on or lived near glaciers, but the tales usually involve a quieter kind of nightmare, one stretching over days or months instead of being packed into a few frightful minutes. Perhaps this is the worst kind. Man against a slow-moving force that he can see coming but can't resist.

Take the nightmare at the Glacier des Bossons. This is a large ice river on the slopes of mighty Mt. Blanc near the popular ski resort, Chamonix. About a hundred years ago a traveler was passing by the front wall or "snout" of the glacier when he saw something protruding from the ice. He went closer. To his horror he saw that the thing was a human hand and arm. Dimly within the ice he could see the rest of the human form, solidly encased.

He ran to Chamonix. Somebody recalled a tragedy that had occurred 43 years before. A party of 10 men were climbing the glacial slope when a sudden avalanche swept three of them into a crevasse, a deep crack in the glacier. Could the protruding arm belong to one of these men? Two of the original climbers who were still alive were called in to identify the corpse. Yes, it was one of the avalanche victims. Chopped out of the ice, he looked like a young man asleep. His flesh was smooth and glowing with vigor. His living friends, 43 years older, were wrinkled and stooped with the weight of years. One of them seized the preserved man's hand and shook it. "This is Pierre Balmat's hand!" he said in a voice that shook with emotion. "I could never have believed that I would once again press the hand of my old friend!"

Balmat and the two other avalanche victims had been frozen solid inside the glacier for almost half a century. They had traveled with the glacial ice at a rate of about 240 feet a year, for a total of two miles. But even as Balmat's friend shook his hand, the warming flesh began to disintegrate. The remains were quickly buried in a local churchyard.

The crevasse into which Balmat had fallen was a typical glacial phenomenon. A glacier flows unevenly, with various parts of its mass moving at different speeds. Generally the ice in the center flows faster than that at the bottom and sides, where friction against rock and earth slows the movement down. Moreover a glacier doesn't flow in a straight line but follows the contours of the land as a stream of water would. All this creates tremendous stresses within the ice mass. The ice cracks under the strain.

A crevasse forms with a sudden ripping crack like an echoing rifle shot. At first it is so narrow that you can hardly push a knife blade into it. Gradually it widens and may reach 30 or 40 feet across. It may be as deep as 200 feet. Sometimes a superficial layer of partly packed snow remains unbroken on top of the widening crevasse and forms a treacherous bridge over it—a bridge capable of holding up its own weight but not the weight of a man. Many a mountain climber and skier, traveling across what looked like a level field of snow, has stepped on a bridge and vanished.

So has many a mountain animal. In 1933 two naturalists were crossing the Lyell Glacier in Yosemite. They rounded a pile of boulders and came face to face with a Sierra Mountain sheep of a species that they knew had been extinct for over a century. The sheep was standing there quite calmly, staring at them. Was it

possible the species wasn't extinct after all? Puzzled, the naturalists advanced slowly toward the animal. It didn't move. And suddenly they saw why. It was dead, and probably had been for well over 100 years. Its feet were encased in ice and it was frozen solid. One of its legs was broken. Evidently it'd fallen into a crevasse at some remote period in the past, had been preserved in a natural deepfreeze and now, finally, was being thawed out into the light of day.

Or it may be the sheep was caught in an avalanche. In this case it might have been frozen solid before it could move a muscle. Glacial ice sometimes forms as a result of snowslides, and it forms not in months but in seconds. Actually what forms is not clear ice but a white gritty kind of ice called the névé or firn. This is snow packed solid under tremendous pressure. Usually it forms slowly. Snowfall after snowfall collects on top of the glacier. As the surface snow melts on warm days, water seeps down into the levels below and freezes. This and the weight pressing down from above has the effect of welding snow crystals together and forming firn. But an avalanche can pile huge amounts of partly melted surface snow into a massive heap, and under the vast weight firn forms instantly.

In 1864 a mountain climber named P. C. Gosset, tackling the Haut-de-Cry in the Alps, had the horrifying experience of feeling this almost solid ice form around his body. He and a party of other men were caught in an avalanche. He told the story later:

"We heard a deep cutting sound. The snowfield we were on split in two about 15 feet above us. An awful silence ensued. It lasted but a few seconds and then was broken by the voice of one of the guides:

" 'We are all lost!'

"The snow on which we stood began to move slowly. I began to descend backward. The speed of the avalanche increased. . . ."

Gosset sank into the moving snow and was enclosed in tumultuous darkness, whirled about amid tons of tumbling snow. Then he came to the surface again. He saw to his horror that he was on the very crest of the avalanche, hurtling down the mountainside with an immense wall of seething white below him. "It was the most awful sight I ever saw. The head was preceded by a thick cloud of snow dust. Around me I heard the horrid hissing of the snow and far below me the thundering of the avalanche. I began to sink again and used my arms as though swimming."

Then he felt the motion stop. The front wall of the avalanche had halted but the snow behind kept pressing forward. Gosset was squeezed in a gigantic vise. He tried to uncover his head. It was then that he discovered the full horror of his situation. He couldn't twitch a muscle. He was solidly encased in hard ice.

After a while he became aware that his hands above the wrists could move. Apparently they were above the ice. "I tried to dig out and saw a faint glimmer of light but I could not reach any more of the crust with my fingers. The idea struck me that I might pierce it with my breath. I succeeded in doing so and felt a rush of air and saw the sky through a little round hole. I tried to extricate my arms but found it impossible. The most I could do was touch the tips of my fingers together."

Gosset felt death was near. His predicament was hopeless. Soon he'd freeze to death and be incorporated in a glacier. Maybe a hundred years from now the glacier would discharge him from its snout like Pierre Balmat in the Glacier des Bossons.

Then he heard a crunch of footsteps overhead. One of the guides had survived the avalanche and had seen Gosset's hands moving. Gosset was chopped from the ice and saved. But another member of the party, J. J. Bennen, was found frozen to death in the firn.

Glaciologists divide glaciers into more than half a dozen sub-types but basically there are two main kinds. There is the valley or mountain glacier, a single ice stream flowing downhill like a river. And there is the ice sheet or ice cap, a blob-shaped glacier flowing outward in all directions. The biggest ice sheet of all is the one that covers the Antarctic continent. Another big one covers much of Greenland. These huge sheet glaciers are largely responsible for a deadly hazard that has been cursed in the language of every seafaring nation on earth: the iceberg.

Glaciers "calve" icebergs in two ways. The ice may lean out over the ocean, perhaps partly floating on it, until the relatively warm sea water eats part of it away. Then a great section collapses with a crash that can be heard for miles. Or the glacier tongue may push out under water. The buoyancy of the ice creates a tremendous upward force. Finally the tongue end cracks off and surges to the surface, creating waves that can swamp a ship. An iceberg may be half a mile long and tower 300 feet above the ocean surface, with 7/8 of its mass (but not necessarily its height) below the surface. The Greenland ice sheet has more than 100 outlets to the sea where icebergs are calved. These outlet glaciers calve some 20,000 bergs a year which on the average, weigh about 1½-million tons apiece. Large bergs can travel astonishing distances before they melt. In 1926 one berg was sighted 170 miles southwest of Bermuda. It had traveled nearly 3,000 miles from its mother glacier. It was still 30 feet long and 15 feet wide.

The most famous iceberg of all time was the one that sank the *Titanic* on the tragic night of April 14, 1912. The *Titanic* was the largest vessel afloat. She weighed 46,328 tons and was considered unsinkable. The iceberg had been drifting about the seas for two or perhaps three years and had melted down to about 1/10 its original size. But it still weighed 200,000 tons more than the Empire State Building. The *Titanic* was no match for this monstrous piece of floating glacier. The collision ripped a 300-foot gash in the ship's side. She sank quickly, and 1,500 people lost their lives.

Though we seem to be in a period

A STARCRAFT fishing boat for every need!

Hauling camping gear or braving the chops and swells of rough open coastal waters, or gliding through shallows and sheltered coves—whatever you need in a tough, rugged fishing boat, Starcraft has it. 16 brawny boats with broad beams for stability, and thick-gauge riveted or welded aluminum hulls for durability and minimum upkeep. (A number are salt-water-corrosion-resistant.) Lengths from 8 to 16 ft. (plus 2 lapstrake aluminum canoes). Write today for your free 1964 Starcraft catalog—in color. *Starcraft Boat Company, Dept. R-5, Goshen, Indiana.*

STARCRAFT

AMERICA'S MOST POPULAR BOATS

14 ft. Marlin, 12 ft. Super Duty, both of lapstrake aluminum

FOR A BETTER-READ, BETTER-INFORMED AMERICA

Are you trying

. . . to get by with a horse-and-buggy mind in an age of spaceships? Do you want to do more with your life – at home, in the classroom, or on the job? Reading is the key! It opens the doors to new worlds, to greater opportunity, and to deeper understanding. To keep pace and move ahead in the world, use your libraries well and often. Remember—*reading is the key to the 20th Century.* (Why not try it?)

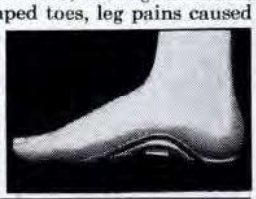
National Library Week
April 12-18

HEAVYWEIGHT?
Your Arches Need This Extra Support!

Don't let extra weight flatten your arches . . . leave feet sore, legs tired! Give arches the extra support of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports. Specially designed for overweight and heavy people, stainless steel plates give firm, comfortable lift to your every step.

Relieve Foot, Leg Pains!

Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise quickly relieve tired feet, aching callouses, burning soles, cramped toes, leg pains caused by weak, sagging arches. Light, fit any shoe. Essential to proper foot care. Sold at Shoe and Dept. Stores, or Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.



Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

Shrinks Hemorrhoids New Way Without Surgery Stops Itch – Relieves Pain

For the first time science has found a new healing substance with the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids and to relieve pain — without surgery.

In case after case, while gently relieving pain, actual reduction (shrinkage) took place.

Most amazing of all — results were so thorough that sufferers made astonishing statements like "Piles have ceased to be a problem!"

The secret is a new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®)—discovery of a world-famous research institute.

This substance is now available in *suppository* or *ointment form* under the name *Preparation H®*. Ask for it at all drug counters.

FOR SPEEDY SERVICE

1102171 647 98 24 0664
T M BROWN
5936 23rd PARKWAY'
WASHINGTON, D. C. 20031

WE'RE LOST WITHOUT THIS LABEL

Well, not really lost—but we can do things faster for you if you **send along the ADDRESS LABEL** from your magazine **any time you write to us about your subscription.**

attach label here

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

If you're moving, please let us know six weeks before changing your address. Better still, attach the magazine address label to this form, and print your new address here.

name

street

city state zip

TRUE Sub. Dept., Greenwich, Conn. 06830

now when the earth's ice is melting faster than it is forming, there is still a tremendous quantity of ice at the poles and on the tops of mountains. "Most of us in the United States think of ice as something that melts in the spring," says F. B. Walling of the Geological Survey. "But there is considerable year-round ice in the Washington State area, and Alaska of course has great fields of it." In fact there are now about 5 million cubic miles of year-round ice on the earth. It covers about 1/10 of the earth's surface. If it were all to melt at once the ocean levels would rise about 600 feet—enough to drown New York, Paris, Rome and London and move the Atlantic shoreline clear back to the Appalachian Mountains.

The ocean levels are indeed rising. Scientists disagree on how fast. Some say a few inches a century, some say as much as two feet. Nobody knows how long the process will continue. It may have halted already. In the past few years some parts of the world—Europe, Japan, the eastern U.S.—have experienced unusually cold winters. This makes some meteorologists wonder whether a new Ice Age is beginning.

When it does begin, people living in temperate climates like ours will discover that ice is more than a friendly substance for cooling drinks. It can be a deadly opponent, too. And maybe an unbeatable one.

—Max Gunther & Daniel P. Mannix

THE BAFFLING BURNING DEATH

[*Continued from page* 33]

source before they will burst into flame.

When I checked with Dr. Alfred Soffer, department head of *The Journal of the American Medical Association*, I learned that the AMA does not officially recognize SHC/PC, and that the two phenomena are not mentioned in various AMA publications or in the organization's bible, *Index Medicus*. Nonetheless, certain AMA members of high repute, such as Dr. Wilton Marion Krogman and Dr. Lester Adelson, both renowned pathologists, have personally encountered the effects of SHC/PC and, though mystified by it, do not deny its existence.

While the AMA may not recognize SHC/PC, Northwestern University's *Journal of Criminal Law, Criminology and Police Science* is interested. In its March-April, 1952, issue was published a 17-page scientific paper entitled "Spontaneous Human Combustion and Preternatural Combustibility," written by Dr. Adelson, who is a *magna cum laude* graduate of Harvard and chief deputy coroner for Cuyahoga County (Cleveland), Ohio.

Through the years, particularly in the more recent cases, investigating authorities have ascribed SHC/PC deaths mainly to such readily understandable causes as burns resulting from falling asleep while smoking, electrocution, tumbling into a fireplace, and even being deliberately set afire by another person, apparently because these reasons for death are acceptable within the knowledge of the average man, whatever the evidence—and SHC/PC is not. In many of the instances I checked out, the authorities showed a marked reluctance to talk, and in some there was outright refusal. However, in the significant case of Billy Peterson of Pontiac, Michigan, the investigators were perfectly open in their answers.

On December 13, 1959, Peterson, 30, left his mother at his uncle's house where they'd been visiting and drove home alone. At 7:45 p.m., less than an hour later, a passing motorist saw smoke escaping from the car parked in the Peterson garage and put in an alarm. Fire Lieutenant Richard Luxon and his crew arrived and found the right front seat smoldering where the exhaust pipe had been bent to lead into the closed car. Peterson sat in the left front seat a couple of feet from the smoldering upholstery.

Luxon radioed from his engine for a rescue truck, and Peterson was taken to Pontiac General Hospital, where Dr. Donald McCandless pronounced him dead. An autopsy established that Peterson had died of carbon-monoxide poisoning. This fitted right in line with the police findings of apparent suicide. Despondent because of an illness that had kept him from working for months, Billy Peterson had finally given up.

But McCandless and his aides at Pontiac General couldn't reconcile the suicide ruling with the rest of their findings. Billy's back, arms and legs were covered with third-degree burns. Yet unsinged hairs stuck up through the charred flesh. His nose and mouth were badly seared, almost as if he'd exhaled living fire, yet eyebrows and head hair were unharmed.

Pontiac Fire Chief James White told me the front-seat fire ($75 damage) had not touched Peterson. The chief's only analysis was that perhaps Peterson had been burned after death through a "cooking action" from adjacent heat.

"I would not quarrel with the theory concerning Spontaneous Human Combustion," he admitted when he talked with me recently. "I have never had any knowledge of this, but certainly would not care to say it was impossible."

Dr. John Marra, medical director at Pontiac General, was more conservative. He chose words carefully when he told me, "A conclusion was reached as to the appearance of the burns on Mr. Peterson's body. It was determined that these were caused by intensive heat in his car which resulted from the exhaust pipe's being connected to the front seat, causing a fire in the upholstery. His blue jeans became so heated that superficial burns of the skin resulted."

The fact remains that although he was fully dressed when he burned, Peterson's clothing—including even his underwear—was in no way damaged. Like the hairs of his body, the material seemed immune to the heat that had charred his flesh. Officials finally closed the case as simply "Death by Suicide." Still, at the time, Detroit newspapers said police and doc-

tors were baffled and quoted the doctors as saying: "It's the strangest thing we've ever seen!"

They weren't the first doctors to say it. On September 20, 1938, at Chelmsford, England, a woman in the midst of a crowded dance floor burst into intense blue flames seemingly generated from her body. She crumpled silently to the floor, and neither her escort nor other would-be rescuers could extinguish the blaze. In minutes she was ashes, unrecognizable as a human being. Coroner Leslie Beccles made a thorough investigation, then threw up his hands. "In all my experience," he said, "I've never come across any case as mysterious as this."

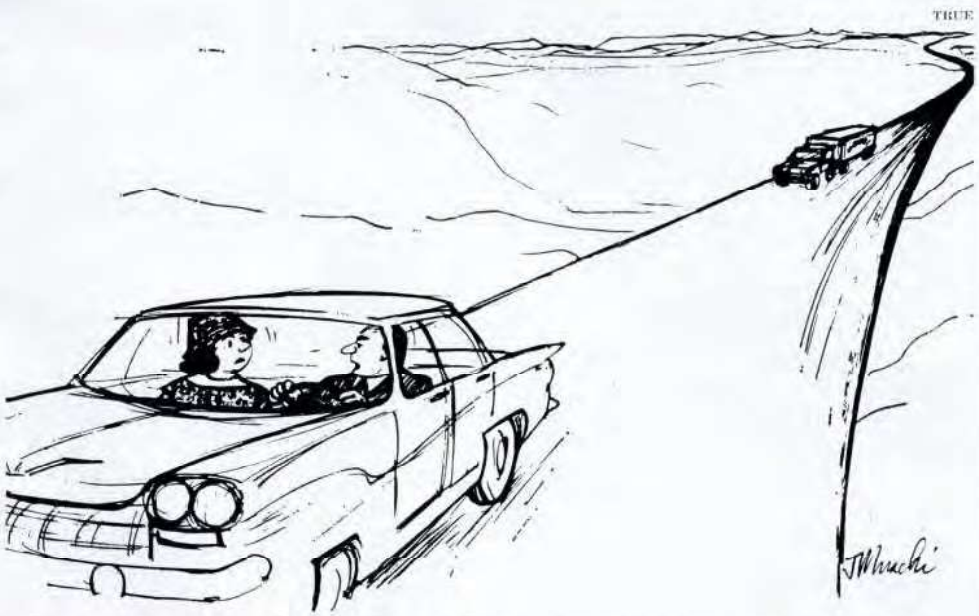
That was precisely the feeling experienced by the authorities the preceding July 30 at England's Norfolk Broads, when a woman paddling about in a small boat with her husband and children was engulfed by flame and quickly reduced to a mound of ugly ash. The terrified family was unhurt, and the wooden boat undamaged.

Although medical men who have had no experience with SHC/PC and have never heard of it before are understandably doubtful of its existence, the doctors who have encountered it and recognized it as extraordinary, frankly admit that it is beyond the present perimeter of human knowledge. Among this group is Dr. Wilton Krogman, an outstanding authority on the nature and cause of disease. Dr. Krogman is professor of physical anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania in Philadelphia. He is widely respected for his definitive research on the effects of fire on flesh and bone.

Dr. Krogman has burned bones still encased in human flesh, bones stripped of flesh but not dried out, and dried bones. He has burned cadavers in all sorts of fires with combustibles ranging from hickory and oak (which reputedly make the hottest natural fire) through gasoline, oil, coal and acetylene. He's employed all sorts of burning devices, from outdoor fires to electric furnaces and scientifically constructed pressurized gas crematoriums. For all these conditions he has observed and recorded how flesh and bone behave during burning and how they look when they cool off. He gave this answer to my question of how hot a fire must be to destroy totally a human body:

"First and foremost, it takes terrific heat to *completely* consume a human body, both flesh and skeleton. I've watched a body in a crematorium burn at 2,000° F. for over eight hours, burning under the best possible conditions of both heat and combustion, with everything controlled. Yet at the end of that time there was scarcely a bone that was not still present and completely recognizable as a human bone. It was calcined (reduced to its original matrix), but it was *not* ash or powder. Only at over 3,000° F. have I seen a bone fuse so that it ran and became volatile. These," he added emphatically, "are very great heats that would affect anything flammable within a considerable radius of the blaze."

Is it any wonder, therefore, that cases like that of Joan and Mary Hart leave legal and medical authorities baffled? The sisters resided at Whitley Bay, Blythe, England. On March 31, 1908, Joan Hart found her invalid sister literally burning as she sat in a parlor rocking chair. Quickly Joan scooped up a throw rug and smothered the flame. At this point Mary was burned badly, but probably not fatally. With some effort, Joan carried Mary upstairs, lay her on a bed with clean sheets, and ran for help. Apparently Mary started burning again almost as soon as her sister left, because when Joan returned with help, the invalid was reduced to ashes except for the head and several fingers. Yet, incredibly, the sheets were not even scorched, and the room was in no way damaged except by that coating of greasy soot noticeable in practically every case of SHC/PC. The Northumberland coroner listed the case as the most extraordinary he'd ever investigated.

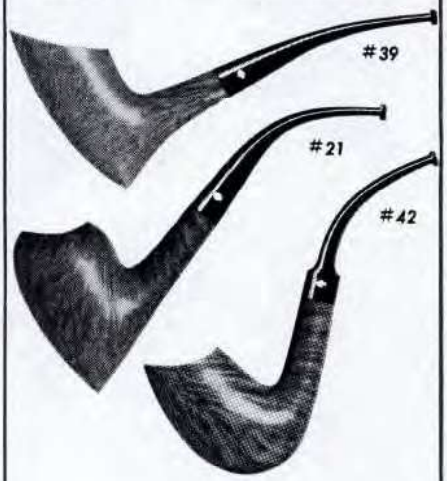


"Monotony is the worst driving hazard through here—so would you cut out the chatter."

Dr. Grabow

The world's only pre-smoked pipe!

Needs No Breaking-In!



You enjoy a mild, satisfying smoke the very first time you light up. Choose from exciting Continental styles, traditional Classics and new non-tip Futuras. Whatever your choice, you know it's the finest if it's a Dr. Grabow Pre-Smoked Pipe. Available in four superb briars, $4.95 to $10.00.

For FREE Information Booklet, Write to:
DR. GRABOW Pre-Smoked Pipes, Greensboro, N.C.

HAVE YOU HEARD about the new Rembrandt stainless double edge blades? Try them and if you don't agree they're smoother shaving and longer lasting than even high priced brands, we'll promptly return your money in full.
Send $1.00 for 15 blades postpaid.
A & B Associates, Dept. T
15405 Myrtle Avenue, Harvey, Ill. 60426

Discover the Excitement of
LEARNING ELECTRONICS or TV or RADIO with NRI Training Kits

Enjoy the thrill of training at home with custom designed electronic kits NRI sends you. Electronics is in great demand in business, industry, government; plus opportunities everywhere for making $3 to $5 an hour in spare time while training. Whatever your education—whatever your reason for wanting to know more about Electronics, Radio and Television, NRI has training plans you should know about. For catalog, tear out this ad, write your name and address in the margin and mail to: National Radio Institute, Dept. 4EH7, Washington, D. C. 20016.

...THE HARDER YOU FALL

You'll fall for Miss May Weekend in more than one way, since she's a karate expert, able to turn your own strength against you, and since she also appears on the new giant-size center foldout which is the greatest thing since the invention of the wheel. "The Sex Revolution On Campus" by James Collier is big news in this issue, but scarcely more than the Moscow report (text: Geoffrey Bocca, photos: Peter Basch) featuring the actresses now emerging from behind the Iron Curtain. Mix vigorously with a picture set on Mandy Rice-Davies, a look-in at The World's Fair, a romp with the girls at a Swedish sauna, and Cavalier's regular cover-to-cover masculine fare for the New Man, and you have a prize package.

Cavalier

Until 1951 "extraordinary" seems to have been the key word whenever the burning death turned up. The cause of death listed was usually a conventional one, but medical and police investigators who were not completely satisfied sometimes added that one-word description. For most victims of the burning death today this is still the kind of decision reached. But in 1951 the first step toward a study of this mysterious malady was made.

It was a very complete step. It was taken in a case of the burning death, and it consisted of the most thorough and competent investigation that any such death has ever had. It brought in not only local authorities, but Dr. Krogman and the FBI as well.

Known as "the case of the cinder woman," it threw the city of St. Petersburg, Florida, into a state of terror that lasted many weeks, and that still causes nightmares. It burned itself into the front pages of Florida's papers on July 2, 1951.

Mrs. P. M. Carpenter, owner of a four-apartment building at 1200 Cherry Street, Northeast, had spent a pleasant hour or so the evening before in the one-room apartment of her favorite tenant, Mrs. Mary Hardy Reeser, a rather stout, kindly, 67-year-old widow. Mrs. Reeser had chatted amiably about her beloved Pennsylvania Dutch background with her physician son, his wife, and Mrs. Carpenter. She told her son she had taken a couple of seconal tablets at 8 p.m., as usual, and would probably take two more before going to bed. When the trio left at 9 p.m., she was seated in her armchair facing one of the two open windows, a small wooden end table beside her. She was wearing a rayon nightgown, a cotton housecoat and a pair of comfortable black satin slippers. She was smoking a cigarette.

COMING . . .

The full, factual story of the spectacular 1963 assault on the world's highest peak.

AMERICANS ON EVEREST

by James Ramsey Ullman

BONUS BOOK CONDENSATION

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

The next morning, shortly before 8, a Western Union boy knocked at Mrs. Carpenter's door. "Got a telegram here for Mrs. Mary Reeser," he told her. "I knocked on her door but don't get any answer. You take it?"

Mrs. Carpenter said she'd deliver the message, but she was concerned. It wasn't like Mary Reeser, a light sleeper, to miss the sound of a knock. Mrs. Carpenter went to the woman's door and tapped lightly, then harder when there was no answer. Alarmed, she reached to open the door, but jerked her hand back in pain. The brass doorknob was so hot it burned her. She screamed, and two painters working nearby rushed to her aid.

They forced the door and found a macabre scene. Although both windows were open, the room was intolerably hot. In front of one open window was a pile of ashes—the remains of the big armchair, the end table . . . and Mrs. Reeser.

Firemen arrived at 8:07 a.m., followed by the police. It was instantly apparent that this was no ordinary accident. Only the severely heat-eroded coil springs were left of the chair. There was no trace of the end table. Of the widow, all that remained were a few small pieces of charred backbone, a skull which, strangely, had shrunk uniformly to the size of an orange, and her wholly untouched left foot still wearing its slipper.

The heat necessary for such damage had to be incredible, yet the room was little affected. The ceiling, draperies and walls, from a point exactly four feet above the floor, were coated with smelly, oily soot. Below this four-foot mark there was none. The wall paint adjacent to the chair was faintly browned, but the carpet where the chair had rested was not even burned through. A wall mirror 10 feet away had cracked, probably from heat. On a dressing table 12 feet away, two pink wax candles had puddled, but their wicks lay undamaged in the holders. Plastic wall outlets above the four-foot mark were melted, but the fuses were not blown and the current was on. The baseboard electrical outlets were undamaged. An electric clock plugged into one of the fused fixtures had stopped at precisely 4:20—less than three hours before—but the same clock ran perfectly when plugged into one of the baseboard outlets.

Newspapers nearby on a table and draperies and linens on the daybed close at hand—all flammable—were not damaged. And though the painters and Mrs. Carpenter had felt a wave of heat when they opened the door, no one had noted smoke or burning odor and there were no embers or flames in the ashes.

Faced with a complete mystery, Police Chief J. R. Reichert quickly asked for FBI assistance. Scrapings from the carpet, metal from the chair, and the ashes and mortal remains of Mrs. Reeser were sent to the FBI laboratory for microanalysis. The first report back clarified nothing, but it contained a blockbuster: Mrs. Reeser had weighed 175 pounds, yet all that remained of her after the fire—including the shriveled head, the whole foot, the bits of spine and a minute section of tissue tentatively identified as liver—weighed *less than 10 pounds!*

By this time, more than a week after the widow's death, the St. Petersburg cops were referring to the "cinder woman" case as "weird, fantastic and unbelievable," and even the normally conservative FBI ventured that it was "unusual and improbable." The newspapers and the radio demanded action of Reichert, but he was already seeking what competent help he could get. Edward Davies, a top-notch arson specialist of the National Board of Underwriters, came in on the case. Hard to fool and quick to detect evidence of deliberate burning, he was stumped. "I can only say," he admitted glumly, "the victim

died from fire, with no idea of what caused it."

Then came a lucky break. Dr. Krogman was visiting his family just across Tampa Bay at Bradenton, and his presence became known. Told of the pathologist's reputation, Reichert promptly asked for his help. Dr. Krogman agreed to look in on the case.

The doctor quickly checked the findings of the other authorities who had been consulted and began eliminating possibilities. Had lightning struck her? No. No storms, no lightning, no thunder the night of July 1. Having swallowed sedatives, could she have fallen asleep in her chair, dropped her cigarette, ignited the nightgown and chair and burned? Hardly likely, since such a fire couldn't possibly have caused the heat—over 3,000° F.—necessary to consume her. Even if an ordinary fire had reached that temperature, the room—or the whole building—would have been heavily damaged. Anyway, though the windows were open, no one saw smoke or smelled any burning odor. Was Mrs. Reeser burned elsewhere and then placed in the room? Residue in the room and other evidence ruled this concept out. Could an electrical induction current have gone through her from faulty wiring? Virtually impossible without blowing a fuse. And no short circuit could have caused such massive destruction.

Soon Krogman was left with only the far-out idea of the vaguely reported SHC/PC, or burning death. Fantastic? Yes. Unbelievable? Definitely. Without precedent? Not quite—Krogman had been digging into those 100 cases previously recorded. How many more burning deaths there had really been, untraceable because they had been written off as caused by accidental fire, no one could know.

Eventually, even Krogman admitted defeat. He told Chief Reichert, "I have posed the problem to myself again and again of why Mrs. Reeser could have been so thoroughly destroyed, even to the bones, and yet leave nearby objects materially unaffected. I always end up rejecting it in theory but facing it in apparent fact."

He was unable to understand how the widow's body could have burned so completely without someone's detecting smoke or, especially, ". . . the acrid, evil-smelling odor of burning human flesh." Another major point he was unable to comprehend was the shrinking of the head. "In my experience," Dr. Krogman asserted, "the head is not left complete in ordinary burning cases. Certainly it does *not* shrivel or symmetrically reduce to a much smaller size. In presence of heat sufficient to destroy soft tissues, the skull would literally explode in many pieces. I have experimented on this, using cadaver heads, and have never known an exception to this rule.

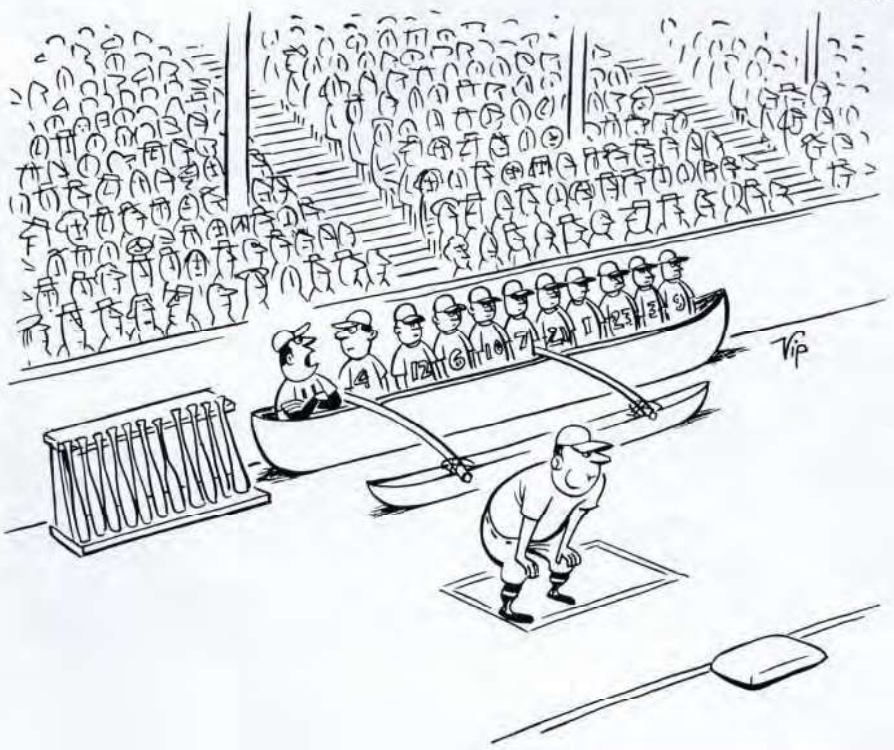
"Never," he concluded, "have I seen a skull so shrunken or a body so completely consumed by heat. This is contrary to normal experience and I regard it as the most amazing thing I've ever seen. As I review it, the short hairs on my neck bristle with vague fear. Were I living in the Middle Ages, I'd mutter something like 'black magic!' "

At last the investigation in the cinder woman case came to an end. The FBI issued a final report which, not surprisingly, came to few concrete conclusions. It told Chief Reichert: "There is no evidence that any kind of inflammable fluids, volatile liquids, chemicals or other accelerants had been used to set the widow's body ablaze."

The chief issued a 500-word public

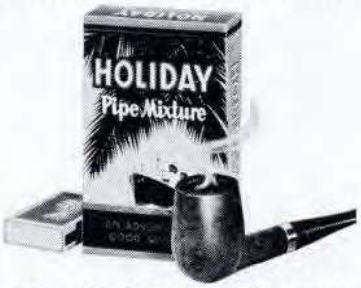
[*Continued on page* 112]

TRUE



"Boy, I've been in lots of strange dugouts before, but . . ."

Will you truly enjoy Holiday's fine aroma?



Try it free and see!

Learn how Holiday "house breaks" any pipe! Its five, flavorful, custom-selected tobaccos have an aroma men relish and women welcome. For free package (offer limited to U.S.A.) send name and address to Holiday, Dept. U-12, P.O. Box 3-AC

THE HOUSE OF EDGEWORTH
Larus & Brother Co., Inc. Richmond, Va.
Fine Tobacco Products Since 1877

ANTIQUE WEAPONS—Fascinating background and 1498 photographic illustrations of authentic old guns, daggers, swords, and armor.
SEND $1 for your CATALOG #31:
ROBERT ABELS INC.
860-T Lexington Ave. New York 21, N. Y.

Car Using Oil?
CURE IT WITH CASITE
MotorHoney
$1.30 AT YOUR SERVICE STATION

"A POOR WORKMAN BLAMES HIS TOOLS"

Correctly used hand and power tools guarantee professional results. Let MI help you build every project like an expert.

MECHANIX ILLUSTRATED
THE HOW-TO-DO MAGAZINE

Still only 25c

NO NEED TO BE **BALD**

No need today to look other than your best. When you know you do, you feel better, do your job better—and you're more fun! Don't be ignored because you look older than you are. Clean, cool, new flexible base, contoured to each individual bald area. NO NET, NO GLUE, NO FUSS, NO MUSS. The only answer—TAYLOR TOPPER.

MAIL COUPON NOW, COMPLETE DETAILS FREE TAYLOR TOPPER, 123 W. 28 St., New York 1, N. Y. Dept. 5077. Please mail FREE literature on TAYLOR TOPPER in plain white envelope, positively no obligation on my part. Advise office address closest to me.

Name ----------

Street ----------

City ---------- State ----------

TITANIA

the miracle jewel stone you read about in The READER'S DIGEST

MORE BRILLIANT and More Beautiful than DIAMONDS

Unset "Titania" jewel, 1 to 5 carats, for your own rings, brooches, etc. Per carat. ONLY ---------- $12*

1 carat "Titania" Solitaire set in a beautiful 14 kt gold mounting. Complete ONLY ---------- $27.00*

1 carat "Titania" set in a Masculine box style 14 kt mounting. Complete ONLY ---------- $35.00*

Write for FREE HANDY RING SIZE CHART & 48 PAGE FULL COLOR JEWELRY CATALOG.

* All prices Plus 10% Federal tax

REGENT LAPIDARY CO. 10 DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

Dept. T-5, 511 EAST 12 ST., NEW YORK 9, N. Y.

It's sleek . . . it's unsinkable . . . it's a portable

KLEPPER *Foldaway*

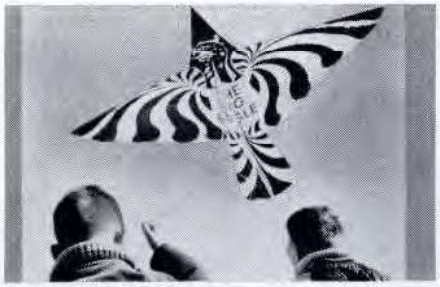
Fits Any Car

Since 1907—Famous for FOLDING BOAT QUALITY

Discover the remarkable advantages of a Klepper Foldaway . . . See how easy it is to carry, to assemble, to store. Airtubes guarantee safety. Perfect family boat. 4 international awards. Choice of many new models.

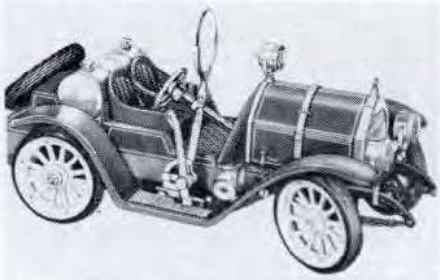
Write for FREE color catalog TR5

HANS KLEPPER, 35 Union Sq. West, N.Y. 3, N.Y.



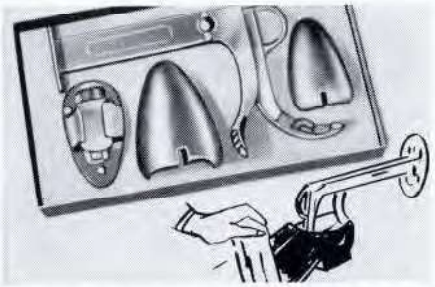
THE BIG EAGLE KITE requires no tail nor running to launch and is ready to fly in seconds. Giant 3 dimensional 45" wingspread 32" long, practically indestructible, made of extra strength vinyl. It climbs, zooms and streaks across the sky fluttering in bird-like action with its striking design. $1 + 25¢ pp. 2 for $2 ppd. Empire, Dept. T, 140 Marbledale Rd., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

AQUARIUM is colorful, break-resistant and completely leakproof. All molded tank which is perfect for aquatic gazing. Complete unit has a smart electric hood, aqua-scape kit, pump, diver, sand. Decor and sand in any combination of black, green, red, white or blue. 5-gal. unit, $15.95. 10-gal. unit, $24.95. Heater optional for $4.95. Precise, Box 142A, Rockville Centre, N. Y.



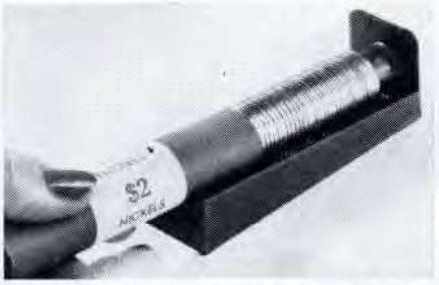
1913 MERCER-TYPE 35J was a great car, placed in 65 of 80 races. This remarkable imported 9" scale model is identical right to the outside gears. When in neutral, car actually idles, runs standing still until shifted into forward gear. Goes 15 mph. Has spring suspension, etc. $9.95. Davis Model, Dept. TR-5, 887-2nd Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

TRUE goes shopping



HOME SHOE SHINE STAND—Mount brackets of this aluminum shoe holder to any surface and you'll be able to give your own brogans a quick, neat, professional shine. Complete with 2 interchangeable toe pieces, it'll take any shoe made, save you money. Each, $3.95. 2 sets only $6.95. Charles Company, Department TR-5, 10 East 81st Street, New York 28, N. Y.

BIG AND TALL MEN will want these wash-n-wear shirts. Neck sizes to 21, sleeve sizes to 38". All cotton broadcloth with conventional soft collar, permanent stays and convertible cuffs. Little or no ironing required. Available in white only. $5.95. Write for free catalog. Order from Jerry Leonard, Department 24, 1419 Farnam St., Omaha, Nebraska.



PENNIES, NICKELS, DIMES, QUARTERS can be wrapped in this coin counter. Recommended for any business that handles cash. Good for saving money at home. Ends fuss and fumbling. Gives you an immediate total. Use plain paper or bank wrappers. Price is $1.00. 6 for $5.00. You may order from Jamaica Silversmiths, Department T-5, 50 Delancey St., New York 2, N. Y.

10-POWER MONOCULAR is the latest in a line of fine precision-imported optics. Small enough (2¾" long) to fit into pants watch pocket, it's no toy, but a 10-power glass, whose size and light weight make it ideal for outdoorsmen, snoopers, etc. Coated lens. $17.95. Arms & Weapons, Dept. TR-5, 122 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

U.S. GOV'T SURPLUS

SELLING FOR ONLY A FRACTION OF ORIGINAL COST!

THOUSANDS OF ITEMS AVAILABLE FOR ONLY 2c AND 3c ON THE DOLLAR, DIRECT FROM GOVERNMENT

EXAMPLES:
Jeeps $117.00
Typewriters $8.79
Radios $2.65
Boats $178.00
Airplanes $159.00
Bicycle $5.50
Leather Boots 65c
Telescope $4.00
Pass. Bus $208.00
Refrigerator $5.00
Power Mower $7.50
Mimeograph $23.00
Generators $2.68
and thousands more!

PLUS a list of 1000 locations where you can purchase surplus on the spot!

Full Details—How, Where to Buy Only $1.00

FREE! FREE! FREE!

Separate 52-page section with *pictures and prices* of more than **600** items you can order ***DIRECT BY MAIL*** is yours free when you send $1.00 for the surplus catalog. Examples:

Parachutes	Ammunition	Boats
Walkie-Talkies	Holsters	Silverware
Clothing	Tents	Hand Grenades
Goggles	Tools	Gun Racks
Battle Hats	Boots	and Hundreds
Cots	Combat Knives	More
	Mine Detectors	

30 DAY FREE HOME TRIAL COUPON

Surplus Bargains, Dept. TE-5
P. O. Box 50939, New Orleans 50, La.

I enclose $1.00. Send both catalogs immediately. I understand that my money will be refunded if I am not completely satisfied. Also I will receive a full refund with my first order of $10.00 or more.

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

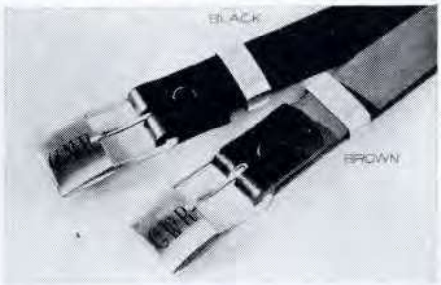
City _____ State _____

FULL PURCHASE PRICE OF $1.00 REFUNDED WITH FIRST ORDER OF $10.00 OR MORE

This department is not composed of paid advertising. Some of the products and services are new, some old, but all, we think, are interesting. Order what you want. Refunds are guaranteed (except on personalized items). Prices include postage unless otherwise specified.

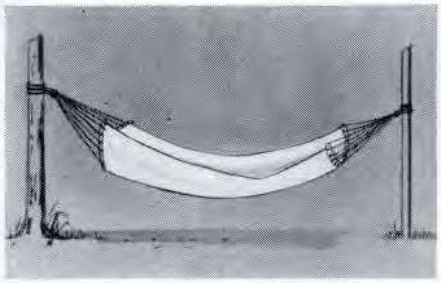
END DANGLING SEAT BELTS with new seat belt retractors. Keeps belts neatly rolled, out of way, very convenient. When ready to drive, pull belt around you. Retractor is an adjustable spring-tension roller that slips onto present or new seat belts. Each pair (for one seat belt) $1.99 or 2 pairs (2 seat belts) $3.75. Add 25¢ hdlg. King, 51 West 35 St., New York 1, N. Y.

STAMP COLOR CHART—identifying more than 100 colors and shades listed in standard stamp catalogs—is included with this valuable collection of 35 multi-colored pictorial issues selected from the World's most beautiful stamps. The complete package is yours for 25¢. You can get it by ordering from Kenmore, Department D-36, Milford, New Hampshire.

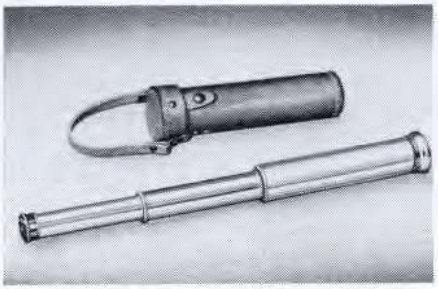


REVERSIBLE LEATHER BELT is personalized with 2 or 3 initials. Made of genuine calf-skin leather, the 1" belt reverses from black to brown in seconds. The golden brass polished buckle snaps on and off with a flick of the wrist. In sizes 32 to 44. Be sure to specify size and initials when ordering. Price is $2.98 from Gloria Dee, Box 2000T, Mount Vernon, N. Y.

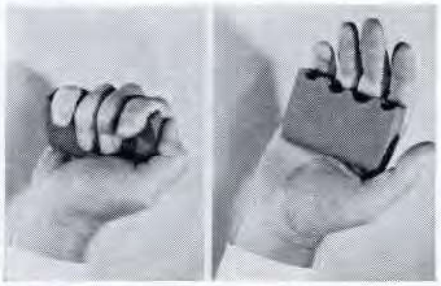
$1,000 BANK ON WHEELS is a marvelous new copy of the massive Mosler safes grandad used. This all-steel black one has authentic eagle and gold-leaf designs, combination lock, is big enough (6"x7"x9") to hold $1,000 in change. Nice way for young and old to save. $5.95. Antique Toy, Dept. TR-5, 380 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.



WHITE NAVY HAMMOCK. Old salts that remember these heavy white canvas hammocks, know they are sturdy and hold up well. Brand new; a full 36x74"; brass grommets; complete with all ropes and clues. A real buy (and a fine gift for Dad) for a relaxed afternoon. $9.95. Day Co., Dept. TR-5, Box 311, 229 East 85th St., New York 28, N. Y.



30-POWER TELESCOPE has an achromatic lens for pin-point viewing. Color-corrected coated and optical ground, the scope brings you up close to birds, animals, ships at sea, stars, planets, etc. Collapsed, it's only 7½" and extends to 13½". With a heavy lined pigskin case and strap. $6.95. Majestic Distributors, Dept. T-5, 16 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.



HAND EXERCISER is made of firm, resilient rubber and has been used by bowlers, golfers, ball players, and all athletes. Used regularly, it should be a great help in strengthening your grip as well as in keeping your arm muscles from becoming soft and flabby. $1 each; 2 for $1.79. Add 10¢ hndlg. for each. Cherard, Dept. T-5, 51 West 35th St., New York 1, N. Y.

W-I-D-E MOCCASINS like the rugged hand-sewn camp moc shown above are just one of many Hitchcock styles designed especially for men with wide feet. Style 603 illus. is designed for camp and yard wear. Full grain waterproof with rawhide laces, rubber sole. Sizes 5-11, 12, 13. Width EEEE. $11.50. Send for free catalog. Hitchcock Shoes, Hingham E-7, Massachusetts.

TEST SMOKE
THIS ***NEW*** CIGAR
AT OUR RISK
smoke them on the house in this INTRODUCTORY OFFER

Now — a new way of life for cigar smokers! Here's a completely new, modern cigar, a long slender full 6 inch shape, that's so mild even cigarette smokers will enjoy it. And man, does it taste good! That's because it's a special blend with sun ripened Golden Isle leaf that's completely new in character, — so light, smooth and modern in taste.

This new Wally Frank "Stallion" promises to completely revolutionize the cigar business. We plan to bring out these extra long slimline cigars to compete with expensive luxury cigars. But before spending big money in advertising, we want your opinion as a cross check on our tremendous enthusiasm. We'll rush you 25 Humidor-fresh cigars. Send us nothing for the cigars, we've written them off for the test . . . Just send $1.00 to help cover postage, — expense and cigar tax on this non-profit transaction. When they arrive, test smoke as many as you like on the house and tell us what you think of them. Then, if you're not delighted, return the balance for your $1.00 back in full. (Sorry only 25 cigars to a customer).

WALLY FRANK LTD.
132 Church Street DEPT.
New York, N. Y. 10007 S 144

I enclose $1.00, send me 25 cigars described above on your Money Back Guarantee (in U.S.A. only). Please print name and address below.

LIVE SEAHORSES $1 EACH

Order a live Seahorse shipped to you from Florida for only $1 each, or send $2 for a Mated Pair. (Include 25¢ postage, all orders.) Get started with this interesting hobby . . . fascinating project for young and old. Raise them in an ordinary goldfish bowl or jar. Most unusual and intriguing to watch. Hours of fun . . . see the FATHER Seahorse give birth to live baby Seahorses! Free food and instructions included. Live delivery guaranteed. SPECIAL OFFER: Order 2 Mated Pairs for $2.98.

Florida Seahorse Co, Dept. 60, Box 300, Miami Beach 39, Fla.

FOR THOSE WHO LIKE TO MAKE PEOPLE SMILE

An ideal memento or gift, sure-fire conversation piece. Guaranteed to provoke a laugh every time. Beautifully brass plated on genuine oil finished walnut base. Etched brass caption plate. 4½" wide. Keep it on desk, mantel, etc. The perfect "ice breaker" for salesmen, businessmen, etc. *Send check or money order no cod's please ppd.* **$3.00**

FEDERAL Dept. 106, 6652 N. Western Ave., Chicago 45

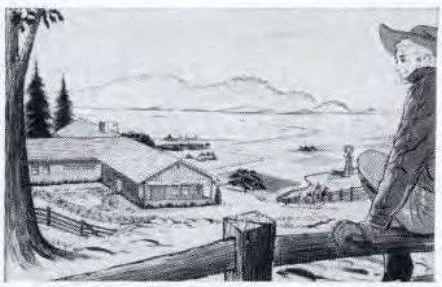
NON-SWIMMERS SWIM INSTANTLY

Yes, now, you too can swim like a fish the easy, safe way — FAST — and join the water fun. New, unique, 4 oz. device, 1/25" thin, worn HIDDEN under reg. bathing suit or swim trunks, floats you at ease with little effort, is comfortable all day. No more fear of deep water, adjust. buoyancy makes anyone unsinkable. Poor swimmers look like champions, nonswimmers swim quickly and easily. Order your original, invisible "SWIM-EZY"® today, lasts for years. Made in U.S. pats. pend. Send only $7.95 ppd. plus 32c tax in Calif. 10 day trial guar. STATE WAIST SIZE and SEX. Airmail add 42c. Beware of poor imitations. SWIM-EZY Mfr., 2245 N. Lake Ave., Dept. TR-430; Altadena, Calif. 91001.

YOUR BEST POKER HAND

mounted and framed for wall or desk. Tell us the cards, who held them, the date and the type of poker you were playing. The identical hand is returned to you—personalized and mounted (real cards) and framed. Decorative plaques may also be bought without the personalization.

$1.98 HEM INDUSTRIES, BOX 891-T, TROY, N. Y.



SUNNY NEW MEXICO is a wonderful place to live. A half-acre Ranchette is waiting for you in the perfect climate of Deming, New Mexico. The price for a half-acre is $249 complete, $5 down, $5 per month. You'll learn all of the details in a handsome, free color portfolio which you get by writing to Deming Ranchettes, Dept. T-9F, 112 West Pine St., Deming, New Mexico.

NEW VITAMIN and drug catalog lists popular vitamin and vitamin-mineral combinations, as well as drugs and cosmetics at substantial savings. All Hudson products meet highest quality standards. Compare prices, join millions whom Hudson has served for more than 25 years. Write for free catalog. Hudson Vitamin, Dept. V205, 89 Seventh Ave., New York 11, N. Y.

TRUE goes shopping

EXERCISE WITHOUT EXHAUSTION. Mickey Mantle's Isometric Gym offers a short-cut system of 10 two-second exercises for athletes, office workers, housewives, etc. Improve body proportions; stay in shape. Weighs 2 lbs.; can be carried in a briefcase. $12.98. Free details from Mickey Mantle's Isometric Minute-A-Day Gym, 37 Centuck Station, Yonkers, N. Y. 10710.

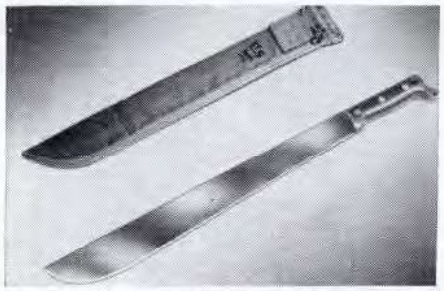
PIANISSIMO means very soft and that describes this handsome boot style from Italy. Made of comfortable glove leather with bold styling. Made on American lasts in Black, sizes 5-13; and Natural Tan, sizes 6-13, both medium width. $13.95 a pair. Write for free catalog of other international favorites. Order from Eleganza Imports, 1074 Monument Street, Brockton, Mass.

ANTIQUE PRICE GUIDE lists the 1963 value of more than 32,000 American antiques. The only accredited antique dealer's handbook (1st time released to public), it includes pictures and prices of glass, furniture, toys, guns, 200 other groups. Fascinating, and you'll save money. $5.95. Madison House, Dept. TR-5, 380 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

FISH HOOKS, soap, fruit freeze, mouthwash, and many other items can be bought at great savings. Here is a publication which lists hundreds of other specials which can be bought at the right price. Also listed are 101 ways you can earn money at home. This Bargain Directory is available for $1.00 from Bargain Directory, Dept. TE, P.O. Box 51372, New Orleans, La.

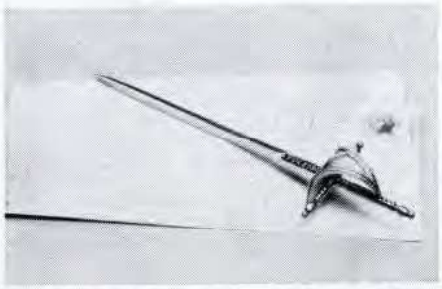
ACCORDIONS made in Italy can offer you big savings and fine instruments. More than 30 models available for beginners, students, teachers and professionals. Down payments are low and these folks take any instrument for trade-in. Write for free catalog. Accordion Corporation of America, Department T-123, 2003 West Chicago Avenue, Chicago 22, Ill.

BRITISH-INDIAN CAVALRY PITH HELMETS have changed little in 100 years. Made of pith cork a full one inch thick (think of it), imported white linen helmets weigh 10 ounces, have a green cloth lining, regimental leather strapping. Cool, handsome, comfortable. Brand new. Specify size. $6.95. Safari Imports, Dept. TR-5, 887 Second Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

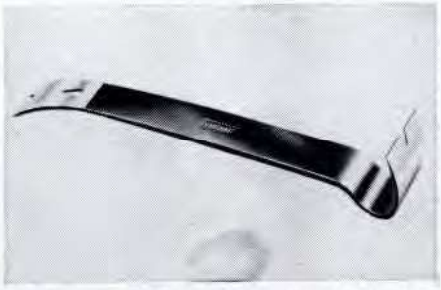


U.S.A. CAMP MACHETE. You don't have to cross the border to get one of these 18" blade machetes. War surplus (Army made 3 million in WW II), you can bush out a trail, clear a camp site, or fell a good-sized tree. In sturdy canvas shield with belt clip, it's a solid buy for $2.95. Lincoln Products, Dept. TR-5, 125 East 41 St., New York 17, N. Y.

MAGNIFYING ½ FRAME GLASSES let you see sharp and clear when reading fine print and doing detail work. Permits non-magnified vision over top of lenses. 2.25 diopter polished ground lenses. For folks over 40 without astigmatism or eye disease who simply need magnifying lenses. $3.98 includes case. Nel-King, Dept. T-54D, 811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 5, Mo.



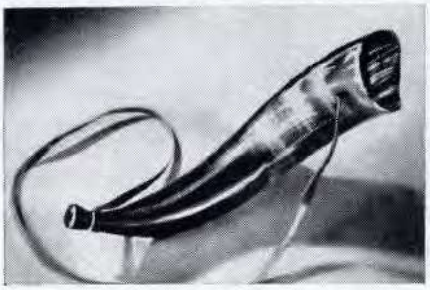
LETTER OPENER is made of famous Toledo steel. Imported from Spain, this handsome and sharp desk ornament slits envelopes quickly and neatly. The sword handle, made of etched steel and mother-of-pearl, is a distinctive addition to a practical product. Letter opener is 9" long. Price is $2.98. Order from Best Values, Dept. T-5, 285 Market Street, Newark, N. J.



SUPER-BAR is a new all-purpose tool, specially designed to perform leverage jobs. Made of drop forged steel, the 18" tool provides perfect leverage for prying or lifting in all locations and under a multitude of conditions. Used for raising windows, removing trim, fitting doors, dry wall paneling, flooring, etc. $4.98. Excel Products, Dept. T, 100 E. Ohio St., Chicago 11, Ill.

TEE UP OR FISH UP. Finest quality plastic coated playing cards appeal to golfers and fishermen. Each deck contains 52 hilarious cartoons, all different. The perfect deck for your pleasure, for golfing friends or fishing friends, or to be given as awards. $2 per deck, or $3.95 for a two-deck gift pack. Vargas-Vanities, Dept T-5, Box 622, St. Louis 88, Missouri.

CAR STORAGE COMPARTMENT doubles as an arm rest. Holds glasses, maps, cigarettes, cosmetics, pencils, camera, etc. More than 600 cubic inches of storage space. Features a concealed coin holder. Arm rest relieves driving fatigue. Choice of blue, black, tan, red, gray. Price is $8.95. Order from Nu-Items, Dept. T, 65-54 Fresh Meadow Lane, Flushing 65, N. Y.



GENUINE old-time, bugle-type hunting horns are crafted from select steer horns. Imported, horns are hand-polished, come with rawhide shoulder thong. You don't see many of these today, and this one is a beauty. Measures 14" along the curve, has a clear bell-like tone. $3.95. Lincoln Products, Dept. TR-5, 122 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.

AMERICAN EAGLE PLAQUE is an impressive addition for living room, den, etc. This handsome antique gold finished eagle has a majestic 33" wingspread, stands 15½" high with Shield of State grasped in talons. Molded of 3 dimensional "Vacucel," a new break-resistant, heavy duty yet lightweight discovery. $3.95+55¢ pp. Royal Sales, 485T-5th Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

KING OF QUALITY

JUPITER

NEW LIGHTWEIGHT, PORTABLE, POWERFUL GASOLINE-POWERED TOOLS!

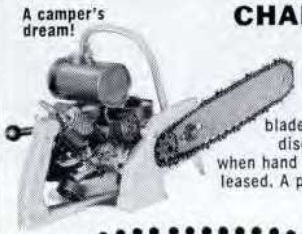
These amazing tools have been designed around the sensational, ultra-compact Ohlsson & Rice gasoline engine, latest breakthrough in lightweight engine design. The Ohlsson & Rice develops ¾ hp, yet weighs only **3¾ lbs.** and measures only 5¼" long, 5¾" high and 6" wide exclusive of spark plug or shaft extension. These engines will operate in any position . . . even upside down.

The tools and equipment offered here are all self-contained — no batteries, additional tanks or other equipment to put them in operation. All units have recoil start and carry full 90-day warranty.

A camper's dream!

CHAIN SAW

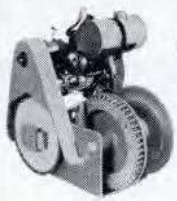
$119.50



Only **9¼ lbs.** —10" usable blade length. Safety disengages clutch when hand pressure is released. A pruning marvel.

For heavy lifting & pulling

WINCH



Weighs **27 lbs.**, lifts ½ ton, pulls 1½ tons. Holds 350 ft. of 3/16" steel cable with free spooling.

$169.50

HEDGE CLIPPER

For homes, parks, golf courses, cemeteries

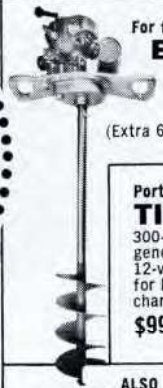
Wt. **10 lbs.**— heavy duty 30" double-action blade, self-sharpening and cleaning. Prunes, trims hedges. Wheel attachment available for weed cutting or heavy duty mowing. **$179.50**

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER

With each of the first 100 tools sold from this ad we will give ABSOLUTELY FREE a beautiful UNIVERSAL 2-SLICE TOASTER — retail value $21.95. Optional choice: UNIVERSAL HIGH QUALITY STEAM IRON, or 10-CUP COFFEEMATIC, or ELECTRIC CAN OPENER. All postpaid. (Offer void in states where prohibited by law.)

For fences, signs, planting, etc.

EARTH AUGER



Wt. **16 lbs.**, makes holes 30" deep. With 4" auger, only . . . **$139.50**

(Extra 6" auger, $22.50 additional)

Portable electric power!

TINY TIGER

300-watt, 120-volt ac generator with extra 12-volt tap for battery charging.

$99.50

3 DIFFERENT PUMPS FOR ANY PUMP SERVICE

STANDARD — weighs **8 lbs.**, pumps 600 gal/hr. Threaded for either ¾" hose or ½" pipe. Neoprene impeller . . . **$89.50**

BRONZE case and impeller. Wt. **12½ lbs.**, centrifugal, 30 gal/min. (Average garden hose delivers only 8 gal/min.) . . . **$109.50**

ALUMINUM case, bronze impeller. Same as above, but weighs only **8 lbs.** **$97.50**

Take it anywhere!

CORDLESS DRILL

$144.50

Weighs only **10½ lbs.**, operates in any position. ½" Jacobs chuck, automatic safety shutoff switch.

ALSO ASK ABOUT OUR

DIESEL ELECTRIC PLANTS

1000 to 3500 Watt • Water cooled or air cooled

$425.00 to $1,395.00

Fuel consumption as low as 8 hours on 1 gallon

WHAT SIZE DO YOU NEED?

ORDER ALL ITEMS DIRECT FROM US

Fully guaranteed • Send check with order.
• We pay all shipping charges in U.S.A.

MARINE INDUSTRIAL SUPPLY

645 W. ANAHEIM, LONG BEACH, CALIF. 90813

[*Continued from page* 107]
statement on August 8 which labeled the death as ". . . accidental, due to becoming drowsy or falling asleep while smoking and igniting her chair and clothing." No mention was made of Krogman's assertion that this would have been impossible. In the absence of any acceptable explanation, however, it was for the chief the only possible report to make.

There have been a number of instances of SHC/PC since the Reeser case. On March 1, 1953, Waymon Wood, 50, of Greenville, South Carolina, was found crisped black in the front seat of his closed car parked on the side of Bypass Route 291. There was little left of Wood or the front seat. The heat had made the windshield bubble and sag inward, yet the half-tank of gas in the car was unaffected.

In April, a month later, when a Maryland highway patrol investigated an accident eight miles south of Hanover, the officers found the body of Bernard Hess of Baltimore in his overturned car. Hess, the coroner concluded, had died almost instantly of a fractured skull and internal injuries. But that wasn't all. Though the victim was fully dressed, two thirds of his body had suffered second- and third-degree burns, without searing his clothes. State patrolmen said he resembled a man who had been trapped in a burning car. But there was no trace of fire in the wrecked car.

It was between the Reeser case and these that Dr. Lester Adelson's piece had appeared in the Northwestern University's journal on crime and police work. Since this was the only definitive work written about SHC/PC, I went to see Dr. Adelson in Cleveland. We spent considerable time talking about the burning death and about the ferocious fire that was its core. Not only the phenomenon, but the intensity of the fire had greatly impressed Dr. Adelson.

"In all my years of pathological work," he told me in rapid-fire manner, "I have never seen a fire, other than in a crematorium, that could so reduce a human body to ash, bones included. We had a fire here in a Cleveland plant where they manufacture materials for thermite welding. The fire was so hot that it melted the concrete floor. Now you just think . . . this was like a volcano! And yet we had recognizable humans. They were badly charred, but you still knew these were human beings."

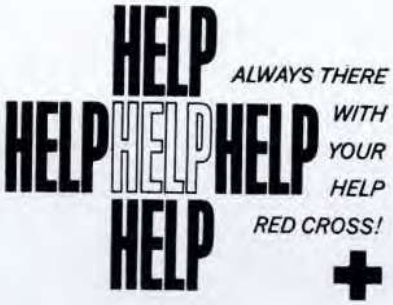
The Cleveland pathologist seemed to be in the unusual postion of wanting to believe in SHC/PC, yet painfully aware of the gulf presently separating the apparent fact from the scientifically acceptable. "I think if we knew enough about these cases," he said, "we could find a reasonable explanation, but right now they're simply too much of a medical curiosity."

He told me that many theories have been advanced to explain the mysterious burnings. "In every case so far," he said, "all the theories have broken down when put to the test. For instance, it was believed that if a person was an alcoholic, this was apt to happen to him when, over a period of long years of drinking, the tissues become so impregnated with alcohol they became volatile."

He shook his head. "Hell, they took a rat and immersed it in pure alcohol for over a year so the fluid saturated the tissues thoroughly. Then they set it afire. Know what happened? It burned fast until the outer skin was charred and then the fire went out. Inside the tissues were nice and pink, undamaged."

Equally debunked, Adelson said, was the theory that fat people were more susceptible to SHC/PC, under the belief that the fatty layers beneath the skin would aid combustion. Geographical location seems to make no difference and although most of the burning death cases have involved older people, that's not always true. In the spring of 1959, for example, 4-month-old Rickey Pruitt of Rockford, Illinois, burst into fire and burned to death in his crib. Neither crib nor bedclothing upon which he was lying was scorched.

A peculiar factor about the malady is that it appears to anesthetize as it burns. Only rarely have victims cried out, and then only when they actually *saw* the flames, so that the cry was one more of fear than of pain. SHC/PC usually



originates in the trunk of the body, particularly the back, and mostly the victim is unaware he is burning. He quickly becomes unconscious and is consumed without outcry. A recorded case in point occurred in 1788, when a young English chambermaid began burning vigorously across her back as she swept a kitchen floor, wholly unaware of what was happening. Only when her master entered the room and shouted did she turn her head, see the flames and scream. She died despite his efforts to extinguish the flame.

In most instances it seems that the conflagration originates *within* the body of the attacked person. Victims have been found with their entire internal mechanism unbelievably burned, while the outer flesh was hardly damaged.

In those relatively rare cases where SHC/PC burns just the skin, the victim often appears to have been doused with some volatile fluid and set afire. A snap investigation would label any such death murder, suicide or accident. A thorough inquiry, however, would almost certainly determine whether the fire had been caused by an external agent. Where bodies have been deliberately or accidentally burned, the volatiles concerned are generally detectable without much difficulty through microanalysis of tissues. In burning-death cases, obviously such evidence is absent.

It was absent when SHC/PC apparently struck at the Laguna Home of the Aged in San Francisco on January 31, 1959. Sylvester Ellis, an orderly, gave a glass of milk to one of the older patients named Jack Larber. After Larber finished drinking it, Ellis left the room to take the glass back to the kitchen. Five minutes later he glanced into Larber's room as he passed and found the old man wrapped in blue flames. The patient died and left authorities with a puzzle, because Larber neither smoked nor carried matches. A fire official volunteered the theory that someone had drenched the aged gentleman with lighter fluid and set him ablaze, but investigation disproved this. The case remains open.

Another case where volatiles were suspected at first and later discounted occurred April 28, 1956, in Benecia, California. Harold Hall, 59, and his landlord, Sam Massenzi, were chatting in front of 114 East F Street, where both lived. Hall said he believed he'd go to the movies, and went inside to change clothes. When he didn't come out after half an hour, Massenzi went in to check. Hall lay on the kitchen floor, his chest, arms and face charred, but although he was still alive, he was unable to explain what had happened. Medical help arrived shortly, and an incision was made in his throat to aid his breathing. It was not long before he died. As later determined by an autopsy, his lungs had been severely burned. Fire Chief Thomas Geifels investigated thoroughly and declared flatly that the fire had not been caused by gas, lighter fluid or anything else he could understand. This case, too, has never been officially closed.

There aren't many positives about the burning death. It doesn't hold still long enough and strike frequently enough for any substantial research to have been done on it. Furthermore, few doctors are willing to undergo the mocking skepticism that might result from colleagues if they took this patently unscientific malady seriously and made efforts to probe into it.

How many "careless smoking" fatalities are really attributable to the burning death? How can human tissue, made up of over 90 percent water, become so critically combustible it bursts into spontaneous fire (SHC) or is touched off by an outside spark (PC)? How can a fire of such intensity start *inside* the human body? How can this heat—which must surely top 3,000° F. in order to do the damage it causes in so short a time—be so selective that it burns only living tissue and harms but slightly, or not at all, those flammable objects actually touching the victim or nearby? These and dozens of other questions can be answered only by attributing an impossible set of characteristics to the phenomenon of fire as we know it.

This baffling burning death is a dangerous malady that is with us today as it has been for centuries. There have been many victims in the past and there will be more in the future. Who is next? No one knows for certain. That's what makes your hackles rise.

It could be you. —Allan W. Eckert

Above, the expedition in camp before the march to the north. Below, left to right, three faces of Papua—a warrior adopted into another tribe as a hostage, a tribesman with carved shell nose ornament, and one of the bearers.

STONE-AGE HEADHUNTER

[*Continued from page* 43]

of the Cook River an Indonesian officer, Mynheer Matubong, welcomed us in a magnificent hut built without a single nail. It was of course no accident that we had arrived on that particular date. In fact, we had got there just in time. In a short while some very important Papuan ceremonies—the devil-dance—were to take place in a village higher up the river, half an hour's dugout journey away. The Papuans of this village were supposed to have raised certain taboos for our benefit. But it remained to be seen how far they would really go in revealing the secrets of their ceremonies to our cameras. We were anxious on two accounts: for the success of our filming and because the smallest false step might involve us in danger. We had no desire to figure in the splendid collections of these headhunters, the Asmats. We explored the village. It was beautiful and consisted of huge collective huts on piles.

We were entertained in the men's hut. On the floor there were skulls, polished and decorated—the skulls of Asmat ancestors. The Asmats used them as headrests. Thus, as he slept, a descendant would come into direct contact with his ancestor's spirit and it would give him counsels of wisdom and strength. There were more skulls hanging from the roof, and these were even more striking because they had no lower jaw. They were the heads of enemies, representing our hosts' triumphs. The absence of the jaw was a last gesture of caution. The conquered enemy had been deprived of the last semblance of aggressiveness. He could no longer even bite, or have the slightest evil effect on the inhabitants of the hut.

Enemies' heads—and many had been cut off only recently—were essential for the initiation ceremony. This had not taken place, openly at least, since the Government station had been established on Cook River, seven months before. During the ceremony, it may be noted, the young men had to grip the severed head of an enemy between their legs. But, of course, if you want to get a head, you must first get your man. And this does not accord with the rules which our civilization has brought to Papua.

Less than a year before, the men who lived in this hut had had the reputation of being the most ferocious headhunters of all those along the coastal strip. And it had been true. They had made savage attacks on the first patrols sent out by the Dutch government. But, in a few short months, 70

centuries had rolled by in this hut: now it was transformed into nothing less than a film studio. The fierce Asmats had been transformed into actors and supers. Neither the skulls of their ancestors nor those of their enemies seemed to cast any kind of evil spell on what might have been sacrilege—though more in our eyes than in the Papuans'. Sarthre had half the roof opened, fixed up reflecting screens, set up a platform for the camera. There was one troublesome detail about which we would have to be very careful: all these Papuans were naked, and their nakedness was particularly outspoken because nearly every man suffered from elephantiasis.

When adorned for the ceremonies the Papuans looked splendid. They welcomed us on to their big dugouts, lavishly hung about with plumes and weapons. They appeared no more surprised by our curiosity (what did they really think of it?) than by our cameras and cinecameras. . . . As I was writing those words, a small "couscous" was sleeping on my head. Couscous is the native name for the opossum or sarigue, a kind of marsupial which coils its tail round branches. This was a baby couscous, about as large as a small cat. It fitted in well with the rest of our menagerie—a young white parrot, very short of feathers and a very young eagle which was still covered with down. A huge blue and black butterfly was flying around me. . . .

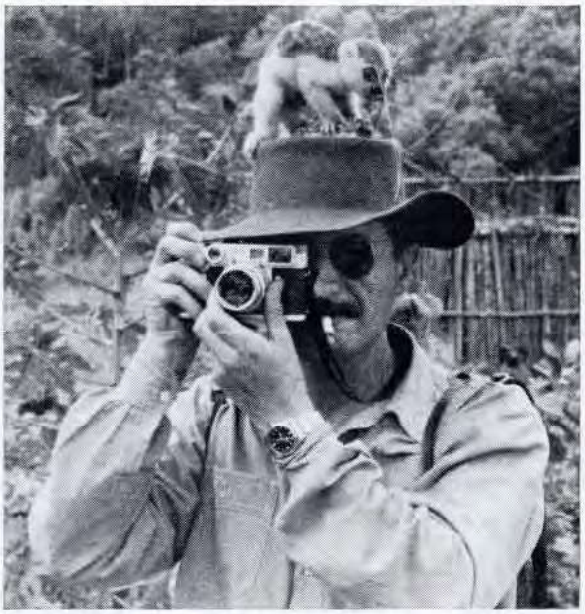
At the feast we tasted a new dish, an Asmat delicacy. It was offered to us by the chief of the village and we could not offend him by allowing the slightest trace of disgust to show on our faces: the delicacy consisted of fat white worms dug out from under the bark of a palm tree—the sago palm. If they had not been so fat they would not have been too bad. They had a faint flavor of resin.

There was not only a police station at Cook Bay. It also boasted a missionary, Father van Kessel, whose mission was at Basim. We spent the evening of September 8 with him. The menu was chicken soup, eggs, preserves. Our conversations with him were very valuable. More than anybody else he was saturated in the spirit of these remotest of peoples. He had already traveled some way up a few of the coastal rivers, and he was the man best able to give us advice. On the other hand, we, too, represented an agreeable distraction from his difficult life as an evangelist. It was he who explained why the river was called Cook: the famous explorer had landed there 180 years before. He was attacked by tribes who emerged from the forest and forced to re-embark hastily, leaving 20 men on shore, so it is said. Their fate may be imagined: they were eaten—for the headhunters were nearly all cannibals. We wondered if our hosts were still cannibals in secret. Theoretically, people no longer ate each other in the civilized regions where we then were. Officially, at least. But it was impossible to guess what reception we would be given by the unknown tribes into whose secret world we would soon enter. Even the Asmats seemed terrified by the idea of meeting their neighbors in the interior, with whom they had been at war for thousands of years. We often wondered if we would find a sufficient number of brave Papuans to act as bearers. Without bearers, alone, it would be quite impossible to cross New Guinea. It would not be long before we suffered the same fate as Cook's sailors and were reduced to a few anonymous heads without bottom jaws, slung from the roof of some Papuan hut.

For two days, while working on the film, we had also been turning our hands to building a raft, so that we could go around by sea and sail up the various waterways along the coast. This was the only way we could penetrate into the interior of the country conveniently and without running too many risks, and attempt to find new villages. After several attempts, we now had a vessel of which we were proud: three dugouts joined side to side, and, fixed on to them, a platform roughly eight feet wide and 23 feet long.

Mynheer Matubong very kindly explained the rites of the local tribesmen to us. One of the Papuan ceremonies, which was too savagely bloody for us to film, was the rite of nose-piercing. It occupied the place of circumcision in the initiation ceremony. The copious hemorrhage which it caused must have been reminiscent of a girl's first period. Only after this ordeal did the boy become a man. A well-sharpened 19-foot bamboo stick was used to pierce the partition dividing the two nostrils. Two men pierced the partition and pulled the stick from one side, while the others pushed from the other side.

One evening after our meal Gérard, Gaisseau and I were talking far into the night at a little distance from our hut. A



Wild life: a "couscous" sits on Saulnier's hat.

More wild life: flies swarm on Gaisseau's back.

Papuan approached us, hesitantly at first, took us by the arm and led us to the village. Beltgens, the chief of police, had already told us how an adoption was celebrated. We had never imagined for a moment that we would experience this very rare honor.

One after another we were introduced to our adoptive mothers. We then had to suck a few drops of milk from her breast. Gaisseau's mother was very young. Mine was not particularly attractive—but one cannot choose one's mother. After this the Asmats introduced us to our fathers, our brothers, our whole families. They presented each of us with a bow and a bunch of arrows and, in honor of our adoption, we were invited to taste some delicious braised shrimps.

When in the morning he learned of our adoption the ever pessimistic Beltgens was delighted. We might have been adopted not as sons but as fathers. This would have been an even

greater honor; it had already been accorded to a few government officials. We trembled at the thought of what that honor entailed—feeding the whole family. Nevertheless we presented our parents with some knives and tobacco. They insisted on "dressing us up" like themselves, covering our bodies with the clan's ritual design in red and white. These patterns looked attractive on them but made us into rather ludicrous clowns. Gaisseau was hardly recognizable and looked as though he had just stepped out of a bag of rice-flour. The only one of us to retain all his dignity was the priest. With his large blue eyes encircled by orange-red powder and a couscous fur headband round his brow, he looked like a Red Indian.

At about 11 the Asmats, no doubt influenced by the fact that we now belonged to their families, did something we had been very far from expecting—invited us to attend one of their most important ceremonies, the adoption ceremony, or *tesar-jiwi* in Asmat. They said nothing when they saw us hurriedly reaching for our cameras before joining them.

This ritual celebrated the reciprocal adoption of two couples, a sort of naturalization ceremony which also confirmed the peace existing between two tribes. Each clan spent a whole morning preparing the man and woman chosen to become members of the other clan. Long pale green plaits of coconut fiber were threaded into their hair and fell to their hips, hiding their faces. This ornamentation was done with the greatest care, and the "parents" decked themselves in their plumes, bracelets and other ornaments to take the two men and women into the men's large hut. Inside, a double hedge of coconut leaves in the form of a triangle had been put up: 30 men from the two villages lay side by side on their stomachs, forming a floor within the double hedge. Thirty women stood with their legs apart on the men's backs. Then the two chosen pairs of men and women wriggled their way through this living tunnel. As they passed through, the 30 women emitted groans—the cries of childbirth—for the two couples were babies being born. When they came out from between the legs the women dropped their loin-cloths over them. The whole was a very realistic portrayal of a childbirth, the rebirth of two couples from a common mother.

When the couples reached the end of the tunnel the women wrapped them in many coconut fibers. They drove off the flies and symbolically cut the umbilical cord, represented by a reed round their waists, laying it on the stone blade of an ax and cutting it with a sharp shell. Then the crowd laid hold of the "new-born babies" and carried them prone from one end of the hut to the other, in a passionate race.

After this, using a ceremonial bow, the two new-born men had to shoot three arrows, very close together, into a corner of the roof. They explained that this corner was the place where their real father was. The ceremony was now over. Two men and two women had exchanged clans.

The two tribes who had just performed this strange adoption ceremony really lived in two neighboring villages forming the entity known as Basim. Until a year before they had still been enemies, and the chief of one of the villages had been killed by the warriors of the other. This ceremony was by way of being their peace treaty; in the event of war they would now be allies. It was hard for us to imagine how these men of our age could have spent 10 years hunting and cutting off heads. The priest informed us that each of the wart-hog-tooth bracelets round their arms stood for one severed head. Some of them who were still very young already had 10.

Our next project was a visit to the village of Ostjanep to film totem ceremonies. We approached it by a very narrow river, no wider than our rafts and completely covered in by a tunnel of trees. It was only at high noon that the sun managed to send a few rays through the leaves.

After our arrival I had no difficulty in reaching the men's hut in the center of the village. It stood on 20 carved pillars between four and five yards tall. At the back of it there were four large totems; two of them were over 18 feet tall and represented two men, one on top of the other. The lower man held a severed head between his thighs, while the upper one carried a child on his shoulders. These totems were closely connected with the secret rites of initiation; during the ceremonies each boy grips an enemy's head, freshly severed, between his thighs.

There was no doubt that here all the men of the village tribes hunted heads regularly. We bombarded the priest (who had come with us to Ostjanep) with questions about the rites. Apart from this one small detail—the need to hunt heads—the Asmats were exactly like us, he said. Perhaps they were more open and direct: their reactions were as naked as their bodies. The traditional, ritual headhunting had a secret meaning which the priest had been trying to find out for three years. It was the basis, the symbol of what might be called Asmat civilization; and if it were brutally prohibited the whole people would lose its identity, essentially of an ancestral character.

We felt sure of two things. First: that the warrior who had cut off a head was always adopted and looked on as a son by the family of the victim, whose qualities he had assumed by killing him; there was some kind of transference. Secondly: for the initiation the boys had to place their genitals on a severed head. Nobody had ever seen this ceremony. All the men of the village had been initiated in that way and all the 12-year-old boys around us would secretly go through the same ceremony in due course. Counting them, I suddenly realized that the same number of men in enemy clans would soon die somewhere in the shelter of the forest.

The same design—superimposed men with heads between their thighs—recurred on the shields. Of all the Papuans the Asmats are the only ones to go in for this practice. They are the most savage fighters and also the people whose art is most highly developed.

Gérard was adopted by the family of the most famous warrior in Ostjanep—who three months ago had killed the truce-bearers of another tribe by spearing them in the back. They had come to propose exchanges. They were killed just as they were leaving.

We also learned that only a month ago, shortly after Matubong's official visit, there had been a serious quarrel between two tribes in Ostjanep (the village contains five tribes and 1,000 inhabitants). The reason for it was that Matubong's presents had caused jealousies.

We had settled down with a tribe who guarded us jealously, stopping every other tribe from coming near us. That evening a man from another clan took advantage of the darkness to cross the river and offer us a fetish. He was risking his life. To prevent heads from falling on our account we had discreetly distributed presents—tobacco and red cloth—among the other tribes. But it was only the tribe whose guests we were who were going to perform the ceremony of the totems which we intended to film.

The ceremony began with the cutting down of the trees. We got up early on the morning when it took place and traveled up a series of tributaries in dugouts—our rafts were too wide. I thought the forest seemed even more beautiful without the noise of the engine.

The Papuans chose the most suitable trees and began by sprinkling the base of each trunk with sago flour and powdered shells. Then they surrounded it with two rings of palm branches, fringed like the women's loincloths. For once it has been chosen, before it is carved or even cut down, the tree becomes a living creature, the actual body of the warrior whose features it will soon be given, and consequently the Papuans dress it up as described. The tree was a sort of mangrove whose outer roots raised the trunk off the ground. All the roots except one were cut off in a given order. Then all the bark was stripped off except for a ring about eight inches wide at the point where the two belts of pale green palm branches were fixed on. Beads of rust-colored sap oozed out of the bare trunk. Together all the men hoisted the trunks on to their shoulders and marched with measured tread away from the forest and toward the river, intoning a slow, quiet chant as they went. Soon the trees were within sight of the village. The women greeted them fiercely, with a series of very aggressive movements. Seized by a real frenzy, they bombarded the men with handfuls of mud and anything else that came to hand. For the trees embodied the spirits of ancestors and they could not bear to see them returning to the village.

It was one of the strangest spectacles I had ever witnessed. Hundreds of women hurled themselves at the 12 canoes escorting the tree trunks. They overturned them and threw the men into the water; the men, on the other hand, continued the ritual transportation with complete equanimity. The women attacked, fell back and counterattacked; and finally everything died down and the victory was to the men. After the battle the mud which covered them from head to toe turned them into phantoms from hell, as gray as elephants.

Before the felling of the tree another mock combat had

taken place; this one was between the children and the men. It was a sort of pageant depicting the exploits of the ancestors. At the end of the fight the bravest warrior of the tribe climbed on to the shoulders of another, foreshadowing the sculpture which would be born of the tree: the head of the one was between the legs of the other. They remained in this position until the tree fell, and while it was being cut the upper warrior recited the Dewen, the detailed chronicle of the headhunts which had conferred distinction on the warrior who was to be portrayed. The account was directed toward the children, by way of giving them an example to follow.

The heads of the figures were scuptured in the base of the tree. The Papuans had left one root attached to the trunk; this would be carved into the shape of a wing jutting out from the chest of the upper figure. It symbolized the warrior's virile power. In the Asmat language the same word means "totem wing" and "virility." The eyes of the figure are not opened until the very last moment, when the sculpture is finished and has become a perfect epitome of the initiation rites, in which the head gripped between the legs symbolizes the rebirth of the child who is becoming a man and, in his turn, a headhunter.

The village had its own sculptor. The tribe has only one sculptor, who may have one or two assistants. They carve out the broad outlines of the work under the master's direction, then, with firm strokes of his stone ax, he cuts into the tree—completely without hesitation, or, apparently, any design to follow. As the ax cut rhythmically into the wood we saw the main lines and form rapidly emerging. He was not copying any earlier sculpture, but creating; no two of his totems were like each other—even if, as was the case that day, he carved two which seemed to belong to the same family. In that case he gave them different poses. In reality the artist does work to a plan and does produce a predetermined image—that of the dead warrior whom the totem is meant to immortalize. I was impatient to see the finished work, which would be ready in a day or two. At each ax stroke I trembled in case he should strike too hard and split the wood. But this never happened.

That evening I felt proud; the sculptor, no doubt aware of my admiration, had chosen me as his adopted son. It is true that my "mother" was far from attractive, but I was very flattered by the honor done me.

The tribe on the other side of the river, not wanting to be behind their rivals, invited us to the ceremony of painting and carving shields—undoubtedly one of the last such ceremonies which would ever take place.

The painting of the shields fascinated me. Like the Dogons of Sudan, the Papuans seemed to follow a secret ritual of colors. They began with the black (a mixture of gum, resin and charcoal); then they applied red ochre (clay) and finally white (powdered shell). The shield of the bravest warrior in the tribe is always set up in the middle of the hut while the new shields are made. It is their "big brother." The one we saw was pierced with more than 30 arrow holes, acquired during recent battles. The designs in relief often represent three very schematized men. I noticed with amazement that these Stone-Age men were not complete strangers to iron: for the last 50 years the styluses they had been using to engrave their shields had been made out of nails salvaged from the wreckage of ships that had foundered along the coast.

The weather was a little worse. In every respect Beltgens had had enough. He wanted to move on and leave the village as soon as possible. It made him uneasy to stay too long among tribes whose secret life we did not understand. He thought he recognized a few muffled threats. The priest was tired of filming, which always seemed to mean doing something over again. Everyone was amazed at what Sarthre had made these men perform, and not only once but over and over again—particularly in view of the fact that only a few months ago they were welcoming white men with a shower of arrows—but his achievement did not simplify the task of the Dutch. Beltgens fixed our departure for the next day. We returned to Cook Bay without seeing the opening of the totems' eyes or the dance of the new shields.

Our journey across New Guinea and its formidable central mountain range was getting organized. John Sneep, the patrol officer who was to accompany us with some police-boys, told us over the radio that it was essential for us to have at least 50 bearers. That would make 72 men—bearers, police-boys and ourselves. We had imagined a much smaller party. These numbers posed difficult problems where supplies were concerned, even if some were parachuted down to us. And they meant that we would have to set a much slower pace.

While we prepared, the Asmats of Cook Bay gave us the opportunity of watching the last stages of the manufacture of a tom-tom. At the moment when the iguana skin was about to be stuck on to the wood, the woman who was to give her blood for glue stood up next to the drum. It was a very touching scene. Her husband, a fierce looking warrior, was by her side. With great tenderness he took her in his arms.

Planning the next stage of our expedition, we had to turn ourselves into mathematicians, and from the first calculations we came up against an obstacle. A bearer can carry about 30 pounds, but he needs nearly two pounds of food a day, and in this case would have to carry his food for 15 days. He would, therefore, only be carrying his own food, which would of course weigh less each day.

There was only one (impossible) solution—to forget about bearers and just have a long chain of men stretching from one end of the island to the other. Finally we reached a compromise: the daily ration of food would be reduced to about 19 ounces and the load would be increased from 30 to 40 pounds. The problem now looked like this. We were taking with us 840 pounds of equipment and personal things. This would require 21 bearers. With ourselves that would make 26 men. On the basis of 19 ounces of food per day for 15 days, we would need 15 bearers for the food for 26 men. For these 15 men's food we would need nine more bearers, and for these nine we would need five. For the five, three, and for the three, one. Altogether this would make 54 bearers. Sneep and his four police-boys were taking six bearers. Total: 60 men.

We had arranged that there was to be a parachute-drop every week. This would mean that we would have a week's food in hand if the drop could not take place in time. We spent days working out these unexciting but very essential problems. One of the most difficult was to find blankets for all the bearers. At night in the mountains the temperature sinks to 35°. Here again the problem was money. A bearer was paid 130 francs a day, making nearly 8,000 francs for the whole team. And we had no idea how long the expedition would last.

Finally, with everyone gathered and all our equipment and food loaded on our rafts, we set out on the first stage of our journey. As we sailed up the vast Wildeman River, the government launch, *Castor*, and our five rafts presented an imposing spectacle. We toiled laboriously through the clumps of frowzy palms, the bamboo thickets and the huge green plants with long leaves, whose reflections made strange geometrical patterns in the water.

At the last moment we had almost been prevented from leaving. It was impossible to get the engine started. We determined not to see this as an evil omen, but then, when we had barely been sailing for an hour, the gear lever jammed and the second engine began to boil because of a blocked cooling system. Fortunately while we were stripping it down, cleaning it and putting it together again, the staunch *Castor* was still there to tow us to the village of Koga, our first camping place.

We spent the night overhauling our two engines again. Our expedition was really at their mercy. Luckily we were still feeling the exhilaration of departure and there were no mosquitoes. The police-boys were both good fishermen and excellent cooks. They made us raw fish in the Indonesian style.

All at once during the night, at about 3 a.m., we saw to our amazement that there was no water below the rafts and the *Castor*. The level of the river was several yards lower. The Wildeman is a strange river. Its flow changes direction: in the daytime it runs toward Képi, whereas at night it becomes a tributary of the Eilanden. Though more than 60 miles away from the sea it is very strongly affected by the tide. Bordered by thick forests, savannah or marshland, the Wildeman held yet another surprise in store for us; its floating islands. One of them was very large and completely barred the river; it was composed of savannah and palm trees, and bumped into our rafts. It took us nearly two hours to open up a channel through this moving land. First of all we used our machetes to cut it in two. Then we tied a strong rope to one of the trees on the left half. The *Castor*, at the other end of the rope, hauled away with all the strength in its engines to open up a passage wide enough for our rafts to get through this moving wood.

Very gradually, as we moved forward, the landscape became wilder and even more untouched. We were no longer on the

Wildeman but sailing through the dead trees floating on the Eilanden, a broad and beautiful river with banks of gray sand, sometimes reminiscent of the Amazon. Occasionally a raft ran aground or a trunk nearly overturned us, but in the main our slow progress down these unknown waters struck us as simple and pleasant. In the morning we still awoke to the scents of civilization—the smell of coffee and pancakes that the cook was making on a spirit stove.

The forest thickened. The trees had strange big leaves, jagged and widely spaced. White men had never before got so far. They had always been turned back by Papuan arrows.

Once again our difficulties became serious. We ran aground every 10 minutes and hardly managed to stem the tide. The ropes of the three rafts being towed gave way several times; one of the jerks threw a bearer into the water. Miraculously, he scrambled up again, but we had all been terrified. Long tracks on the sandbanks had informed us some time past that the river was infested with crocodiles. In each of us the spirit of adventure was, suddenly, alive.

We had to say good-by to the *Castor* at the mouth of the Steenboom. We handed over our last letters; if all went well we should be writing the next batch in a month and a half, to announce our success. But what would happen in between? The *Castor* disappeared around a bend in the river and we were alone, with only our radio and a stock of batteries to enable us to ask for help. Around us everything seemed deserted, but there was a certain slight unease in our expressions; we felt sure that behind the screen of huge trees Papuans were spying on us. We knew nothing about these Papuans. The last person to see them was a missionary, Father de Meuzes. He had been wounded by two arrows at the spot where we left the *Castor*. Some government officials who had ventured as far had also been attacked.

But at the evening camp our fear of headhunters vanished. It was the time when the mosquitoes and cockchafers swarmed round us in opaque clouds and made their fearsome attacks. It was an art to get under one's mosquito net without letting them in, too.

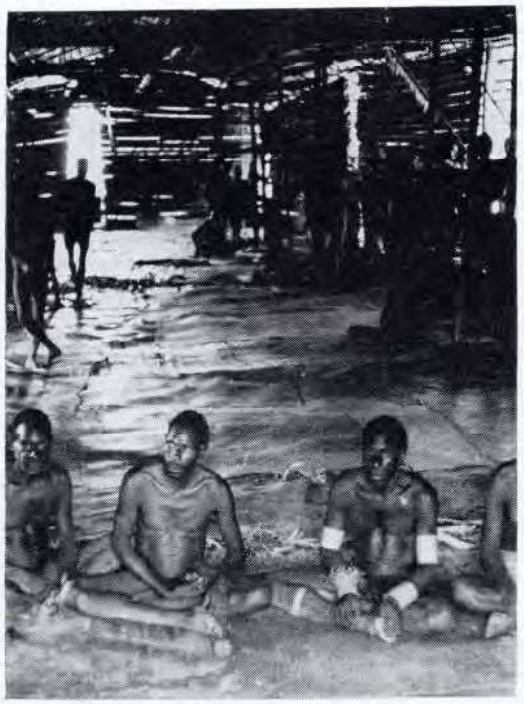
It was November 8. We were already three days behind our schedule. The current of the Steenboom was now getting stronger and stronger; often it was a real trial of strength between it and our engines.

Everything was very beautiful. I lay on my air mattress; in front of me were the gray waters of the Steenboom. Opposite, the aggressive little pale green palms, a large dead tree, white all over, its skeleton covered with moss and orchids, screw pines with their perpendicular roots hanging down from the highest branches like stilts.

On the right the ground was covered with fine, tall grass, or rather a sort of moss on stalks, a green, hairy beard covering the bushes and creeping along the tree trunks. Above me there were golden-brown leaves, bunches of red seeds and, in the middle of the great green wall, a broad splash of blood red, like a scratch made by a mysterious monster. I could not see whether they were leaves or flowers. All around me hovered quantities of different insects, rather too many perhaps. Some of them were very amusing, like the walking twig of dead wood, or the little green spider which jumped on my nose as soon as I looked up at it. Each time this happened it gave me a fright, although Duma, the head police-boy, had explained and proved that this creature was harmless.

That morning we had found about 20 turtle eggs on a sandbank. They were round and exactly like table-tennis balls. Later the noise of our engine made hundreds of huge bats fly away; they had been hanging on the branches of the trees like large black fruit. To the great joy of the bearers, Gérard aimed at and killed a few. I disliked these creatures with their fox-like heads and piercing eyes, long pointed teeth like needles, and broad wings (31 inches) made out of what looked like poor quality suede. Fortunately there were other winged creatures about; parrots of all colors in their hundreds, zigzagging overhead, flying along with us and chattering. There were also large, cooing pigeons. A strange smell of roasting made me look up. I suddenly felt rather ill; the bearers were eating the bats.

It was 6 in the evening. Night was falling as the last raft, steered by Gérard, arrived, followed by a swarm of dragon flies who promptly attacked us. I got under my mosquito net but spent a restless night haunted by a smell of dirty feet and corpses. It was not until next morning that I discovered that



Women may not enter men's exclusive hut.

Men enjoy tom-tom music in their "club."

I had been using the case of dried fish for a pillow. Sarthre woke to find his elbow enormously swollen and red with bites; while he was sleeping it had been touching the mosquito net.

We were now sure that the people of the forest were watching us. One of the police-boys discovered fresh footmarks: "One man and two women," he informed us. He could tell from the toes. The big toes of men are very markedly separated from the others because they climb trees. That day, for the first time, we had seen the things we had come to conquer, the things that were to be our worst enemies—the mountains. They were a long way away, far beyond a clearing, and at that time they were blue shadows among the clouds. The Steenboom's current, which had been growing stronger all the time, had already told us that we were approaching the first difficult slopes. Many clumps of moss were soon drifting past us, indicating that there had been a landslide. Moreover the sandbanks were strewn with pebbles. Gradually the river was becoming a torrent. We were stopped by dead trees blocking the river 20 or 30 times a day. Each time we had to cut through them with our axes in order to get by.

We supposed we were about two days' distance from the mountains. And only just in time—our engines were at their last gasp: the carburetors were not working well, the water was circulating badly, the towing lines were worn out, the bonnet was gone and the propellers were so grotesquely twisted that they were of no more use than deformed limbs.

Our chief bearer, Gatanoum, followed the tracks of some naked feet along the bank. After a little more than half a mile he came upon the remains of a native camp. By way of evidence he brought back two pieces of wood which had been used to light a fire. In his opinion the village itself must be at some distance, since the men had bothered to make a camp. No doubt they had come down to the Steenboom (whose name means wood and stone) to collect stones from the stream to make their axes.

Gatanoum was a Papuan, a Mouyou from High Digoel. He was a rarity in a country where the tribes seemed to have been settled for centuries, for his great passion was exploration. He had already convoyed several Dutch expeditions to various parts of New Guinea, opening up routes to his more primitive countrymen. He spoke several mountain languages and was, in short, the official guide to unknown territory. To us he was the most valuable of all our men.

The weather was fine; there were less crocodiles and few mosquitoes. It felt like a summer holiday and we all bathed in the stream.

That morning, November 11, we had had to abandon one of the rafts. All its men and cargo were now crammed, confusedly, on the last two rafts and their trailer. We were not likely to get very far like this. The load was too heavy and the engines had great difficulty in moving it. That morning we had set off at 10:30 and by the middle of the afternoon we had only with the greatest of difficulty passed five bends.

And now the bearers were getting anxious. They were aware that we intended to make contact with these unknown peoples, and they found the idea far from reassuring. They knew the tribes by reputation and knew what would happen to them if there was a fight and they lost; they would end as hut decorations. But they played the game. For the moment they still had confidence in the superior power of the white men. And the thought of being left behind, alone, was perhaps the best incentive of all.

The bearers were anxious because they had seen something on the bank. I took a look; it was a charming little dog. We whistled and it wagged its tail. The fact that it was there meant that its master could not be far away; probably he was hidden a few yards off in the forest.

Two police-boys, Gaisseau, Sarthre and I hurried off in pursuit. Gaisseau was in his nylon pants and barefoot, but he was so impatient for a meeting that he did not waste time dressing. Sarthre, on the other hand, was wearing jungle boots, a hat, and a knife at his belt. In this dream forest, like something out of a surrealist exhibition, they made a fantastic pair. With my head lowered I plunged after them into the huge network of tangled lianas.

The track was hardly visible. We had to dive under the lianas, leap across dead trunks. Eventually the prints led us to a sago forest, where they stopped. After our 20-minute hard run we were rewarded by the sound of the little dog barking two or three times, each time farther away—then nothing. We returned frustrated; the village was on the other side of us and that track led only to the sago field.

From the next day the bearers had to walk; the rafts would carry only the equipment. We had only about 10 hours' petrol left. As the crow flies the mountains were at least 12 miles away.

Hervé was cleaning and greasing the rifles and revolvers; no doubt the close proximity of the Papuans had made him think, for Gatanoum was convinced that they were Mandobos, judging from the region in which they lived. The Mandobos are cannibals who do not mind exchanging a head for a body. I would have liked to see them. With the size of our party it was unlikely that they would have attacked.

Friday the 13th was marked by the sinking of a raft. At 11 a large heap of fallen trees completely blocked the river. The first raft (I was on it) had to stop. I waited for the others to arrive. Unfortunately the second one did not have time to get out of the current and reach the bank, and it was flung against one of the trees. The violence of the blow turned it over and threw the men and equipment into the river. With the swiftness of the current the salvage operation was of epic quality. We managed to save most of the cases and then turned ourselves from sailors into infantrymen. It was essential to be selective and leave behind as many things as possible; other-

Women attack men bringing the totem log.

wise there would be too much for our bearers to carry. We were more than a little put out at the turn affairs had taken, for we had intended to take everything by water at least as far as the foot of the mountains. However, if one day the level of the river goes down, the local Papuans will no doubt be perplexed to find a strange new fish—our generating set.

It was our first day's march, and what a march! So as to run no risk of losing ourselves we were forced to follow the Steenboom, going no farther than 16 yards into the forest—that is, where it attained its maximum density. We cut every inch of our way with machetes, and with extreme difficulty made less than a mile an hour.

We were passing through a fantastic forest. The leaders seemed to be cutting their way through endless raveled nets. It all made me think of underwater depths, submerged continents. The leaves were soft, like seaweed; the heat was damp. There was no air and the ground was strewn with dead trunks, rotting leaves and moss. There were swarms of mosquitoes, a few leeches. For an hour there was no sky visible as we plunged through a tunnel of yellowed palms, half dead and broken, and tangled in knotted lianas. It was all rather nightmarish.

When the forest was too thick we walked in the stream itself. It rarely came up above our waists. Then, inevitably, we were back in the forest again. We had lost count of the days; we just went on walking. At last the forest began to clear. Once again, to our relief, we were back at the main course of the Steenboom; for two days we had been following one of its tributaries. It was much broader than it had been when we left it and was bordered by wide beaches covered with pebbles on which it was much easier to walk.

It was fine and we bathed. It occurred to me that the photographs I was now taking would look more like holiday snaps than records of explorers undertaking the "last great expedition." We pitched camp on a very pretty island. At about 4 we had caught sight of the mountains. Another six miles or so to go—we ought to reach them in another couple of days.

It did not matter much that the Papuans were keeping themselves hidden. We had time to give our detailed attention to the landscape, never before seen by white men, these highly colored regions which were sometimes reminiscent of other paradises in quite different parts of the world. Everything was constantly changing from moment to moment. The forests no longer looked like forests. The rivers no longer looked like rivers. If we found nothing but these strange, rich, natural beauties, continually appearing, our expedition would still be worthwhile. Each screen of trees was another frontier to cross. No doubt this explains why that country had been the last to be left unpenetrated by civilization. It was easier to understand how, through the centuries, native tribes had never managed to escape out of such a strong prison and how so many different languages and dialects could have grown up in between these leafy frontiers. We went on walking. We walked along the banks. We walked along paths. Day after day we walked.

Every day we found ourselves crossing rivers with ferocious currents, climbing over huge piles of dead trees heaped up by the last floods, struggling not to sink into the muddy sand, cutting our way along the bank. Occasionally we found a native track or a banana field. Hanging under the ceiling of a shelter we found a number of cassowary beaks and pigs' snouts, blackened by the smoke. If one of these tracks could lead us to the first mountain village it would simplify many things.

The Steenboom had suddenly narrowed and become a swollen torrent. It was the end of the plain. We crossed a tract of large pebbles and very thorny forest to reach the foot of the first hill. Behind it the mountains reared up abruptly, as sheer as a wall. We made camp on a very pretty little island covered with cascarinas and reeds.

Thursday, November 19, was a hard day, the hardest yet. We were afraid there would be many like it. As we plodded through the masses of debris, between the now very high banks of the Steenboom, we were whipped by a veritable tornado for an hour and a half.

After this storm had subsided we found that the track, which we had lost and found several times already, was really lost this time. It was impossible to camp where we were. A little farther on we came out on to a strange earthquake landscape. There had just been a landslide covering several square miles of land, at the junction of a small tributary.

We continued on our way, plunging knee deep into pale gray earth which soon became a real swamp. The mud rose to our waists and the packs carried by the bearers, who were shorter than us, were half soaked in the water. It was not until about 4, when the rain started up again, that we found a not too marshy spot where we could spend the night. One by one the bearers reached the site, covered with mud, hobbling along like cripples. There was not a single dry leaf with which to build a shelter. Rations had been decreased. Without a word they all huddled around the first fire that was lighted. Even Dickens, the police-boy with the garnet-colored shorts, who was always joking, looked like a poor soaked bird under his poncho. Duma, his leader, looked really ill. His feet hurt badly. To add to all our fatigue, pilot Pagès radioed us the alarming news that the first parachute landing would not take place until Wednesday—when we would be at the very end of our food. We were also waiting avidly for six large tarpaulins to give some shelter to the bearers, and some plastic to protect the equipment which, on the whole, had stood up to this first test fairly well.

The following day we were forced to a halt. It was impossible to go any farther without building a bridge. We camped by a Papuan hunting shelter on the side of a hill, the only moderately flat surface we had been able to find. On either side of the Steenboom the mountains rose precipitously; in

Defeating the women, men carry log ashore.

places the river seemed to run between two walls. We had reached one of those places at about 2 p.m. The track ended at a ravine more than 300 feet deep which extended along both banks as far as the eye could see.

To make a bridge the bearers spent all the afternoon cutting down huge trees with their axes and trying, without much success, to make them fall across the stream, which was about 60 feet wide at this point. Even before we reached this obstacle our progress had been most perilous; the forest had been dense and perched on the side of a very steep slope covered with shifting rocks which often hurtled down into the torrent 300 feet below. The bearers were very uneasy and I sympathized with them. Nevertheless we continued along a Papuan hunting track sprinkled with many traps. The axes we had found that afternoon in the shelter were so primitive—a stone attached to a piece of twisted wood—that the track must have seemed easy to the natives. No doubt they were still much more backward than the Papuans we had already met. Gatanoum told us that it was a hunting track made by the plain dwellers and that the mountain dwellers never came down as far as this. The ravine which barred our way might well be the frontier between the mountain tribes and flatland tribes.

These mountain tribes, who according to the aerial map were only about six miles away as the crow flies, would be all the more interesting since they were completely cut off from the world.

On Saturday morning the bearers once again took up their axes and returned indefatigably to the bridge project. Soon they had cut down about 10 very tall trees of the iron-wood type, but in vain. Either the torrent immediately swept them away like straws, or they fell uselessly on our bank. At about 11 Gatanoum set off with 10 men to find a break in this sheer cliff. At 1 o'clock he managed to reach a large rock sticking up in the middle of the torrent. Another man reached the opposite bank, God knows how. He managed to wedge first one small tree and then another in between the outer rocks: we had won. There were still several hours of work ahead, if only to make some sort of gangplank, but now we were sure of being able to get across. I went to reconnoiter the other bank and prepare tomorrow's route with Gatanoum and some other bearers. There were traces of hunting tracks but they were all in worse condition than the one we had followed yesterday. Some of them were so steep that they could only be climbed with the help of a rope; for all the rocks were crumbling and offered few footholds. On this very steep slope the trees grew almost parallel with the mountainside. In front of me six machetes and two axes rose and fell ceaselessly.

The next day, it rained continually. The night before I had awakened at about 2 feeling as though I was in a river; my air mattress had turned into a bathtub. Our tarpaulin was giving way all over, torn by the exceptional force of the rain. When the rain stopped we were surrounded by a terrible, all-embracing damp; the cameras rusted and jammed. We could not get away from this watery hell quickly enough. Sneep got out his altimeter. What a disappointment! We were only 800 feet above sea level; we had imagined that we had been climbing continuously for the past two days. The pass we had to cross was at more than 11,000 feet. But if we were to reach the pass at all we had to make haste and find a suitable surface for the parachute-drop.

The following morning, came a warm sun in a fine blue sky; we had grown unaccustomed to such luxurious awakenings. But hardly had we appreciated it than our faces changed. Half the bridge had been swept away by the current during the night. Not only the superstructure but the large trunks which served as a base—huge trees three feet in diameter and 30 feet tall, broken on the rocks like twigs or carried away by the stream. Fortunately there were still a few left standing on the bank. If they fell in the right direction we might still, with luck, have a new bridge. On our side the forest was now completely bare for more than 150 yards. From the stumps flowed strange sap—saffron yellow, milky white, transparent red.

Luck was with us: one of the trees wedged itself between the bank and the rock in the middle of the stream. By half past 9 the bridge was rebuilt and stronger than yesterday. Everything seemed easier now that the sun was shining, although it only reached us in little white patches after filtering through the dense forest. At the beginning of the afternoon the sky turned black again and the rain recommenced, harder than the day before; I had never seen anything like it. The track we were following was so dangerous that the team in front had to make real "works of art"—bridges, steps, ladders, liana handrails. I walked among the bearers, my eye on the one carrying the camera case. I admired their courage and agility. They moved forward, keeping their balance with difficulty, bearing huge cans, casseroles, cooking pots. . . .

European priest takes up Papuan face painting.

That evening the rice with mackerel tasted particularly good. Especially after we had learned that we had only two days' supply left and it was impossible to drop anything by parachute in such a narrow valley. No doubt when there was no mackerel or rice left we would long for it as we now longed for a humble sandwich.

Sneep's altimeter registered 2,231 feet. Since that morning we had climbed some 1,236 feet. It was a good distance and we felt encouraged. The summit of Mount David no longer seemed very far off. Half an hour later we came to a hut, also hastily abandoned. There was a pile of red seeds by the fire; they were the fruit of the pendanus, which are cooked and squeezed to provide a rather insipid sauce which is the tomato sauce of the Papuans. A huge earthworm, iridescent blue and green, was wriggling by the fire. I wondered whether it was destined for that night's meal.

Another half hour's walk and we came to another hut. This time there were three figures standing beside it. At our approach the two women fled into the forest, but the man waited for us with a determined air, holding his bow and arrows. He let us come within 10 feet of him before stopping us with an imperious gesture. He looked rather worried as more and more of us came in sight, but faced us boldly.

The ceremonial of making friends began. Gatanoum tried all his languages to find one, or even a single word, that would be understood; but nothing raised a glimmer of comprehension. Each time we moved at all abruptly the little man jumped. His first taste of civilization was the humble match. We gave him a box and showed him how to use them. He managed to light one and his face too lit up with the broad smile of a child. But then he was disappointed: the match did not work again. He found it difficult to accept this and collected all the matches we threw away. We showed him a lighter and he registered first astonishment, then ecstasy. Sneep held his watch to his ear; he said something which sounded like "telephone" and made us all laugh. He was pleased with his involuntary joke. What on earth could "telephone" mean in his language?

Then the Papuan discovered the ax and tried to use it.

Papuan takes up European cigarette smoking.

clumsily at first. He wanted it badly. To convey his meaning he put it over his shoulder and gave us a questioning look. We tried to tell him that we would exchange it for a pig, by grunting like that animal, but he merely looked disappointed and sulky. A bearer offered him his linen cap. He refused it, indicating very clearly that he was not interested in caps. What he wanted was the ax. After a little reserve he accepted a cigarette, enjoyed it and asked for another. Sneep was amazed; never had a first meeting gone so smoothly and quickly. The little man showed great courage and curiosity. He always objected to our going in the direction which the women had taken; no doubt he wanted to give them a good start. We explained that he could have the ax if he took us to his village. I thought I understood him to mean that he advised us to stay where we were. He stretched out his bow, meaning perhaps that his tribe would attack us if we went on. In the meanwhile he pulled out some hot stones under which vegetables and pendanus seeds were braising, and shared them with us; they were very good and fresh—our first fresh vegetables since leaving. His meal also included leaves rather like spinach and bamboo shoots which tasted like asparagus, all wrapped in young fern shoots. He parceled up the remains in large leaves, carefully tied them up with a liana and signed to us that he was now going. We asked to go with him. Once again he held out his bow, which he bent, and his arrows. While gesturing he smoked two cigarettes at once, one given him by Gaisseau, the other by myself. He accepted our presents with great simplicity. Sarthre gave him his little pocket mirror which had a photograph of Gina Lollobrigida on the back. At first he was completely absorbed in Gina and could not understand why we wanted him to look at the other side. Then he made a last effort to charm us into giving him the ax and finally left regretfully. We thought we understood that he would return.

Sarthre maintained that he had only stayed because there was a meal cooking and he had no intention of leaving it, but that he would not come back.

After a rainy night we continued along the track, without waiting for the little man to return. We had come all the way from Paris to see him, but now we could think of only one thing; we were at the end of our food supplies and we were hanging on grimly until more were parachuted down.

At 4 we pitched camp after a fashion in the middle of some huge blocks of rock. It was raining heavily and we were wet through. The expedition had become a very simple matter; our only problems were how to walk without losing our foothold, how to camp for the night without getting too wet, and how to get the next day's food.

In the morning we resumed our tortuous progress. We needed to eat, save our bearers' lives and our own. We were in real danger. A disquieting silence surrounded us as we went on through the mist, doggedly cutting our way straight toward the summit of Mount David, hoping to find salvation on the other side.

We had been trying to meet these invisible Papuans for so many days; now we had found them just when we were no longer interested. A group which had followed us walked up the whole line of bearers until they reached us. These were five young men, much more handsome and lavishly decorated than the little man we had met the day before. They wore necklaces of pigs' teeth and coronets of small gray seeds; their heads were shaven, apart from five or six very fine tresses plaited into one pigtail which hung, very straight, down to their waists. Their eyes were mischievous and their sense of humor well developed: they imitated all our movements and facial expressions and showed great amusement at all we did. Gérard whistled a tune and they all took it up together; he clicked his tongue and they clicked theirs as if to say, "We can do that as well as you can." Matches were all right, but they really had their eye on the axes and knives. They begged me to give them my light meter to wear as a pendant and were very disappointed by my refusal. Then they turned their attention to Sarthre, indicating that the lenses of his cinecamera would make pretty earrings. But here again they had no success.

Night took us by surprise before we had found a place to camp. Huddled under a tarpaulin, slipping from side to side on the narrow spur, we clung to the bushes and waited, freezing and hungry, for the dawn. The last pressure lamp had ceased to function. The few bearers who had arrived with us set off again with electric lamps to look for their colleagues, who had been overtaken by darkness while still climbing the steep slopes.

We had not been able to find any water since that morning. There was none to drink and none in which to cook the rice, the only food which we had left. We squeezed out some moss and collected a little water from holes in the rocks, and so managed to cook a little. For 30 hours we had had nothing, neither food, nor drink, nor rest. One of the police-boys, Dickens, had a severe attack of malaria and did not manage to quell it despite the large number of quinine tablets he swallowed. Two bearers were suffering from dysentery. That morning one of them had fainted at daybreak.

The track we were following was incredibly hard. Yesterday we were at 1,300 feet and now we were at 5,200 feet, and still we had not reached the top. On the other side we hoped to find villages and above all an area flat enough for the parachute-drop. At last we discovered a spring, but there was almost no rice left. The equipment was in a wretched state; mushrooms were growing on the lenses and the leather of the cameras was mildewed.

A day later we reached the top. We looked down on all the mountains of the south. Miraculously, the summit of Mount David (6,037 feet) consisted of a large, almost flat expanse. If weather permitted, food would drop down out of the sky to us. We were very hungry.

That night, despite our underclothes, top clothes, nylon sleeping bags, air mattresses and raised floor, we were still shivering with damp. A very young bearer who had dysentery asked permission to sleep under our floor, to shelter from the rain; his teeth were chattering and he had only two miserable, transparent blankets and a small sweater. Despite his temperature he had carried his load all day. All that for 130 francs a day—about 26 cents.

The others huddled motionless beneath the huge dripping roots. I felt very sorry for them, but what good did that do? There was still another day to wait—another day of rain, when we tidied and cleaned our equipment. The provisions were to be parachuted down at 7, then it was postponed until 10, then 2, then 4. In the end the whole thing was put off until 7 the next day, if weather permitted.

Yesterday's Papuans returned today, with some others, to pay us a visit. Gatanoum went back with them and saw that the valley to the north was covered with plantations, as the map indicated, but the population was very scattered. There was no village in sight.

The little men of this valley were of a different type from the Papuans we had already met. They had very round faces

Unfriendly Papuans won't let explorers enter their village.

Friendlier tribesmen give a sack of sugar cane to Delloye.

and the lobe of each man's left ear had a hole in it the size of a penny. They gradually widened this hole, first piercing the ear with a twig and then increasing the size of the objects pressed through the hole. Some of them had been punished for wanting to be better than their fellow men: their lobes had broken and had to remain so, to their great shame. Their faces were like others—either very amiable or very ferocious, with no medium expression. Everything we brought was so new to them that they could no longer be surprised at anything. They wanted all they saw, but seemed to prefer our light meters, watches, the red laces in our climbing boots, our plates, Gérard's fountain pen (which they coveted as a nose-ornament), and the cinecamera, whose noise they loved. They exclaimed loudly on seeing the white skin of my torso.

At 6 o'clock we were awakened by Pagès' parachute plane, nearly an hour early. The weather was misty and the limit of height about 650 feet. The pilot found us by means of the radio —luckily, for we had not been able to light any fires. The operation was not entirely successful, for most of the parachutes did not open and made a "free drop" far away from the area the bearers had cleared. One of the packets was not found until evening. It was the one containing the delicacies—biscuits, alcohol, fresh bread, etc.

We set off again—toward flat land this time. Today was November 28. At 11 we toiled down from Mount David's summit, which rather resembled the bottom of the Sargasso Sea, and one and a half hours later reached an amphitheater surrounded by high mountains. From there our Mount David looked ridiculously small. The altimeter showed 5,052 feet. We were only about 853 feet farther down but it was already easier to breathe. Before us stretched plantations, old plantations covered with grasses more than three feet tall. We stopped on the summit of a hill on which there were a few huts. They were deserted, but less than an hour after our arrival several small figures appeared on the crest of the next hill and, after some hesitation, came toward us. Ten men were approaching our camp with great caution. We recognized three of them as men who had already been to see us on Mount David. This time they were much more distrustful; the airplane had frightened them. The old men tried to tell us this, quietly. I thought it must be a sacred subject in their eyes, because they took us on one side to speak of it and tried not to let the bearers see what was going on.

Once again we tried, vainly, to get some fresh food from them —to exchange axes or knives for pigs or sweet potatoes. I wondered whether they did not understand or whether, as good businessmen, they were waiting for us to be really famished, so that they could get a higher price. I took a good many photographs of them, which worried them a little, although they made no overt objection.

Sneep was no better; 12 bearers now had dysentery and Gérard had collapsed from exhaustion.

Gaisseau was looking for breaks in the rock. We took advantage of the relative comfort of the camp to make a riceless meal, and succeeded in producing marvelous steaks, the best we had had for three months.

It was a real banquet and lasted all afternoon; there were biscuits, butter, jam, *trou normand* with gin, fresh cabbage cooked with squares of fried meat. Sneep ate his share, but not without anxiety, although he seemed to be improving. Gérard, who probably had a touch of malaria, preferred to sleep.

The first hours of the next morning were spent in drying out our clothes and equipment. By then the sun had already gone in, and by 12 it was raining again. I put all the cameras and lenses in the watertight containers which had been parachuted down to us. Sarthre did the same with his equipment. We worked on ceaselessly until the end of the afternoon.

Through the binocular Sneep saw that the path by which the men of this valley had come to visit us yesterday was now symbolically closed, 200 yards from our camp, by a wooden barrier that had not been there yesterday. They, too, were not keen on our visiting them.

Gaisseau had been trying to build up the beginnings of a vocabulary. It was difficult, for these Papuans confined themselves to repeating our words, copying our gestures and bursting out laughing. They did not seem very interested in trading. Perhaps, like more civilized peoples, they thought that what they had was the best they could have.

Pagès radioed to us that there was a large village very near our camp; he had spotted it when he was dropping our supplies. Gaisseau could not resist temptation and set off to look for it with Gatanoum. A little later we were abruptly jerked out of our siesta by the sudden departure of Duma, who had hurried to Gaisseau's aid with a loaded rifle. Through the binocular we made out Gaisseau standing, stripped to the waist and surrounded by a dozen Papuans, on the opposite hill. When Duma arrived on the scene, the Papuans hastily fled into the surrounding thickets. Gaisseau soon returned, having lost nothing more than his shirt, which he had given to an old man. Nevertheless he had had a nasty moment; his sudden appearance with Gatanoum within 20 yards of the village had let loose a real panic. All the men rushed out of the huts with bows, arrows and stone axes.

Gatanoum had wanted to return to camp straight away, but Gaisseau took off his shirt and sat down to prove the peaceableness of his intentions. The Papuans were already drawn up in battle array, one group facing him, the others overlapping with it and concealed in the tall grass. Then an old man stepped forward and approached Gaisseau, armed with nothing but a stick. Once again he explained with gestures that they would agree to be our friends, but that they did not want us to enter their village. If our route lay through the village they were ready and willing to chart us another which would avoid it.

An hour after Gaisseau's return six men of the village, including the old man with the stick, came to us and offered us vegetables, various greenstuffs, bamboo shoots, and sweet potatoes. This was a great step forward in our relationship. In exchange we gave them some rolls of red cloth and some boxes of matches which Sarthre carefully wrapped up in tinfoil for them, because it was raining.

We gave a small knife to the man who had brought us most. My attention was caught by a young Papuan who kept on laughing a great deal; nevertheless from his sudden changes of expression I fancied that he only did it to please us, to do as we were doing. The gift of an empty biscuit tin sent him into the seventh heaven of delight. In spite of everything we were pleased to give so much happiness at so little cost to ourselves. He looked at his reflection in the shining metal, nodded his head back and forth and began to intone a chant; when he had repeated the same words over and over again in a quavering voice the others began to whistle the same tune.

They persisted in wanting to use our ball-points as nose ornaments. We decided that the man who wore a determined but pleasant air, must be their chief; we recognized him by his curiously twisted penis-sheath. They all wore these sheaths, made out of a stretched-out section of colocynth vine and rather comical in appearance—particularly those of the young boys, which were unrealistically long and pointed; the point of the sheath was tied to the waist by a long fine liana. The old men's sheaths were more modest.

The next morning, Wednesday, December 2, Sarthre, Gaisseau and I decided to take five bearers and go and film and photograph our new Papuan friends. After walking for three-quarters of an hour we came in sight of the village. We were seen in our turn. Three men came toward us and gave each of us a piece of tobacco. But nevertheless their welcome was tinged with reserve. They resolutely barred the path 20 yards from the village and pointed out another for us to take. We gently persisted, but they merely repeated, just as gently, "mum," meaning taboo, forbidden. They had already used this word when I had stopped them messing about with my Leica. Their village consisted of about 40 round huts and four rectangular ones. The old man we had already met came out of the largest hut in the center. But he sat down in the sun without acknowledging us. The roads were empty except for a few pigs.

We waited for a quarter of an hour, then five men came up to us; apparently our presence excited them greatly—or rather worried them. Yet they had seen that we had no aggressive intentions; they were chiefly frightened on account of their women, pigs and sweet potatoes. Our riches—the axes, knives, red cloth and matches—amused them but in the final analysis they were only glamorous nonessentials. The prices we asked were too high and they were terrified at the idea of having to feed 73 men. It looked to me as though they would gladly give a pig to be rid of us. We tried once again to get them to let us into the village, but they gave a categorical refusal; they would rather be massacred—or better still, massacre us. A good way away to the east, in the valley of the Steenboom, we saw a clearing and decided to make it our next goal. Crestfallen, we returned to base.

The Papuans have very little sense of hygiene. Nearly all the men here were covered with running sores, and many suffered from goitre, the characteristic disease of mountain peoples.

Most of the mountains around us had no names. Gaisseau proposed that the one opposite, which had two very suggestive peaks, should be christened Brigitte Bardot. His motion was adopted with enthusiasm, although we were not sure whether the two protuberances belonged to the same mountain. Sneep, still suffering from dysentery, wanted to call everything *merde* —the mountains, the valleys, the river, perhaps the expedition altogether. . . .

We were to leave next day. That evening Duma prepared a delicious meal—the last holiday meal before we went back to our usual menus: cold rice and tinned mackerel for lunch; hot rice and tinned mackerel for dinner.

Gérard, though stuffed with typhomycin, was finding it difficult to keep up with us. We passed the village, still deserted, apart from a few men guarding the entrance. The roofs of the huts were made of broad leaves, the walls of tree trunks; they had no doors, only a sort of window which had to be climbed through. In exchange for a machete five Papuans were very ready to show us a track descending very steeply through rock rubble and shaky ledges. It could hardly be worse, with its sloping, slippery surface, the 20-yard drop, and only a few clumps of grass to hold on to.

By noon we were following the narrow gorge of a torrent; on one side there was a very smooth wall of rock, on the other a perpetual avalanche of stones. Probably because of this continual rain we felt as though nature was in a constant state of flux. Luckily the gorge soon broadened out and our progress along the bed of the torrent became less dangerous. In one and a half hours we had made more headway than in a day's march on Mount David. For eight days we had not been able to cover more than three miles as the crow flies. Sneep, who headed the column with me, was still weak and often stopped by dysentery. Gérard had difficulty in keeping up with the tail of the column.

On leaving the valley we found ourselves at the foot of Brigitte Bardot, the beautiful double mountain which blocked our view. A large tributary now swelled the torrent, and we could no longer follow its bed. There was no other track in sight by the time night fell. The five Papuans had left us at midday. We camped.

In our search for hidden tracks we now covered only a few hundred yards an hour, scrambling through stubborn clumps of rattan. There was enough cane here to make furniture for every summer house in France. Soon we were venturing along narrow paths with a sheer wall-like drop on one side; if there had not been some grass and bushes there we would not have dared to do it. Actually the bushes were deceptive, for only one in 10 would have held, but they screened off the void below and gave us confidence. The steep walls came nearer and nearer the torrent and forced us to a halt. Now they formed a canyon with smooth sides more than 150 feet high.

In two hours we had thrown a bridge across the chasm, with the same technique and mishaps as a fortnight ago. At first the huge trees we cut down were carried away like straws by the current. But at last we did it, thanks to the courage and ingenuity of some of the bearers. One of them, a good-looking boy who had made himself a sort of G-string out of a piece of black cloth and some string, managed, like an Indian, to reach the other bank. Victory—or at least partial victory; the opposite bank was as steep as this one. It was already 3 o'clock —and it was impossible to camp on that giddy, seemingly interminable slope. Sarthre suggested tying ourselves to the trees and sleeping upright. We went on hauling ourselves up and down the cliff face for three hours until we reached a narrow platform a few square yards in area. Naturally the rain came, too. We huddled under the tarpaulins as night fell.

The torrent was there, right by us, but it was impossible to get any nearer to it. And we needed water to cook the rice. Fortunately we had a bucket and a climbing rope 100 yards long—but the torrent carried the bucket away. We were dying of hunger and thirst. We still had nine tins of beer and two bottles of gin left. The beer hardly lasted a moment and one bottle of gin disappeared just as quickly. Our morale improved. Gaily Gaisseau threw himself on his mattress, which was blown up to bursting point. It burst.

The ground was all rocks and cut down trees; with all its squalor our camp struck me as comical. It was only the effect of the gin. Hervé's head emerged from a heap of metal cases; Sarthre, too, was plunged in boxes up to his neck. We were all tangled up together. Gaisseau was upside down against a stake, with his head buried in a heap of stones. He was half covered by the tarpaulin and half exposed to the rain. A few bearers were crammed in with us, curled up or rolled into balls.

Since we had made the last bridge 15 days had elapsed and we had only covered five miles as the crow flies. At this rate we would take six months to complete the journey and the parachute-landings would cost a fortune. We had only anticipated needing three or four. We had not even progressed

upward; the 6,000 feet of Mount David seemed a long way away. Now we were only some 2,000 feet up and the pass was 7,000 feet above us.

We climbed up to the crest with the energy of despair. It was as sharp as a knife edge; we could almost sit astride it. From it a track descended very steeply to our old friend the Steenboom. The now customary bridge-building operation began again at 3 in the afternoon.

The next morning we woke to a sad and rainy Sunday. The bearers were hard to rouse. They had spent a damp night under their perforated tarpaulin. Sneep decreed that they could not eat their plate of rice until the bridge was finished. Each man was entitled to two plates of rice a day, with a little fish and dried meat—one plate in the morning and one in the evening. We and the police-boys had another meal at midday. Before we had set off, one pound of rice per day per person had seemed an enormous ration. Now we swallowed it in one gulp, with corned beef and mackerel in addition. Perhaps it was the mountain air, or the walking, or the haunting fear of soon having no food to eat.

By 12 the bridge was finished. This was a new type of bridge made of several small trees joined together and laid a few inches above the torrent with its two ends resting on the rocks. It was frighteningly flexible. Several bearers hesitated and crossed themselves before venturing on to it, but they knew they would not get their rice ration until they reached the other side.

When we reached the other side the route seemed to climb up and up into the skies. From 2,112 feet we reached 4,062 feet in three hours. Gérard was still having difficulty in keeping up. So was I; it was my turn to have dysentery. But we were kept going by the thought of seeing what was on the other side of the summit. To the west we could see the whole stretch of the Steenboom which we had avoided by climbing Mount David. The vegetation was sparse—just a few pines and bilberry bushes. The cool air had a pleasant tang, acid and piquant.

We were looking for a good site for tomorrow's landing when suddenly several faces, astonished rather than frightened, appeared below us, one after another.

The Papuans responded to our gestures of peace by putting down their bows and arrows. Very hesitantly they took a few steps toward us. One of them, bolder than the others, came up to Gaisseau who was 10 yards in front of the rest of us. He held out his stone ax at arm's length, grasping it in a handful of moss, as though it was hot. With the same handful of moss he took the machete Gaisseau held out to him. Now the ice was broken. The others approached and we began to make friends. They quickly accepted our cigarettes, wonderingly ran their hands through my hair and cried out with delight when they saw a zip fastener. The boldest one looked into the view finder of a camera and was filled with amazement: he had seen an enchanted country. I lit a match; they all jumped back and then laughed at their own fear. Clumsily and apprehensively they tried out an iron ax, but it slipped off the trunk each time. But what interested them most was our equipment. Each new case we opened caused an uproar. I hoped they would be about when the parachutes came down.

Tribesman shows his arrow wounds to explorers.

At twilight the Papuans returned to their village; we saw its smoke rising quite nearby as we, too, went home. In the midst of our discomfort I had acquired certain habits—I always used a certain case as a bedside table, and my torch and waterproof cap had to be always within reach.

The next day, Monday, was a day of disappointment. The plane, a Twin Pioneer, was not free and the drop had to be put back. The bearers scrupulously shared out the last grains of rice. We were all in rather poor condition.

Despite my weariness I wanted to know more about these Papuans, to be let into a village at last. I walked up the path fringed by the bows and arrows which they had put down before coming to our camp, because one does not carry arms when visiting a friend.

The slopes, still fairly steep, were covered with terraced gardens which looked very well kept; the earth was held in by low walls made of tree trunks. As I climbed, the view became more extensive. At the end of the valley I could make out more cultivated areas. After walking for 15 minutes I suddenly found myself at the entrance to the village; I had thought it was farther off. A cry of *mum*, "keep off," greeted me. I understood it only too well. But I feigned incomprehension and pretended to be interested in anything but the village itself, into which meanwhile I gently but firmly walked. The faces around me turned hostile, furious. Some of the men ran into their huts and returned carrying weapons. I went on calmly, showing no apprehension.

A large hut was being built in the center of the village. In the street there was not a pig or a woman to be seen, though I had heard them through the thin walls of the wooden huts. If I made a single hasty movement I ran the risk of seeing arrows and spears come flying toward me. Very slowly, to release the tension, I took off my shirt and sat down. From a distance one of the men who had already been to our camp signed to me to take off my shoes. I obeyed. When I was just about to take off the first shoe they all shrank back. Silently they watched my foot emerging and when it was all over, looked at each other with great relief, as if after experiencing great fear. They were fascinated by my shirt-buttons. I had to pull off two and give them to them. In exchange they gave me two sweet potatoes cooked under the ashes.

Soon their expressions relaxed. Bursts of laughter and comments broke out around me. They touched everything, from my watch, which they all wanted to listen to, to the laces in my shoes, not forgetting my belt. This detailed examination appeared to satisfy them, and they then began to talk. They tried to tell me many things which, unfortunately, I could not understand. I answered by handing around cigarettes. The village was no longer "mum" to us. Sarthre and Hervé went there in the afternoon. The Papuans were now completely reassured as to our peaceful intentions, and welcomed them warmly.

On Wednesday morning we were awakened by a heartening voice from the sky—that of the pilot, who had spotted us and was making ready to drop the provisions. The free drop took place under excellent conditions, and we had only one regret, that none of the Papuans had come to visit us yet that day. How would they have reacted to this huge bird dropping eggs on our camp?

We concentrated on only one thing—going on. On some days, going on fast, on others going on slowly. Always with difficulty. Day followed day. One landscape replaced another—marvel followed marvel—but our growing fatigue dulled our response to this new world. Sometimes we were following a track between two tribal lands, without any areas of cultivation, at others we were back in the forest with its moss. Then

we might be faced with a vertiginous drop, walls of white rock that we hung over, clinging to the branches. With its narrow gorges and waterfalls, the Steenboom became more and more savage and uncontrolled.

Gérard was a little better but Gaisseau was feverish. In the evening we fell on the bread, bacon and beer, the remains of our last parachute-drop, with only one idea in our heads—to get into our hammocks as quickly as possible. In general, morale was low. We had asked Paris for more money but had not yet had any answer. What would become of us in the end? Well, we had no choice but to go on from one parachute-drop to the next.

One evening we camped very high up, at about 6,500 feet, in anticipation of tomorrow's parachute-drop. It was raining. The cooks were finding it very hard to get a fire going. By 9:30 nobody had had dinner but everyone had been asleep for an hour. The bearers were absolutely exhausted, particularly the five or six very old men and the dozen young boys. That day, Tuesday, December 15, death had struck. It had both horrified and shamed me; it was a bearer who had died. He had got left behind and could not reach the camp before nightfall. The others had not told us.

This particular Papuan had been a solitary, shy man, considered a little mad by his fellow bearers. Nevertheless at daybreak some of them went back to take him his ration of rice; they found him half frozen. They were so tired that we had the greatest difficulty in persuading them to bring him back to camp. When at last they brought him in on a stretcher he was dead. For more than an hour Hervé tried to revive him. We took turns at giving him artificial respiration, but it was no good. Duma, the police-boy, who had often given him a dressing-down, was weeping openly. The dead man was called Franz Cambon.

Several bearers came to us for medical treatment. It was the death of their friend which had suddenly scared them. Some of them had flu, others large infected wounds.

We buried the bearer. There is no room here to describe how shocked we were by his death. The ceremony was simple. All the bearers were moved, though the man had had no friend among them. Several of them even broke down; perhaps they were crying over their own fate.

It was Sunday, December 20, although nobody noticed or cared. Torrential rain fell throughout the night. We huddled in our sleeping bags, wet through despite the many waterproof capes with which we tried to protect ourselves against the wind. At about 3 the tarpaulin was torn off by a squall. The ground had become a swamp; a stream was flowing under my air mattress.

This nightmare of a night ended with the terrible news that an old, exhausted bearer had died. The four men carrying him on a stretcher had not managed to reach the camp before nightfall. They were relatively lucky and found a sort of rocky porch under which to shelter. Though it was the middle of the night we sent out two men with electric torches to take them some rice and two waterproof capes.

It would have been madness to stop or turn back in that terrible rain, which had transformed the track into a river. It would only have meant risking the lives of all the other men. Despite our grief we had to accept the fact that we could not pay our last respects to Urbanus Urin, the old bearer.

The rain did not end with the night. By 9 the men who had stayed behind with Urbanus had still not arrived. No doubt they were finding it difficult to dig a grave in the hard, rocky ground.

That night was a baleful one. I could not help thinking of the bearers, who had no air mattresses and were floundering about in the mud. The noise of the rain and the moaning of the wind did nothing to help matters. The occupants of the last village in the cultivated valley had explained to us, with meaningful gestures, that this track led to starvation, exposure and death. By now the rain had stopped but the cold and the wind were still as cutting as ever. We were enveloped in a thick fog which shut off all the surrounding mountains. The bearers looked paler than ever. We had only one hope left. Hervé had gone exploring the track on his own and thought he had reached the pass after an hour and a half. But it was only a faint hope; he was not sure, for he, too, had been surrounded by thick mist. Anyway, we could neither go back nor stay there.

It took us four hellish hours to reach the pass. On the other side large slabs of rock sloped gently down. The altimeter showed 11,375 feet, but as this was the maximum height marked, we were certainly much higher up than that. Yet the pass was only a way through peaks we would never have been able to climb over. Though slippery, the descent was not difficult, but we were all worn out and took advantage of the first fairly dry spot to stop for a while. We were still at 11,375 feet but much better sheltered than in last night's camp, although that had been at a lower altitude. The southwest wind was partly broken by the mountain range, and a few blue patches had appeared in the sky. A thin thread of water was flowing down beside us. Thank God, it was no longer the Steenboom but the source of a tributary of River A. As expected, the pass had had a magical effect on us all. We revived, the bearers revived, we could make plans again.

Tomorrow was Christmas day. That morning was less windy but the rain and cold persisted. I was beginning to feel like a meteorologist—we seemed to care about nothing but the weather. Our lives depended on it. In the end we had to resign ourselves to radioing the control tower at Hollandia that the weather did not permit a parachute-drop.

On that Christmas day I was awakened by a voice from the heavens—the welcome hum of our provision plane. The pilot and his crew had forgone their midnight feast, so as to be able to take off at the earliest possible moment this morning and parachute down our food, if weather permitted.

Weather did indeed permit. The sky was mainly clear, and as I gazed up at the airplane I could see the many mountain massifs rising up to the east—very impressive.

The first drop all but ended in catastrophe. We had signaled to the pilot that an orange tent marked the best spot for the drop, but we had completely forgotten that Gatanoum also had a tent of exactly the same color, and it was standing in the center of the bearers' camp. The pilot saw only Gatanoum's tent and proceeded to "bomb" the terrified camp with packages. By a strange miracle, none of the bearers was hit, although many could have been killed outright. The "free-drop" was a miracle in another way, too—a Christmas miracle. A tin of corned beef alone would have reduced us to tears; the Kronduif had also sent us a cake, cigars and cognac. The sun was still shining. We could have had a very enjoyable Christmas celebration, but instead we lost no time and started off again. The bearers had difficulty in moving, with their replenished loads of 10 days' food supplies. Added to which, they each had to

Explorer treats wounds of one of the bearers.

Campsite on the bank of an unknown river.

River water is ice-cold, but a bath feels good.

carry some part of the loads of the two dead men and the four invalids.

Our rapid descent northward continued. I found it very hard to get used to the idea that the north meant warmth and sun. We passed through yet another mossy forest which made me feel as though I was seeing a film of our ascent, speeded up and run backward. But here the land was inhabited. In fact several newly laid traps lay across the track. We had to be on our guard.

It was not long before we saw a Papuan in the flesh. At 11 a man suddenly appeared around a bend in the track. He hardly even looked frightened at seeing us. Using signs, we asked him to act as our guide, but he refused, saying he was going in the opposite direction. All the time he kept a good distance away from us and even made a wide detour to keep as far from us as possible.

Now, faced with the broad, open valley, we seemed to be paralyzed. Having no map at all, we were often in danger of going round and round in circles. We had no idea where the river led to and we knew by experience that New Guinea rivers had very freakish courses.

We set off again. Suddenly we reached the end of the inhabited area and the beginning of a region of which we knew less of than any we had yet entered. We knew we had to continue northward, and that, after about 50 miles as the crow flies, we ought to hit the Idenburg, which ran roughly from east to west. But those 50 miles were one large question mark.

Our only real enemies were rain, cold, fatigue and hunger. We could put up with the mosquitoes, and as for the unknown Papuans whom we had feared most before setting out, we hardly felt as though they belonged to the country we had passed through—they were too peaceable and kind for such a hostile setting.

Day after day we continued along easy banks or up unclimbable cliffs that we had to climb nevertheless. Sometimes it was hard to cut our way through, harder than ever, and sometimes the whole line had to turn round and go back, when heaps of rock barred the path. Sometimes, after hours of exhausting effort, we had advanced less than 100 yards.

On January 22 the pilot signaled that we were only 300 yards from an island and sandbanks where we could build rafts and perhaps begin again to travel by water. But he added some disquieting information: our river did not seem to flow into River A, but continued on its own through narrow gorges in the direction of the Idenburg. But there were so many backwaters, tributaries and bends that he could not be absolutely definite. So once again we were completely in the dark. By noon on Sunday we reached the island and pitched a model camp. Here we had everything we needed in the way of food and comfort. The only thing that prevented us from enjoying the charm of the place was the host of sticky flies. We could not even wash. For several days we huddled under our mosquito nets—seeing nothing of the country, the boat-building, even it seemed the expedition itself.

Ten rafts were at last finished and drawn up near the camp. We did not enjoy the impressive spectacle of our flotilla for long. We had hardly approached it before the best raft, the largest one, broke away from the bearers who were holding it by the bank and floated away at full speed with four men on board. We shouted after them to stop as soon as possible and wait for us. By dint of slightly overloading the other nine rafts we hoped to be able to get everything on board and catch up with our involuntary advance party. There seemed to be many sandbanks along the islands and we thought it would be fairly easy to draw alongside them. But there was another drawback to our arrangements; the rafts carried much less than we had hoped. Twelve men were still on shore and the water-level was already far above the raised platform of each raft. After a long discussion we decided that the 12 men should follow along the bank on foot, carrying no loads, until they reached the raft that had broken away.

So we decided to wait there for the men who had been swept away. At least they would be able to give us some useful information about the first difficulties we would encounter in navigating the river.

At 12 they arrived back, rather crestfallen. They had lost the raft. They explained that it had been caught up in the eddies, smashed against a large rock and overturned. We only half believed their muddled explanations; it seemed more likely that they had panicked and chosen to jump into the water and

return as quickly as possible, leaving the raft to its own devices. A team immediately started building a new raft.

While we were waiting we sent off a reconnaissance party of four of the strongest and most skillful men on one of the small rafts. Their mission was to land on the island opposite, walk all around it and find the most navigable tributary. But despite all their efforts they did not manage to turn the raft toward the island and disappeared around a bend in the river. We waited for them for several hours. They just managed to get past the first eddies but then, seeing much faster ones coming, leapt off the raft, swam to the bank and ran back to us, fearing that they would not reach the camp before the nightfall. It was an evening of bitter frustration.

But on reflection, the involuntary loss of these two rafts struck us as extraordinarily lucky. If we had all set off on the rafts we would soon have found ourselves sitting in our striped pants under a vague leaf shelter, without any food or much equipment—and, most important of all, without the radio, which had not been wrapped up in an air mattress.

Nevertheless this happy reflection did not console us much. To cheer ourselves up we shared out the last tin of biscuits and Hervé turned on the radio. But the Mexican songs, though pretty, did not take our minds off the sinister reality; the river was navigable but our rafts were difficult to maneuver. And we could not build any others better suited to the conditions. We had attempted the impossible, hoping to put an end to the bearers' difficult task. But in the end we would have to walk after all.

It was Monday, February 8. We seemed to be beginning the terrible ordeal of the mountains all over again. If it went on we would not be able to keep it up. We set about climbing a precipitous, difficult slope which reminded us more and more forcibly of Mount David. Fortunately we soon found a track which seemed to head due north. It was a real man-made track. Several times in the last few days we had thought we were on real paths when in fact we had been following wart-hog tracks. There were many of them along the crests and they were clear-cut enough, at least up to knee level, to deceive us; but they only existed in difficult areas and disappeared as soon as the forest thinned out. We hurried through this blank space on the map, this unknown territory, with only one aim—to get out. Our four years of planning and preparation were completely forgotten.

That night I had enjoyed the heavy rain for the first time: it lowered the temperature a little and helped us to sleep. Which was all right for us, but the bearers could not have been very happy under their tattered tarpaulin. It was worse than that. The next day an old, emaciated bearer named Yerewon died. Dickens and a young police-boy buried him.

I had taken my last picture a long time before. I was ready to leave the expedition at the first possible opportunity. The nightmare could not end soon enough for me. Sarthre, Gérard and Sneep felt the same way. We arranged by radio for a hydroplane from Hollandia to pick us up as soon as we reached the Idenburg River. In the days that followed, we found ourselves back at the Princess Marijke. The river ran down a very tall coral cliff, sometimes broken into several enormous vertical blocks. We managed, with difficulty, to get down, by weaving back and forth on the cliff.

All this part of New Guinea was a real coral reef, probably due to an earthquake. It was very lucky that we had not persisted with the raft idea. Indeed we saw pieces of one which had broken away wedged among the rocks of the bank. The current was faster than ever, and the banks bristled with coral promontories sticking out like obstacles.

The previous day I had caught a cold—a ridiculous illness to catch in New Guinea. Luckily the parachutes brought an inexhaustible supply of handkerchiefs.

There was a black and white coral cliff rising up more than 300 feet above the river. When we reached the top, progress was slower and more difficult than ever. There was nothing but precipices, narrow gorges, gulfs, huge blocks of stone. We had great difficulty in keeping on our course, for the paths between the rocks rarely went in the direction we wanted. After our good performance over the last few days this new ground was bringing down our average speed considerably. Still 12 more miles to the Idenburg. I was afraid they would all be as difficult as those we were now covering. In places the forest became so thick that it was completely dark.

On February 19 we seemed to have reached the end of the coral. The region was flatter and we found a track. For several hours our progress was very swift. The skyline became more and more open to the north. We must be near the big river. Suddenly we emerged into a large open space with a view stretching as far as the eye could see. We experienced an intoxicating feeling of relief after months in the thick forest. Not far from us there was a hut with men, and moreover women, moving round it. They seemed not to have seen us. But before paying much attention to them, I experienced another fantastic shock. I saw a huge river flowing down the open plain. It was beautiful. It was liberty after being in prison. It was the end of the nightmare. "About three miles from its junction with the Idenburg the river broadens out," the pilot had said. Only three miles to go! I dared not believe it.

The dawn was gray, but so beautiful that even then it captured me completely. Amid the flood waters the river itself could only be identified by the greater violence of its flow; it was carrying away a large number of huge trees like bamboo. How ever would the hydroplane, the Bewer which was to take us off, land on such chaos? But John Sneep was too ill for us to put off leaving, even for a few hours. And anyway the sky was clearing a little and they told us over the radio that the plane had already left Hollandia.

There it was at last, fighting against the current with all the strength in its engines. It managed to tie up with difficulty. But almost immediately the moorings slipped and the river swept it away at a tremendous speed, as though it were a matchbox. The rope that had held it lashed us hard and we all fell over on the bank. The whole maneuver had to start all over again; this time the mooring lines held.

Calmly, half unconscious of what was going on, I climbed into the plane and Sarthre settled down by me. In a few moments we had taken off and not the largest liana in all the beautiful, hellish kingdom of Papua could have held us back. And yet it was still fighting us, though this time we came out on top. Our worst enemies had never been the headhunters, but the leeches, mosquitoes and sticky flies, several scores of which got into the plane with us. The pilot's ultramodern spray soon put an end to their headlong obstinacy.

I looked at the pilots' close-shaven chins and impeccable white shirts with the curiosity of a native Papuan. But that is not what surprised us most. The two bearers we were taking with us in the plane were as impeccable as the pilots. Throughout the expedition they had carried their Sunday best—these pristine white shirts and shorts—hidden at the bottom of their loads, ready for the flight home.

My eyes were riveted to the forest spreading out below. From above it all looked so gay and easy. But a few seconds in the plane represented a hard day's march on the ground. We were passing a river. It looked pleasant, attractive, just the thing for an afternoon's fishing or a short walk. Mechanically, I estimated its difficulties, mentally measured the bends we would have to cut off, spotted places where we could make camp. . . . My mind was still marching. I knew the traps hidden in that endless forest. When we had flown over it before the expedition it had frightened me a little. Now it filled me with terror.

It was sad to take off and see Gaisseau and Hervé waving good-by from below. They were staying behind to finish the route with the bearers. There had been seven of us when we set out. Pagès had been the first to leave. Sarthre and I were flying back now. In a few hours' time the hydroplane would go back for Gérard and Sneep. This flight over the Idenburg was the end of the adventure we had shared.—**Tony Saulnier**

Editor's Note: Pierre-Dominique Gaisseau and Hervé de Maigret completed the trek to the northern shore of New Guinea. From the movies obtained during the expedition they made the motion picture *The Sky Above, The Mud Below.*

NEXT MONTH'S BOOK CONDENSATION

One of the great adventures of our time—the story of the first American conquest of the world's highest mountain

AMERICANS ON EVEREST

by James Ramsey Ullman

this funny Life

An acquaintance, who had gone directly from high school into military service in World War II, eventually wound up doing cloak-and-dagger work with the OSS.

After the war he tried to land a job with a Madison Avenue advertising agency. The job application blank queried: "What qualifications do you have?"

Figuring that honesty, with a touch of humor, was the best policy, the applicant wrote, "Spying, murder, arson, burglary, safecracking, etc." He got the job.

About two years later, while going through the files, he came upon his personnel folder. On his job application form, some personnel executive had written, "He's obviously one of us—hire him!"

George A. Donovan
East Providence, R. I.

When my wife and I decided to throw a party recently, we had no idea the affair would develop into the noisy revel it became. At 2 o'clock in the morning it was still going strong and getting louder—and about 10 minutes later, when the police car pulled into our driveway, the noise had reached its peak.

The officer of the law who knocked on our door informed us that a complaint had been made, and requested that we call it a night.

After our last guest had departed and we were getting ready for bed, my wife said, "I wonder who made the complaint."

I told her, "I did!"

Lyle Bierma
No. Platte, Nebr.

The work day was just beginning and a major who had overindulged the previous night was scheduled to brief the commanding general. The major's breath was so strong that Eliot Ness would have mistaken him for a new still. As he started to leave the office on his way to the briefing, his helpful secretary asked if he would like a mint for his breath.

To this gallant offer, the major, a big burly type, replied, "Hell, I'm going to brief him, not make love to him!"

Wilton W. Smith
Canal Zone

When *O Mistress Mine* was playing on Broadway, a man in Baltimore wired a friend in New York to get him four tickets for a week or so in advance. The friend complied and wired back: *"Mistress okay for a week from Saturday night."*

When the Baltimore man received the wire, he found this note added. "This company prefers not to send this type of message."

Lambert Meyer
Larkspur, Calif.

A newly commissioned Wave ensign accosted a salty boatswain's mate one day and informed him that according to Navy regulations he was supposed to salute her. In a tone used only for removing rust from ships' decks, he replied that according to regulations the bottom of her pants should be no more than 1½" from the deck, and if she would put them there he would gladly salute her.

R. D. Carney
Lemoore, Calif.

My buddy and I were aboard a sightseeing bus in Milwaukee, when the guide proudly informed us that at that moment we were passing the largest brewery in the world.

"Why?" my buddy asked.

Thomas April
L. A., Calif.

After our paratroop regiment had been in Korea several months, replacements began to arrive to fill the gaps caused by casualties. One morning three shiny, razor-creased second lieutenants arrived at our company Command Post, obviously eager to report for duty. On the front lines we had long dispensed with most military formalities and I casually waved them in to see the company commander who had just returned from patrol.

A no-frills officer who had come up through the ranks, the C.O. watched in open amazement as each of the glittering second lieutenants threw a smart salute and barked his name, followed by: "West Point, Class of '51."

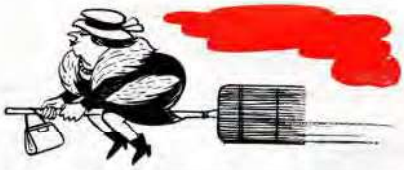
Equal to the occasion, our rumpled and unshaven captain got to his feet, returned a snappy salute and simply replied, "Scagnelli, Normandy Beach, Class of '44."

James Morgan
Whittier, Calif.

Ed was doing pretty well in the local golf club tournament until he came to the 16th hole. Here, he topped his tee shot, dubbed two more shots, and then shanked his ball into a trap at the right of the green.

Ed calmly walked into the trap, swung at the ball three times without moving it and finally knocked the ball completely over the green and out of bounds. His caddy put his hand on Ed's shoulder and said with a straight face, "Mr. Ed, if this was a fight they'd stop it."

J. C. Ramsey
L. A., Calif.



A friend of mine and I have our own car pool. We take my car to work one day, and his the next. One cold winter evening, after a heavy snow, we were coming home from work in my car. As we pulled up in front of his house, we could see his wife sweeping the snow off their car with a large broom.

"Your wife thinks of everything, doesn't she?" I remarked as we stopped at the curb.

"Yes," he said. "If the car doesn't start—she rides the broom."

Thomas W. Kring
South Milwaukee, Wisc.

$100 will be paid on acceptance for each original, not previously published, true anecdote (preferably from your own experience). Contributions, which must be typewritten, cannot be acknowledged or returned; and if your submission is not accepted within six weeks, consider it rejected. Address: TRUE Magazine Fun Editor, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036.

MAY—TRUE—EASTERN

Enjoy Hiram Walker quality in a TRUE Bourbon

Sip it slow and easy—enjoy the rich rewarding taste of a True bourbon

HIRAM WALKER'S

TEN HIGH

A TRUE BOURBON

86 PROOF • HIRAM WALKER & SONS INC.
PEORIA, ILLINOIS

Camel Time is pleasure time!

The best tobacco makes the best smoke!

Camel gives you honest enjoyment, clean-cut taste, easygoing mildness. Moments seem to brighten up every time you light one up.

Make it Camel Time right now!

© 1964 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY, WINSTON-SALEM, N. C.